



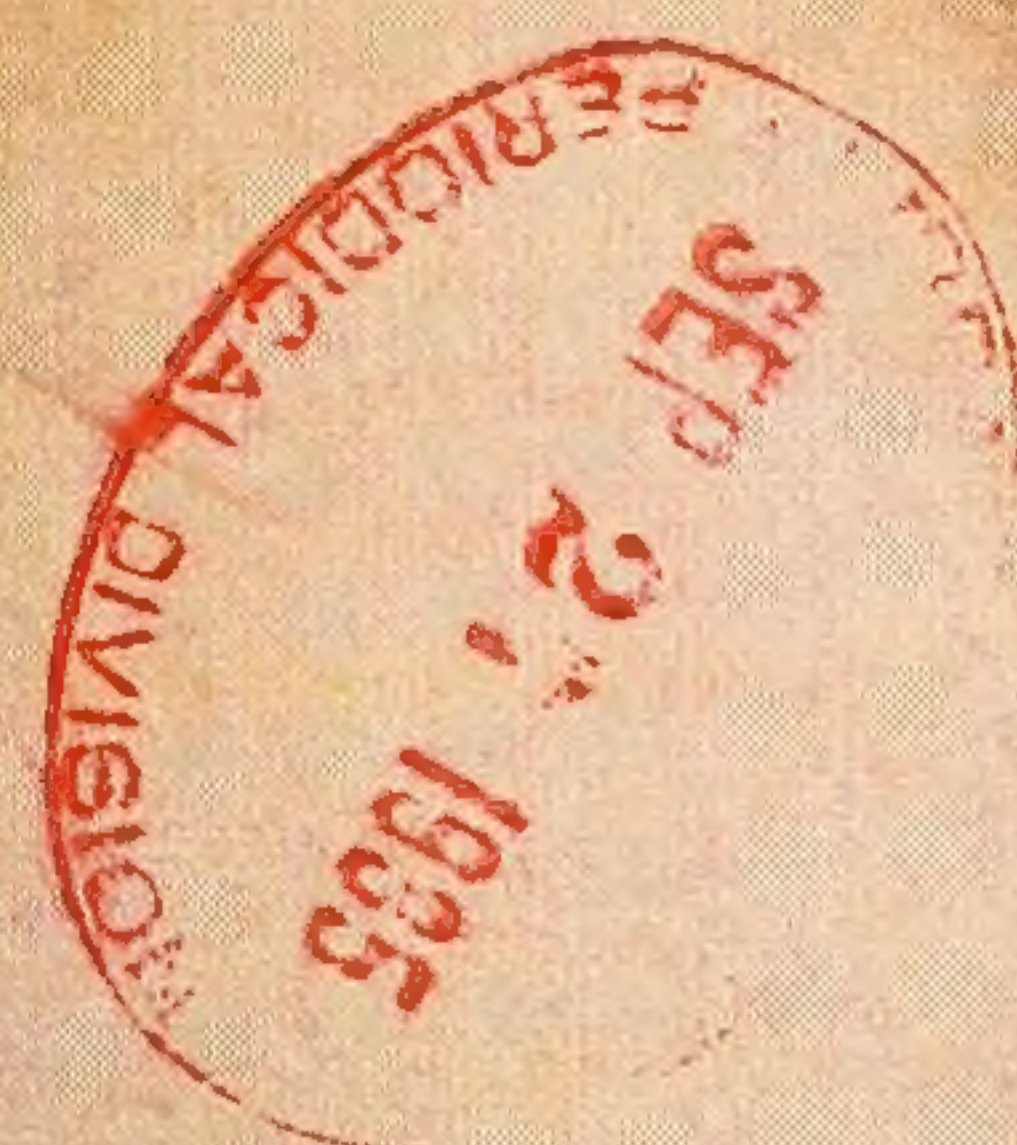
The Smart Screen Magazine

S SCREENLAND

September

15c

In Canada



Miriam
Hopkins

Charles Shelby

READ THE LATEST

ABOUT BING CROSBY'S New Co-Star, MIRIAM HOPKINS

How The Hollywood Stars Make The American Girl!

SECRETS OF SHIRLEY TEMPLE'S SUCCESS!

Contrast her life with yours



HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty at all if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)



Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!



When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!



Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.



Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.



He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.



It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums."

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only

dull your teeth—but endanger sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziralol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE
IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS
—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

I P A N A
TOOTH PASTE



VISIT

"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

SEP 26 1935

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

DELIGHT EVANS, *Editor*James M. Fidler, *Western Representative*Frank J. Carroll, *Art Director*

September, 1934

THIS MONTH

Vol. XXIX, No. 5



"Peculiar Penguins," Walt Disney's latest creation in his "Silly Symphonies" series.

SPEAKING OF CLEAN PICTURES

What could be cleaner? And gayer? And funnier? Even Mickey Mouse, even *The Three Little Pigs* and *Donald the Duck* and *The Wise Little Hen* must bow before Mr. Disney's new animated cartoon characters, "Peculiar Penguins." Scene: the clean snows and icebergs of the Antarctic. Characters: the most lovable birds in existence, the penguins; assorted whales, walrus, fish, and things. Action: the home-life of the appealing black-and-white bird families, with almost-human emotions and humor. Walt Disney is a Public Benefactor, anyway! His is the most creative mind in Hollywood. His priceless cartoon characters have won the applause of the world. Any art—or industry, if you will!—that can boast a Walt Disney need not hang its head in shame. The Disney pictures are Hollywood's best advertisement.

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CLAUDETTE COLBERT

*in
Fannie
Hurst's*

Imitation of Life



Directed by

JOHN M. STAHL

THE MAN WHO DIRECTED
"BACK STREET"
and
"ONLY YESTERDAY"

Produced by
CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

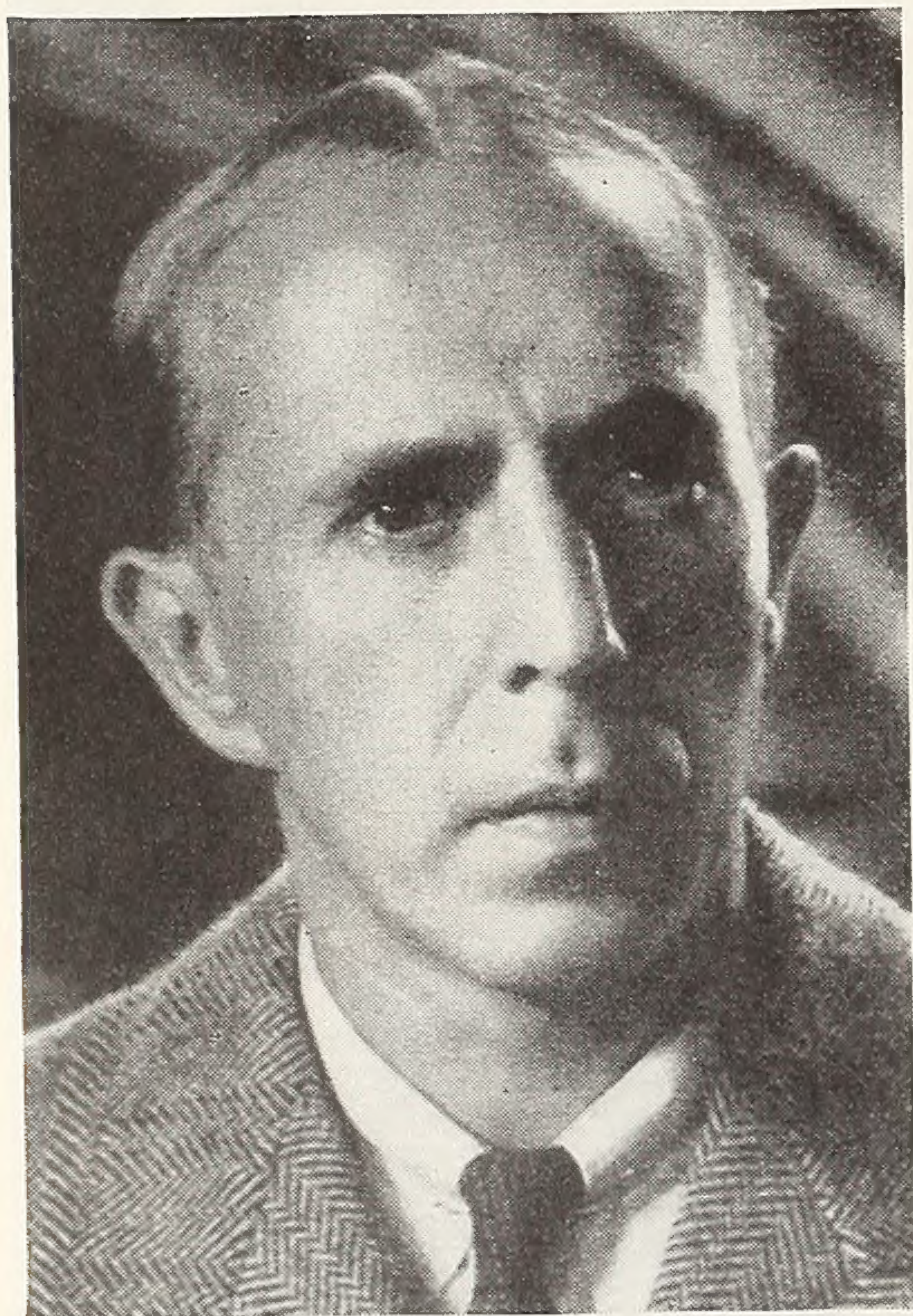
SCREENLAND

Honor
Page

Colman, Prince of Poise, we've missed you! Welcome back, Ronnie old thing—and may you keep right on making a "Bulldog Drummond" picture a year until Shirley Temple is playing dowagers!

COLMAN,
THE PERFECT GENTLEMAN.

He's the dream hero—with a difference. He takes his adventures lightly, but he always wins through!

BUTTERWORTH,
THE PERFECT STOOGES.

Charles almost steals the show from the star with his hilarious characterization of Bulldog Drummond's right-hand man. Commanded by his friend to help solve a mystery, Charlie leaves his bride, Una Merkel, on their wedding night—and causes endless comic complications. Miss Merkel is grand, too.

"Bulldog Drummond" strikes back at us with his incomparable charm, his suavity, his sly sense of humor. There's only one Colman, and his new picture is his best yet. It's gay. It's in good taste. It's ENTERTAINMENT!



The GIBSON FAMILY



Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

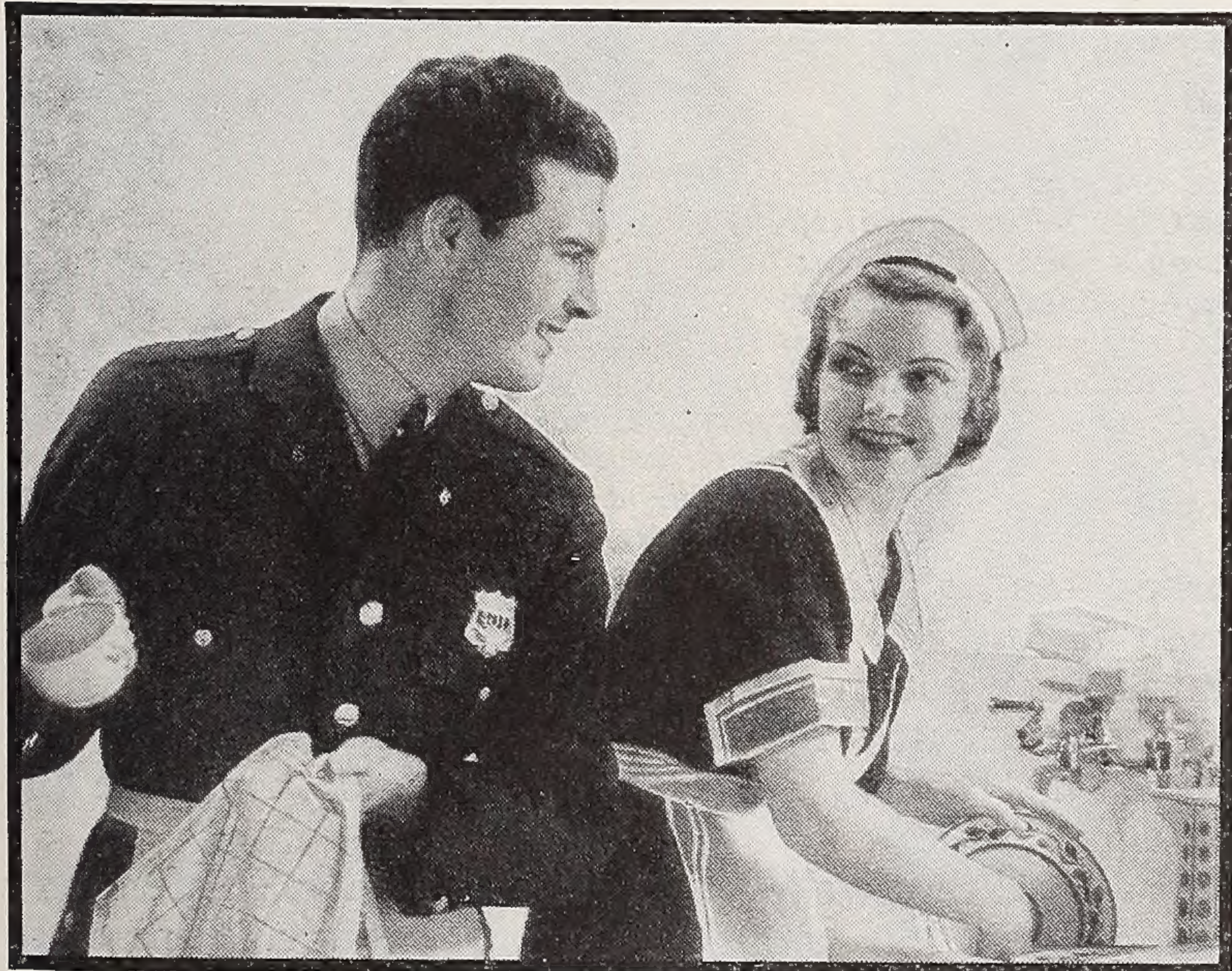
Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.



"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins.

Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE



"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

Radio Parade

Taking you back of the microphones to meet some outstanding personalities of the air

By
Tom Kennedy

THE moon came over a mountain of clouds that had hovered over Manhattan all day long, almost precisely at the moment when an Iron Horse, bearing passengers from Montreal and points north and west, roared into the Grand Central Terminal and Kate Smith's "Hel-lo!" rang out above the clatter that attends the arrival of a crack flyer.

Thus New Yorkers who from sun-up had been scurrying about under the inadequate protection of umbrellas, oilskins, or what have you when the rain is pouring down in sheets, heaved a sigh of relief almost in concert with the hearty, "Gee, I'm glad to be back!" that was Kate's first expression as she emerged from a Pullman.

Yes, the Kate had come back—back to the scene of her greatest triumphs, the radio halls which the networks maintain as their headquarters in New York.

"Hel-lo!" cried the Songbird of the South as she addressed individual greeting to the group which had been "passed along" to see Kate as she debarked from the Montrealer.

And here your correspondent would like to say that until you have been told "hel-lo" by Kate Smith, with the handshake and smile that accompanies it, well, the burden of proof that you have ever *really* been "Hel-loed" is on you. When Kate greets you—why, you can hear it, see it and feel it right through you.

When the popping of the cameramen's flashlights



Fans demanded her return! Read what Kate Smith, above, says about her vacation from radio, and her future plans.



A close-up of Countess Olga Albani, right, reveals some facts you never knew till now about radio's lovely titled singer.

ceased—and those boys can sure burn up the powder when a celebrity gets near their lenses—the greetings and luggage gotten out of the way, Kate settled down to tell SCREENLAND's readers all about it.

Kate listened to all the questions and then gave the answers.

"I've had the swellest week of vacation at Banff I ever dreamed could be had. Boy, what a wonderful place to have a vacation! I'm back, must go immediately to visit my folks in Virginia, and then get going again in radio. I may start again in two weeks, though I rather hope I'll have a little more time before returning to the microphone."

That would make the first of her regular broadcasts since quitting the air nine months ago take place about the middle of July, though between the time this is written and publication date, things may be changed and the "come-back" set for a later date. (Continued on page 94)

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 6



Murder
on the
Black-
board
RKO-
Radio

Perhaps you remember the "Penguin Pool Murder Mystery." Here we have a sequel, and a perhaps superior piece of entertainment. A very cleverly contrived mystery is solved by Edna May Oliver when she effects the capture of the murderer of a young school teacher. Comedy overtones supplied by Miss Oliver and James Gleason add to the interest. Bruce Cabot, Gertrude Michael and Tully Marshall rate praise.

White
Heat
Seven
Seas
Produc-
tions



A picture made in one of those Hawaiian paradises, offering magnificent scenic backgrounds for a two-penny story about an American planter who finds true love in a native girl, after his society-girl bride sets fire to the cane crop so she can run away with a handsome chap with a yacht. Virginia Cherrill and David Newell do some good acting. Swell, if you like the view.



Along
Came
Sally
Gains-
borough

Take the better-than-average musical short subject, stretch to twice its natural footage, and you have about what this British import offers in entertainment. Cicely Courtneidge, a very competent comedienne, is better adapted to the short subject style of comedy than features as we know them here. Despite the presence of Sam Hardy it's amusing only in spots.

We're
Rich
Again
RKO-
Radio



Pecks of fun for old and young! Here you'll find some new ideas, a fresh point of view, and plenty of clever acting. Story is about a once-wealthy family about to lose all. Into the gloomy group comes a vivacious but seemingly dumb young thing, whose acts miraculously, (and amusingly), save the day. Marian Nixon gives the best performance of her career, and has fine support.

(Continued on page 76)

isn't



half as much fun

FAT PEOPLE!



for

NOW...

we guarantee to reduce your
waist and hips

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE**

or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

**THE MESSAGE-LIKE ACTION
REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY
and SAFELY**

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

**KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL
AND FRESH**

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

**SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE
TRIAL OFFER**

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce you. You do not need to risk one penny... try it for 10 days... then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer... act today!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 739

41 EAST 42nd ST. NEW YORK, N. Y.

Without obligation on my part, please send me FREE booklet describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your

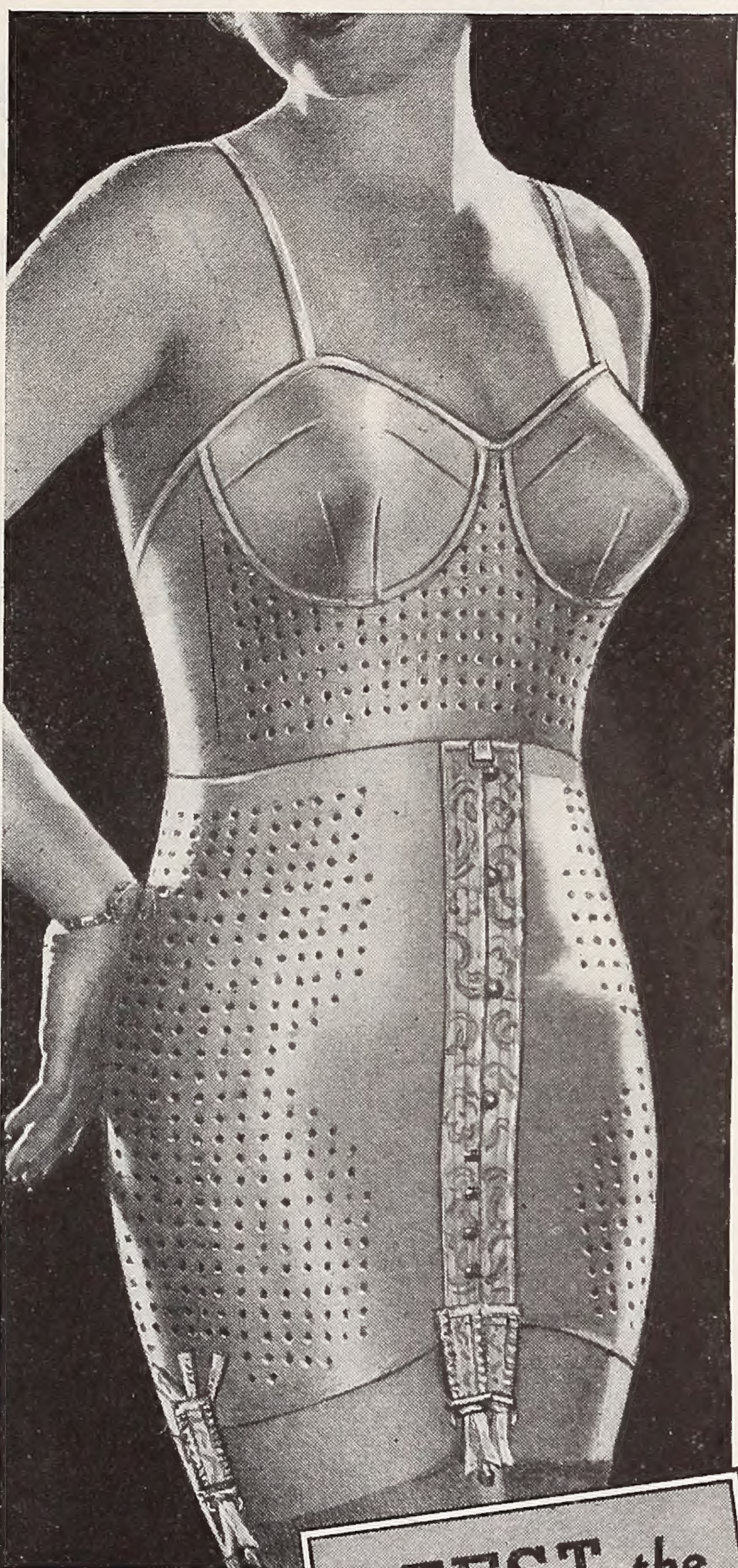
10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card



**TEST the
PERFOLASTIC
GIRDLE
FOR TEN DAYS
... at our expense!**



The **PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE** may be worn with or without the new **PERFOLASTIC UPLIFT BRASSIERE**

**IN 10 SHORT DAYS
YOU CAN BE YOUR
SLIMMER SELF
WITHOUT EXERCISE,
DIET OR DRUGS**

■ "I have reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy... "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley... "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian... "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carroll.

*So much
of their*

Loveliness

*depends
on the
tooth paste
they use*



"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks **BETTY DOUGLAS**. Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.



GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).



BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).



*The country over,
more than 2 million
women have changed
to Listerine Tooth Paste
. . . it cleans so much
better . . . gives teeth
such high lustre.*

Why not try a tube?

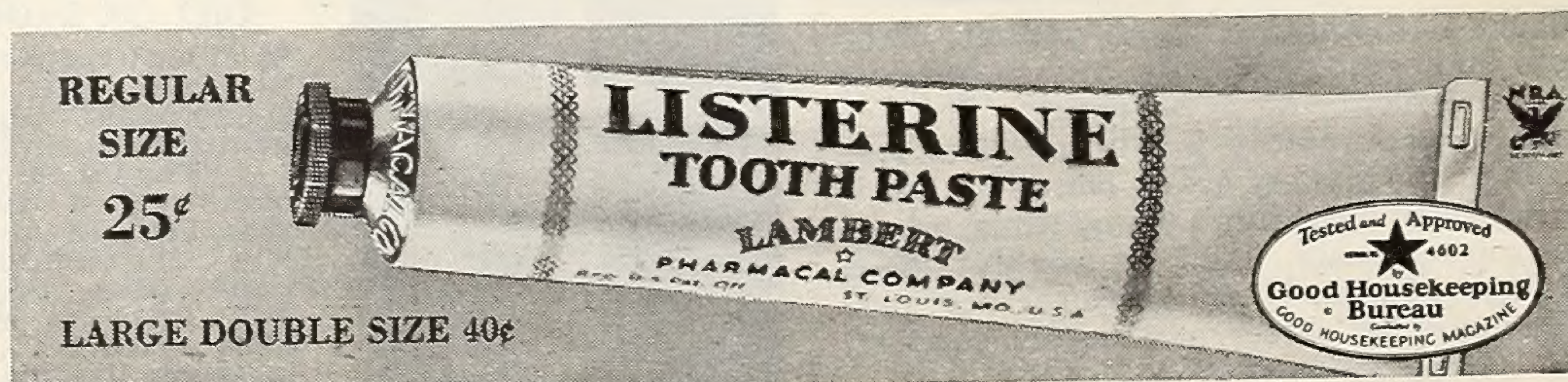
Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is

too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so

much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



The Editor's Page.

An Open Letter

to Shirley Temple

from Delight Evans

DEAR Shirley:

This will be just one more fan letter to you. I hear you're getting more mail than Jackie Cooper. And I know you're much too busy to answer. But that's all right. Just have your secretary mail me an autographed picture for my office and we'll call it square.

Let me see, how many pictures have you made now? They've kept you busy, haven't they? Well, I'm not going to take up your time by asking any silly questions such as, "What do you think of when you make your crying scenes?" or "Who's your favorite leading man?" I know the answer to the first question: you're a natural-born actress with an inspired technique. No glycerine for you. Real tears and lots of them. To order, any time. As for the second question, I can answer that, too. Jimmy Dunn was your favorite leading man after you played with him in "Stand Up and Cheer" and "Baby Take A Bow." But now Gary Cooper is playing opposite you, and I hear you've switched your affections. Don't blame you. Gary's a nice boy, too.

But there is one matter I'd like to discuss with you. It's this. Don't ever listen to your publicity. Or maybe you've already heard some of it? I'm afraid so. How could you help it? I know your mother and father are wise and fine folks, and they'll do their best not to let you listen. But perhaps at the beach one day you caught a whisper, "There goes the Miracle Star!" Well, just pay no attention, Shirley. You wouldn't want your playmates next door to bring that up, would you? Of course not. You'd feel terribly embarrassed. They know you now as Mr. and Mrs.

Temple's good little kid. If they heard you were that "Miracle Star" being billed all over the place, they might stop playing with you.

So if any eminent producer or director or grown-up star greets you, "And how is the Miracle Star today?" you answer as you did in "Little Miss Marker": "Aw, nuts!" But don't tell your mother I told you to.



Three good troupers on their way to work: Shirley Temple, center, with Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper.

Wide
World

Read
the
Latest!

About BING'S

By S. R. Mook



Bing and Miriam play together for the first time in "She Loves Me Not." Were there fireworks? Just what went on? Read this feature for the "inside" story!

WHEN Bing Crosby, who is probably Will Hays' most modest young 'un about his own acting talent, heard he was going to be cast as a co-star with Miriam Hopkins in "She Loves Me Not," something tells me he had a sinking feeling somewhere in the region of his stomach. Bing didn't tell me, y'understand, but something did. I know the boy. I can tell when he's got something on his mind besides his next golf game.

Like everyone else in Hollywood, Bing has probably heard things about little Southern Miriam to the effect that the lady is a minor firecracker on the set—that she knows more about acting technique than a correspondence school teacher and that she has small patience with either actors or directors who don't know as much as she does.

With Bing, it's this way: he claims to know exactly nothing about technique. With Miriam's reputation for knowing so much about it and with so little reputed patience for them as don't, you can begin to understand how he must have felt.

Before it went into production, "She Loves Me Not" was probably Crosby's least favorite picture. Before it

was completed, I have none other than the Hopkins personal word for it that she "liked working with Bing more than almost any other leading man she had ever faced a camera with." Not to mention Bing's own affidavit that things went "swell."

All of which led me to wonder, "What is all this business about Miriam, the lady-terror, who is so fearsome before you know her and who goes around scaring the wits out of actors and directors who have never met her?"

After an hour or two of conversation with her I think I know the answer. It isn't her appearance, you can bank on that. She's the most kittenishly feminine piece of Mason-Dixon fluff you've ever put your eyes on. Someone once described her as "the sparkle of champagne"—and that's all right, too. She's small and blonde and helpless looking, so it can't be her appearance—as I remarked before. It's the Hopkins mind, hidden under those blonde curls and disguised under the honeyed accent of her Southern tongue! It's the unexpected logic and reasoning and clear-cut thinking she does that is guaranteed to throw fits into some of Hollywood's

New Co-star, Miriam Hopkins

What happens when Crooner
meets Siren? You'll be amused
and amazed!



A SCREEN AND SCOOP

muddled brains that just can't keep step with Miriam's.

Elliott Nugent, who directed "She Loves Me Not," told me: "I've worked with many actresses in Hollywood but never one who so thoroughly knew what she was supposed to do, and just how it should be done, as Miriam. She's the director's delight. Before she goes into a scene she has thought the whole thing out. She knows exactly what she's going to do and how she's going to do it. Sometimes I had to say, 'I like your idea but I don't believe we can do it *exactly* that way. We'll have to do it this way.' And probably we'd have to change the whole set-up—lights, camera, everything. But it would be worth it."

"But didn't that throw you behind in your shooting schedule?" I protested.

"No," said Elliott promptly. "Ordinarily it would but the time we lost that way we more than made up in rehearsals. We seldom needed more than one rehearsal with her. Sometimes not that much. Most actors are perfectly willing to do whatever you tell them but they don't think for themselves. They'll say, 'Where do I stand? Is there any *business* (Continued on page 87)

And how do you like La Hopkins' boyish haircut? But of course it's just for the picture, which gives Miriam a chance to indulge her decided flair for bright, light comedy — and gives Bing an inspiration to croon his sweetest!



HOW *the* HOLLYWOOD STARS



Jean Harlow's Platinum Hair!

WHAT determines the style stunts, hair tricks, make-up notions and general deportment of millions of American girls?

Is it the feeble piping of a few self-appointed "fashion authorities" in Paris? Is it the appearance of Mrs. de Pooster as she tows her ugly little mutt down Park Avenue, New York?

In my last-year's panama hat!

For every American girl who pays heed to the silly pronouncements of Paris on the latest word in frocks, ten thousand keep an eye peeled for Miss Connie Bennett's latest talkie. And for every native lass who lays a lack-lustre eye to pictures of Mrs. de Pooster's new Parisian duds, a million rush to the movies to see how Joan Crawford is combing her hair this month.

Never in this dizzy world's history have so many maidens been influenced *en masse* as have American girls by their dream-darlings of the screen.

Take an outstanding historical case—that of Miss Mary Pickford's curls.

America's Perennial Sweetheart hung on to those famous golden ringlets, for professional purposes, until she was well past thirty. They were as much a part of "Our Mary" as her pretty little legs.

Suddenly growing up, she decided to lop them off, and the first snip of those fatal shears was heard round the world!

Hair-bobbing had been

At last! The *real* revelation of the far-reaching influence of screen actresses!

Joan Crawford's Silhouette!



MAKE *the* AMERICAN GIRL!

By
Leonard Hall

Mae West's Curves!



Greta Garbo's Eyelashes!



going on for years, but thousands of die-hard old Tories still made nasty cracks about short-haired women. But at the first click of the scissors going over the golden Pickford pate, every grandma in America picked up her skirts and galloped off to the barber.

The queen could do no wrong, with the result that a long-haired woman is now almost as rare, in America, as the three-toed awk.

Here's a much fresher case—that concerning mannish clothes.

Until a few years ago these were sneered at as ugly and school-marmish by our younger set. Then a tall Swede named Garbo appeared in a movie version of Michael Arlen's "The Green Hat."

She wore a rusty tweed suit, a shapeless old raincoat that Brother had thrown away and a funny felt hat hiding one whole eye.

Once more the queen could do nothing but right. Within six weeks half our girls looked like a mob of Yale sophomores after a heavy shower.

This rage continues. The flair of both Marlene Dietrich and Katharine Hepburn have kept our schoolgirls on the boyish side.

Dietrich, of course, went too far. She tried to put our young ladies in pants. This foul attempt on our womanhood, thank God, failed utterly!

Hepburn, the Hart-
(Cont. on page 84)



By
Al
Hughes

NO!
Lupe is
herself again!
Read all about it!

Mrs. TARZAN Tamed?

WE WERE all worried sick, not long ago, over the grave condition of Leaping Lupe Velez.

While she was appearing at a New York theatre four times a day, the dastardly newspapers printed a story to the effect that her husband, Mr. John Weissmüller, had inflicted large, lurid bruises on her luscious person, and that she was going her way, and he his'n.

We dove for the cellars and held our breaths. The least Mrs. Tarzan would do, we figured, would be to beat half a dozen reporters half to death with one of her own dainty pumps. Mr. Tarzan, righteously outraged, mounted a fast plane and flew eastward to be at the Little Woman's side during the fracas, and perhaps to

bash a few reportorial noses on his own account.

Summoning all my wartime courage, and donning a steel vest and tin-hat, I rushed over to ask Lupe about her married state, and the rumors of black and blue spots on the fair Velez chassis.

In the bad old days, when Lupe was known as the hottest potato that had ever crossed the Rio Grande, interviewing the little hellion was like strangling a mountain lion, or charging a machine-gun armed with two chocolate eclairs. Smart correspondents carried their own iodine.

So when I crept up on Lupe's dressing-room, I expected to find the air filled with flying shoe-trees and racy Mexican. Instead, I was received by a gentle, recumbent girl, as fiery as a stone (Continued on page 89)

Famous author confesses all about his Hollywood career!

An exclusive interview by Thornton Sargent

IRVIN COBB, author, humorist, and one of a select group credited with being the source of about nine out of every ten of the jokes which circulate about this gag-loving land, admits his trip to California started out as a joke on Hollywood, and wound up as a laugh on him. The cinema capital enjoyed it immensely. And who says a humorist can't laugh at a joke on him-

self? Cobb chuckled merrily as he explained how it came about.

"Sometime ago I received a letter from Hal Roach, who produces the Laurel and Hardy and other short comedies. It ran something like this: 'I've been thinking the matter over and might make a series of comedies with you. It won't take all your time. Why not come out to California and discuss it?'"

"That sounded great to me, though I couldn't imagine why Hal Roach wanted me to write comedies. It was out of my line. But as I had other business out there, I figured the worst I could get was a free trip.

"Before I agreed to come, we shot a lot of wires back and forth about making comedies, and I went to see and study every Hal Roach comedy I could. I realized it was different work but I decided I could master it.

"As I look back at it now, I should have smelled trouble from the first, if not from the minute I set foot in Hal Roach's office.

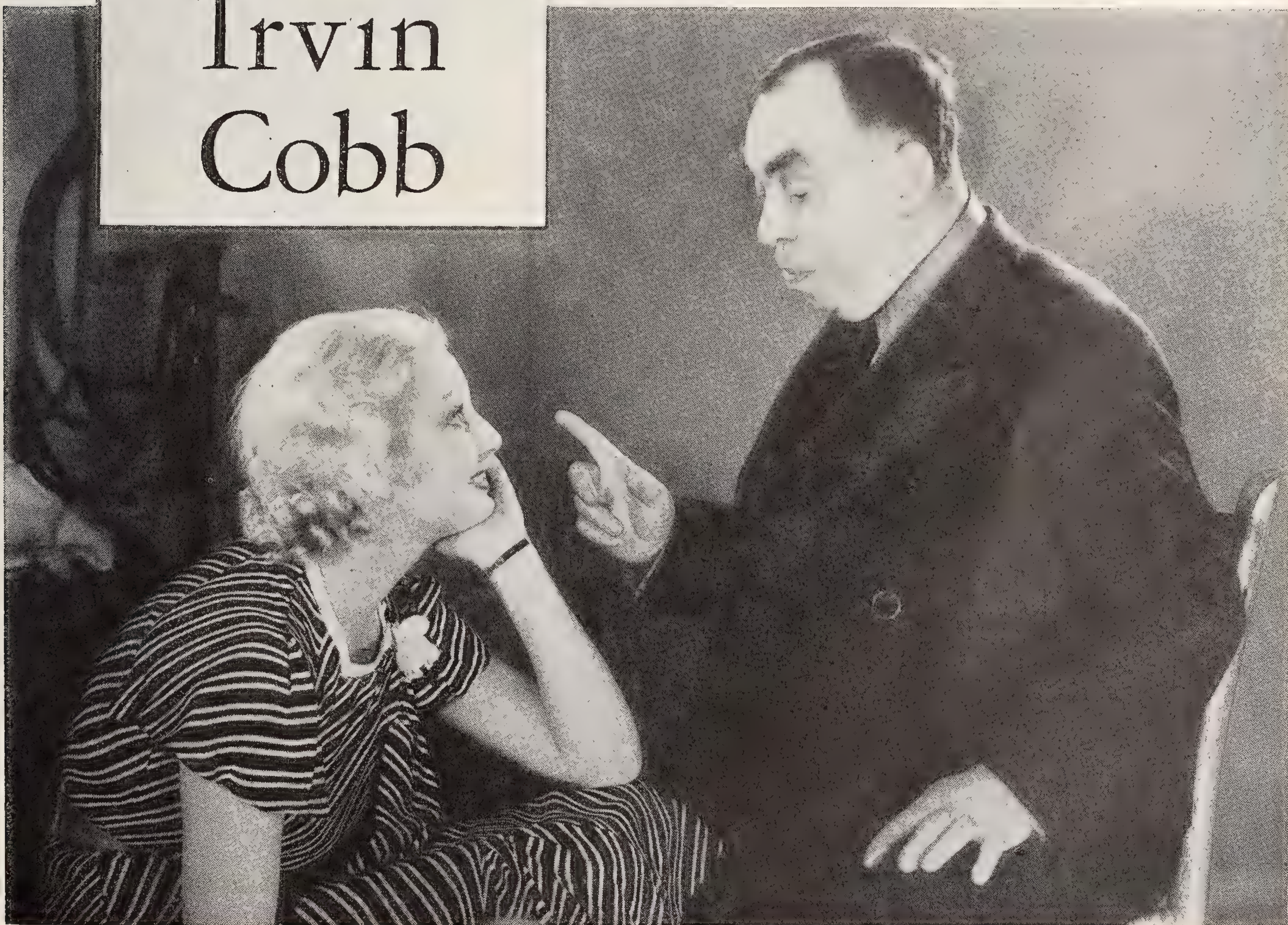
"'Take off your coat,' he said, 'and be comfortable.' We talked generally for a while, and then Roach asked me if I thought I could 'make these riddles.'

"I explained some of my. (Continued on page 69)

"The
Laugh's
On Me!"
says

Irvin
Cobb

Imagine Mr. Cobb's embarrassment when he arrived in Hollywood and discovered he had signed up to act rather than write! Here he is telling Thelma Todd all about it. (And don't miss Cobb's mint julep recipe!)





Secrets of

Or how to be a Bernhardt at the old age of five years! Screen stars, maybe Shirley's daily routine is the answer—are you game to try it?



This is the life! Cheery and bright, ready for breakfast and a new day at the studio.



Below, Time for school work. Shirley with her private tutor in a quiet corner of the studio.



At the studio before nine, Shirley looks over the chart of her day on the set. Left.

Time to get up my dollies, Shirley commands after she tumbles out of bed at seven.



Recreation time! A bit of horseplay with her favorite leading man James Dunn, at right.



Shirley Temple's SUCCESS!

Shirley Temple



The world may call it "success" but I call it "fun," says Shirley.

Hoops, my dears, are the things that make you healthy and happy, as Shirley shows you at the left!



To the bank! Pay day and Shirley deposits her check at her father's bank.



International



With Shirley it's Dinner at Six, and above you see how she enjoys it at that hour.



Where the sandman calls early. At the left you see Shirley and her teddy bear fast asleep, and here it's only a little after nine P. M. Well, it's been a full day, work well done and play enjoyed—the prescription for a sleep that never even heard of insomnia.





Expense No Object!

Read about Madeleine Carroll, "Million Dollar" Star!

SINCE Madeleine Carroll has gone back to her native England, Hollywood has waked up. *This astonishing woman is today's pet town topic!*

Currently, as star of "The World Moves On," the most important Fox production of 1934, she is rating raves. Her acting ability and refined charm distinguish her as a big bet.

But all the time she was working on the picture the film colony hardly noticed her. She had arrived so unostentatiously and she conducted herself so modestly that few guessed her salary was larger than any star on the Fox lot.

Only when the last scene was shot and she decided to stay on for a couple of weeks to really see California did

By Dickson Morley

her social standing in London spread and she was entertained madly during her last fortnight. And then she departed—but how the memory of her is lingering on!

Just who is she? How did she jump so suddenly into prominence? What are her plans, and how come she's paid such a tremendous salary?

I might as well come to this matter of her salary immediately, for the minute you hear what it is you'll realize that she is very definitely a Somebody. Madeleine Carroll's recompense for appearing in three pictures annually is \$400,000! (This news will burn many a local star and chagrin those who didn't think her worth cultivating!)

Hollywood begin to get excited about Madeleine Carroll. Rumors of her splendid trouping and of

(Continued on page 72)

Dix Dares *to* Desert!

So long, Hollywood, says this actor who has starred in 67 films in 19 years! Read what he's going to do—exclusive!

EVEN before you read this, Richard Dix will be on his way! He is going upon a trip around the world to be gone he doesn't know how long; to visit quaint spots off the beaten track of tourists; to live a life that knows no tomorrows or yesterdays—only the pleasure of today's. And he is going now while he still has the youth to enjoy these pleasures to the full.

He will stay in one place only as long as that place amuses him; maybe a day—maybe a month. Then he will move on to fresher fields, to greener pastures. There is nothing methodical in his itinerary. At the moment, all he is sure of is that his first stop will be somewhere in the South of France. The next may be in the British Isles, or anywhere upon the Continent. Or perhaps he might set sail for Africa, if the spirit so moves him. That's all he wants—a spirit to move him.

With no urging at all, I could wax extremely sentimental about the vagabondage Richard Dix has planned. You can have your life of Riley, if I might have a bit of the life of Dix in the months to come. But let Rich tell you about it himself as he told it to me.

"I have spoken of my plans to a few close friends only, and they are divided in their opinions. Some think me crazy. Others ask, 'What's the matter, old fellow? Sore at the movies?'

"I can't defend myself from the first charge, but I can from the second. I have no quarrel with the movies nor with the studio for which I have worked these last five years. My association with RKO-Radio has been most pleasant and profitable and I have a very flattering offer to remain. Yet I don't want to sign a new contract, now that this one has expired, for the simple reason that I don't want to be bound by a contract. I want to come back to Hollywood when I'm good

and ready and not before I have seen all I want to see.

"As for being sore at the movies, that's piffle. I'm not a poseur and you can call me bourgeois if you like, but I love the movies and I'm not ashamed of loving them. I made my first picture in 1915 and in nineteen years, I have starred in a total of *sixty-seven* feature pictures. I believe this is a record in Hollywood for starring appearances, and I'm proud of it!"

And we are proud of you, Rich. Your frankness is refreshing in a period when it is thought fashionable to be dissatisfied with your job, to feel superior and condescending. It is an unusual experience these days to meet an actor who speaks nicely of the much-maligned movies; one who fails to mention, in passing, the sacrifice of his "art" for filthy money—almost as unusual as meeting an
(Continued on page 72)

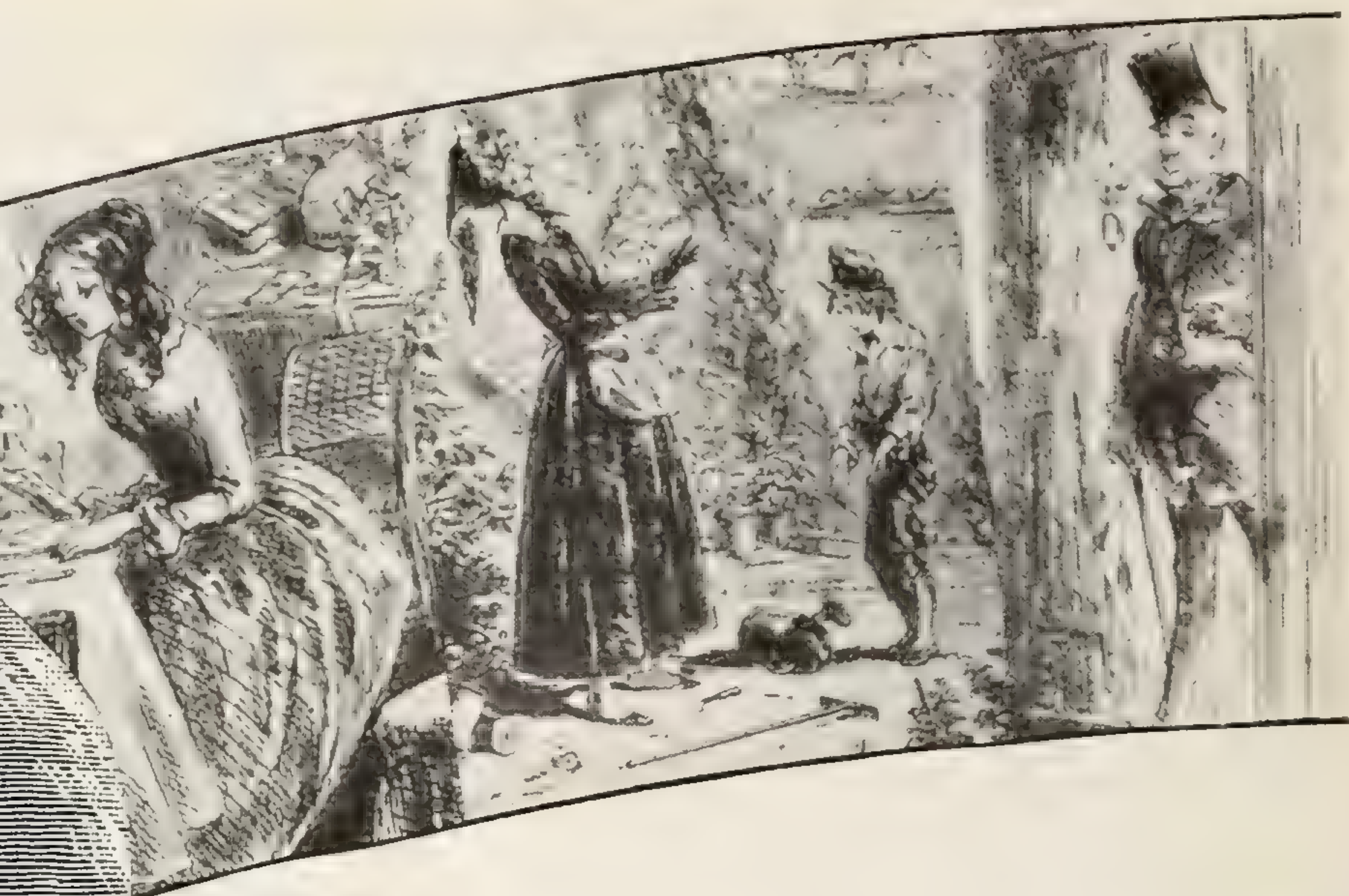
By
Jack
Grant



A SCREEN AND SCOOP



Charles Dickens.



"David Now Comes

Good News! Hollywood bows to tradition, forgets "box-office," and sets out on a great adventure in recreating literature! The best answer to critics of the screen!

A SCREENLAND SCOOP

By
Ida
Zeitlin



George Cukor, director of "Little Women," has been chosen from all Hollywood to direct the Dickens classic. Cheers!



Above, the film men from far Hollywood inspect Aunt Betsey Trotwood's cottage with conscientious care.

Left, one of the many beautiful spots visited was Blunderstone Rectory. It will be reproduced on the screen.

FROM the book within whose cover he has flourished for eighty-four years, a young gentleman of the 19th century—complete in topper, waistcoat, tight trousers and tails—is about to step forth on a new adventure.

A sensitive, tender-hearted young gentleman, serious for the most part but alive to the absurdities of humankind, chivalrous, sentimental and bursting with lofty ideals, the sort of noble Galahad in which the Victorian age delighted, he is coming to take possession of that most modern of 20th century mediums, the screen, there-



Here are many of the beloved Dickens characters, from drawings by Fez, the artist favored by Dickens himself to illustrate his books. Find David Copperfield, Uriah Heep, Dora, Agnes, and others.

Copperfield" to the Screen!

by challenging the pre-eminence of our gangsters, our sophisticates and our tough guys.

All you disillusioned cynics, all you public enemies, all you lady-sockers and talkers-out-of-the-corners-of-your-mouths, meet *David Copperfield*. Meet your latest and most dangerous rival. Him 'n' who else? do I hear you snicker? What're they gonna do with that baby-faced squirt? That Little Lord Fauntleroy that ain't dry yet behind the ears? Better take 'im out 'n' drown 'im? Sez YOU, gentlemen!

Do you happen to remember a film called "Little

Women" and what they did with that? Not many wise-cracks in it, were there? Not much rough stuff—and very little speed. Except at the box-office. The box-office receipts mounted up pretty rapidly, didn't they? What's it got to do with the case in point? Only this. "Little Women" was filmed from just such another old-fashioned story, written long ago and much beloved in this country. "David Copperfield" will be filmed from a story still better beloved by a far greater number of people all over the world—a story that will go on living long after all the *Steve Morgans* (Continued on page 70)



Above, David Selznick, the producer, center, with Hugh Walpole, distinguished author, right, and Cukor.

Right, the head-master's house, King's School, visited by the motion picture men in search of authentic material.



The actress who will play Dora—Elizabeth Allan. If possible an all-English cast will interpret "David Copperfield."

A SCREENLAND SHOP

A star tells
the
truth

Sylvia Breaks All The Rules!

By
*Laura
Benham*



FOUND at last. A motion picture and stage star who admits she prefers the screen to the theatre! Thus does Sylvia Sidney shatter another precedent.

Since the ascendancy in the film firmament of luminaries recruited from Broadway and "the road," the tendency to accept with condescending grace the fair fruits of cinema fame and fortune while maintaining staunchly the superiority of the theatre has grown from a few random remarks into a Hollywood tradition.

Today, almost every player of note upon the silver screen confesses a burning urge to return to the footlights. Several have done so for a brief moment or longer, with varying results as far as both their incomes and professional futures are concerned.

There are those who believe that Katharine Hepburn did her career irreparable damage by her short-lived and sensationally disappointing appearance in "The Lake" in New York. Certainly, Miriam Hopkins added nothing to her histrionic stature by starring in "Jezebel" on Broadway. Even in the cases of Helen Hayes, who

rose to new heights of drama and prestige in "Mary of Scotland," and Walter Huston, who won both critical and box-office acclaim in "Dodsworth," it is doubtful if their accomplishments before the comparatively small metropolitan audiences will add materially to their future film advancement.

Leslie Howard sacrificed a lucrative motion picture contract to appear on the stage in London for Gilbert Miller, who gave him his first chance; and Herbert Marshall, the current cinema "rave," expects to do likewise in the autumn. All for the sake of "Art"!

These are but a few of the actors and actresses who elected to turn their backs, temporarily at least, upon motion pictures and cast their lots with the theatre. Others who have not yet suited their actions to their words insist that at the first opportunity they hope to return to the scene of their earlier triumphs—(never failures—such things are dangerous to remember in Hollywood!)

This altruistic devotion to "Art" and "Idealism" has become the unwritten law by (Continued on page 82)

Red-head Rogers, Rebel!

By
James
Marion



Ginger Fights For Her Rights!

THERE has always been a red-head in motion pictures! Furthermore, these red-heads have always lived up to their colorful tresses. Clara Bow—but you *must* remember Clara! Nancy Carroll's fiery outbursts frequently caused studio heads to bolt their doors and cross themselves fervently.

Comes now Ginger Rogers, the film industry's Declaration of Independence, 1934 model. Her hair is the brightest red of all. Her spirit seems least conquerable. She has ideas all her own; she doesn't change them; she says what she means, she means what she says, and heaven help the person who thinks she is kidding!

First evidence of the Rogers intractability occurred shortly after her initial outstanding success on the screen. "Gold Diggers of 1933" had just witnessed its premiere at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. Ginger attended the opening in the *nth* heaven of excitement. Why shouldn't she have been excited? She had seen studio rushes of her song sequences. She knew they were good; that she herself was good.

But lo, when the picture reached the screen and unrolled itself before the eyes of Miss Rogers and the others of that packed-theatre audience, those excellent song-and-dance numbers had gone the way of much flash—they had been left behind on the cutting-room floor.

Now Ginger knew the reason those scenes had been deleted. A few days before the premiere, the studio had invited her to sign a long-term contract. She had refused. Consequently, some of her scenes had been removed from the picture. In a sense, the studio could not be blamed; its officials had no wish to promote a girl who refused to become one of the company's stock stars. On the contrary, perhaps the studio cut its own nose to spite its face, which is one way of saying that had those sequences been left in, the picture might have been even better.

Pretty soon, the executives who deleted the scenes began to think things over. After all, those dance-and-song sequences had cost the (Continued on page 80)

Jack L. Warner, one of Hollywood's leading producers, tells what it takes to win screen success in this article, third in our exclusive series presenting stars of tomorrow.



So cry the young hopefuls of Hollywood, fighting for film fame and fortune

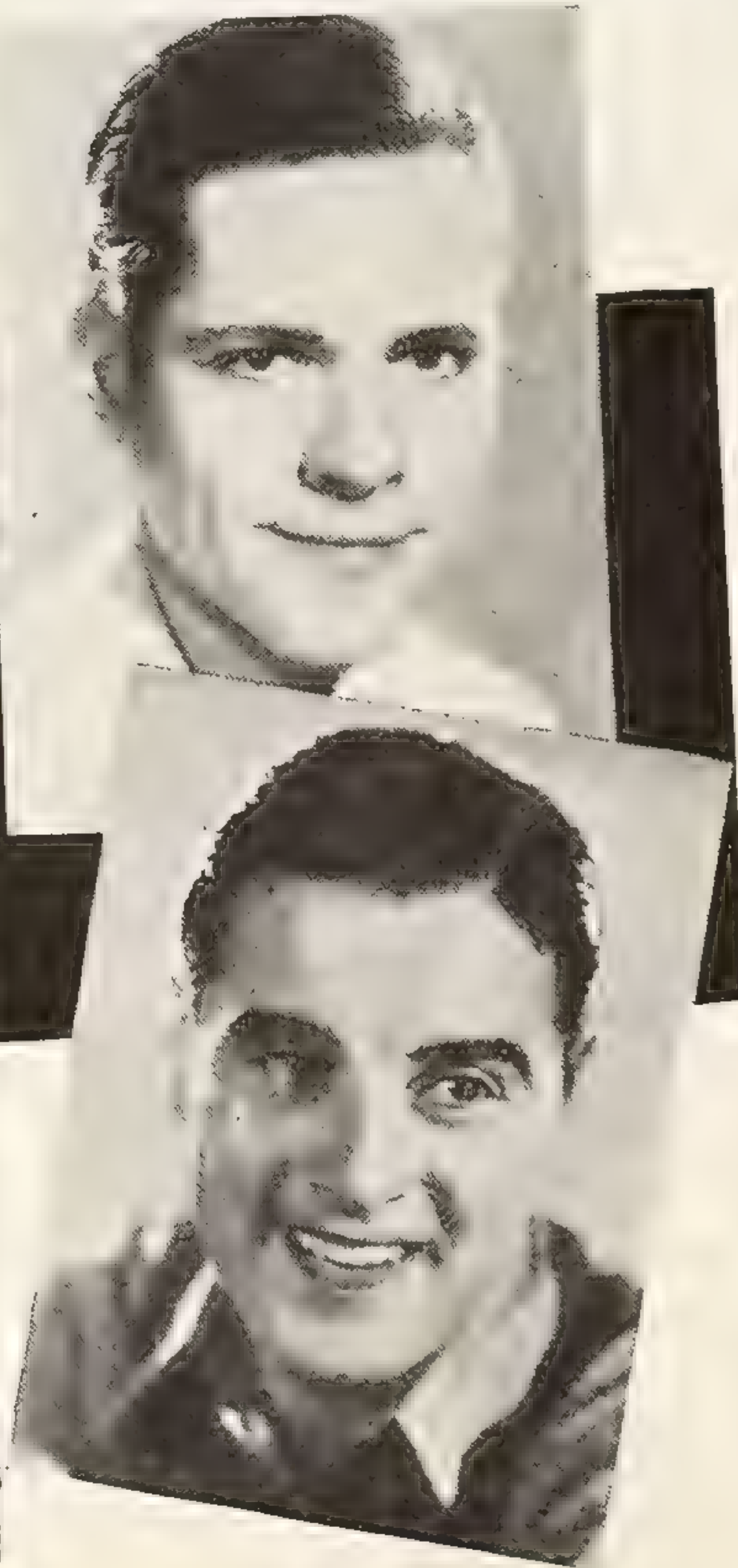


Lovely Patricia Ellis, one of the youngest actresses in Hollywood, and one of the most ambitious. "Pat" is playing leads and aspires to stardom. Are you for her?

Give Us A Chance!

By

Top, Joan Wheeler, Donald Woods. Below, Enrico Caruso, Jr., Phil Regan.



MOST of the studios, frantically signing young talent destined to become the famous stars of tomorrow, have an overbalance of the feminine group.

Producers blame this strange fact on two conditions. They say: First—they have difficulty in finding talented young men to place under contract for the purpose of building them to stardom; and second—that in the final analysis, women stars pay more at the box office, therefore the big duty to movie company stockholders is to develop women stars.

At the Warner Brothers studio (my third stop in my prowlings to introduce you to the stars of tomorrow), I found a condition very different from that at other film plants. I found that the company executives have placed a number of young men under contract—in fact, the studio has more young men under contract than young women.

This condition puzzled me momentarily, until I remembered that the Warner brothers have probably experienced greater success with newly-discovered masculine players than any other producers. Warners have brought to the screen James Cagney, Edward G. Robinson, Dick Powell, Warren William, George Brent and others, lifting them from screen obscurity to film fame. And with that fame, dollars have rolled into the box offices of the Warner Theatres. It is no wonder, in the



Margaret Lindsay first won your notice in "Cavalcade." Now she claims attention for a succession of interesting performances. Will she reach the top?



Jean Muir is nominated the Warner newcomer most likely to succeed! Already she is being groomed definitely for top billing—a long stride forward.

We Want To Win!

James M. Fidler

face of such success, that the studio's executives are constantly searching for masculine faces that give promise of future stardom.

"There is more method than madness to our grooming of masculine newcomers," Jack L. Warner, the company's chief executive on the West Coast, told me. "There has never been a scarcity of feminine stars. A clever casting director can find half a dozen really good bets in a few minutes. The real problem is the discovery of talented *men* with strong personalities. Today, and throughout motion pictures' rather brief history, there have been more than enough jobs for men—and more than enough women for jobs."

And so, the Warner Brothers have set their nets for promising male talent. Their scouts attend theatres everywhere—in New York City, in Podunk, any-old-state; in the North, and in the South. While scouts from other studios con the chorus girls and ingénues with appraising eyes, Warner talent-seekers pay equal attention to the actors.

"We also watch pictures for signs of talent," Warner further informed me. "Whenever a bit player shows evidence of possessing that something for which the public clamors, we give him greater opportunities. We are not forgetting that we had Clark Gable before anyone else discovered him—and we failed to see his promise." Jack Warner smiled (*Continued on page 92*)

Top, Phillip Reed, Maxine Doyle. Below, Virginia Pine, Hal LeRoy.





Charm secrets of an ultra-sophisticate! Be guided by Grace Moore, international prima donna now in pictures, if you would express true *chic*

Portraits of Miss Grace Moore posed exclusively for SCREENLAND by William A. Fraker



Go gay and girlish when you're feeling that way! Experiment with various coiffures. You'll never go stale if you give yourself a different personality whenever that bored feeling begins to steal over you. Above and right, Miss Moore demonstrates.



True sophistication as opposed to the pseudo variety is beautifully expressed by this glowing American girl who has captured the hearts of opera audiences on three continents. Grace Moore has never become stilted or artificial. She believes in radiant health, buoyant humor, and, above all, *naturalness*. Above you see Miss Moore wearing her famous pearls, which are enhanced by the background she provides of fresh and lovely skin, frank grin, and the flawless grooming for which there is positively no substitute in Paris, in London, in Hollywood, or in Manhattan!

Her current Columbia picture, "One Night of Love," presents the Metropolitan Opera star as an ambitious singer. It also gives Grace Moore a chance to wear some charming clothes. Right, a gay gown of white satin trimmed with black and white striped satin. Note the matching striped satin gloves.





Advance hint for Fall! Miss Moore wears a rough wool cloth coat of deep mustard yellow, with wide revers of black Persian lamb. Her smart hat suggests the Tyrolean influence but has a "different" brim of plaited felt.



Gleaming coiffure, glistening nails! Miss Moore believes it's smart to change the color of your nail polish to match your moods, but she admits a preference for glowing red.



Above, the star wears a cocktail suit of blistered black crepe with a short jacket of white quilted silk. See how simple Miss Moore's costumes are? She hates frills, but dotes on line.

Left, above: Miss Moore's most daring gown! It's a subtle thing of black crepe, cut with sheath skirt that is slit to the knee! A wide bow of self material emphasizes the high neckline and is held in place by jeweled clasps in oak-leaf design. Around her left arm, just above the elbow, Miss Moore wears bands of beautifully colored beads.

Frankly theatrical, but most amusing are the black net gloves Grace Moore is showing you at the left. Grand for a gay mood! Girls, don't let actresses grab all the Glamor. Help yourself!



Here's your *Entertainment map*
for the new season

THEY ALL LOOK SWELL TO ME!

The WORLD MOVES ON
with Madeleine Carroll
Franchot Tone

HAROLD LLOYD
in "The CATS-PAW"

SAY, POP, LETS ALL SEE "THE CATS-PAW."

ZANE GREY'S
The DUDE RANGER
with George O'Brien

THESE PICTURES SPELL PLENTY OF GOOD TIMES FOR US.

CHARLIE CHAN
in LONDON
with Warner Oland

Janet GAYNOR
and **LEW AYRES** in
"SERVANTS' ENTRANCE"
with Ned Sparks - Walter Connolly

SERENADE
with Pat Paterson - Nils Asther
Herbert Mundin - Harry Green

MARIE GALANTE
with Tracy Spencer
Ketti Gallian
Ned Sparks - Stepin Fetchit

WILL ROGERS
in "JUDGE PRIEST"

LIFE BEGINS AT FORTY

CARAVAN
with Charles Boyer
Loretta Young
Jean Parker

The STATE versus ELINOR NORTON
Mary Roberts Rinehart's famous novel

FOX

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.



If it hadn't
been for "Cupcake"
I might have
stolen this
picture!

Joan Blondell

LATEST in our special series of hand-picked star portraits, selected and autographed for YOU! Here's Joan Blondell's "pet" picture with her own authentic autograph.

Elmer Fryer



Victorian Romance!

THE deathless love story of the great poets, Elizabeth Barrett and Robert Browning, now comes to the screen, with Norma Shearer and Fredric March in the leading rôles. "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" is Katharine Cornell's record-breaking play. Will the screen version prove as popular? Here are scenes from the Shearer picture.



Grimes



Modern Love!

HOW different, the Michael Arlen mood! Constance Bennett's new film presents her as Arlen's perennial heroine, *Iris March*, once played by Garbo in silent days—remember? Opposite Connie is Herbert Marshall as *Napier*. Which captures your fancy: Norma's romantic cinema or Connie's passionate photoplay? What, both? Well!






JUST "Joanie," the girl her best friends know, in this new portrait study. Suggestion: why not give your public a glimpse of this nice natural side of you, Miss Crawford?

Not
Doing a
"Duse" Here!

Hurrell



IF YOU think of Myrna Loy merely as an exotic lady, look at this new informal portrait and reverse your opinion! Myrna is as real and unaffected as her own freckles!

**The
Grin is
the Girl!**

Clarence Sinclair Bull



Elmer Fryer

BUT the poor dears always have a cameraman or two sneaking up on them! However, Margaret Lindsay, above, looks happy. Better than playing the helpless heroines in movie murder cases, eh?

Screen Stars Take



Irving Lippman

Vacations, Too!

AND here's Richard Cromwell sharing honors with sun, sea, and good salt air. His latest picture completed, Dick took a vacation, which he seems to be spending dreaming dreams! And why not?

There is a Bette Davis!

YOU'VE been hearing lately that Miss Davis is just a lot of carbon copies of other actresses! But wait until you see her in her new screenplays. You'll meet a dazzling new star

Elmer Finn



SHE may be mean to interviewers, but how she can act! In fact, when you see her up there on the screen you are ready to forgive her anything. Margaret Sullavan is an artist!

Stormy-Petrel Sullavan!

Roy D. MacLean



YOUR Favorite Movie Man Must Be Here!



*Gene Raymond, the
Platinum Blond Boy!
Gene is in demand.*



*For quizzical comedy,
take Stuart Erwin.
He's an original!*



*Above, the Hollywood
Terror, Jack Oakie. But
what a wonderful clown!*



*Frank Morgan, noblest
actor of them all, the old
Cellini cheater!*



*The one and only W.
C. Fields, supporting
as usual!—his rival,
Baby LeRoy. Yes,
they are together
again in a new film
Two very great
artists!*



Victor Jory, the versatile. He's romantic in his latest movie.



George Brent is back again, with the old Irish grin going strong.



That most handsome menace, Ricardo Cortez, has turned hero on us!



Roger Pryor from the Broadway stage will soon be starred, he's so good.

They crave your attention! They work for your applause! Here are actors to interest you, whatever your mood!



Leo Carrillo has staged a fine comeback. He's a featured filmer now.



Robert Young, oh, so svelte again, is gaining fatter rôles for reward!



Roar with Ruggles! Charlie is the Average American Family Man made funny

DOUGLASS MONTGOMERY and "Zest."
That's his next picture, and this gay new
portrait expresses it!

Little Man, What Next?





William A. Fraker

Welcome, Jean Arthur!

YOU had to return to Broadway to make
Hollywood appreciate you! But now
you're back for good!



Clifton Maupin

The Most Beautiful Still of the Month

Elissa Landi, Sidney Blackmer, Wallace Albright in "The Count of Monte Cristo"

AT STUDIO, DINNER, DANCE OR BEACH

Jean HARLOW'S Beauty

Is Always Fascinating

Would YOU Like to Share Her MAKE-UP SECRET?



"Born to be Kissed"

M-G-M Production
starring
JEAN HARLOW
with
FRANCHOT TONE
Max Factor's Make-Up
Used Exclusively



IN Hollywood, a genius created a new kind of make-up for the screen stars, and now for you. It is color harmony make-up, originated by Max Factor.

Imagine color tones in face powder, rouge and lipstick so wonderful as to enhance the beauty of your favorite star. Think of the beauty they will bring to you.

Imagine make-up so lasting, so perfect as to withstand every test in Hollywood's motion picture and social life. Think how your make-up will be solved.

Now you may share Hollywood's make-up secret. You will find Max Factor's face powder, rouge and lipstick in color harmony for your type, at all stores.

POWDER... You will note the difference in the caressing smoothness. You will see a satin-smooth effect like the beauty you see flashed on the screen. You will marvel how naturally the color harmony enlivens the beauty of your skin. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar. **ROUGE...** You will see how beautifully a color tone in rouge can harmonize with your powder and complexion colorings. As you blend your rouge coloring, you'll note how soft and fine it is, like the most delicate skin-texture. Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents. **LIPSTICK...** Super-Indelible, for lipstick must be lasting in Hollywood, and you, too, will find it permanent and uniform in color. It is moisture-proof, too...so that you may be sure of a perfect lip make-up that will last for hours and hours. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar.

JEAN HARLOW'S COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP



Max Factor's Flesh Face Powder to blend with her fair skin



Max Factor's Flame Rouge to give a touch of harmonizing color



Max Factor's Super-Indelible Flame Lipstick to accent the lips



Test YOUR Color Harmony in Face Powder and Lipstick

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free.

©1934 Max Factor

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES/Color <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	

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Max Factor
Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP

Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick... in Color Harmony



Elmer Fryer

Ruby's Got Rhythm!

THAT'S why Miss Keeler is the little queen of movie musicals. Read the very latest about her on the opposite page.

The Star who is Wise to Herself!



Ruby Keeler, modest and shy,
reveals her real self for the first
time in this inspiring story!

By
Ben Maddox

RUBY KEELER is the one woman star in Hollywood who resists that eyebrow urge!

It is a vital clue, this choosing not to pluck. Little traits reveal a person. Her insistence upon sporting her naturally thick brows because *she* knows she looks best with them characterizes, really, her whole attitude towards life—and movie fame.

She is the most lovable, most popular ingénue in musical pictures today. But I needn't go on with a long description of her charm or of her ability to dance. You are acquainted with the screen Ruby.

I want you, rather, to know Ruby Keeler as I do, personally. Because, in the first place, she is a girl you'd like for a friend even if she were a nobody. Second, because she is emphatically a great deal more than merely another pretty young thing.

Not so glamorous, not so beautiful, nor so brilliant as some of the other women of Hollywood, Ruby is, nevertheless, unique. *She is the star who is wise to herself!*

A definite distinction? It certainly is. "Know thyself!" expounded a renowned philosopher, maintaining that perfect peace of mind comes not from physical possessions but from exact mental self-valuation. This faculty for sizing up one's self accurately is developed by few people, anywhere. In the town where delusions of importance prevail, Ruby Keeler, I am convinced, is one star who has never-fooled (*Continued on page 95*)



The screen's favorite musical love team! Ruby is the happy Mrs. Al Jolson, and Dick's heart belongs to Mary Brian; but they're artists in scenes like this!

WHAT IS THE AUDIENCE DOING ALL THAT TIME?



Here they are, Mr. MacArthur and Mr. Hecht, under one of their inimitable studio signs!

Hollywood's Bad Boys Make a Movie!

Ben "Front Page" Hecht and Charlie "Mr. Helen Hayes" MacArthur turn producers—and *what* producers! Read this exclusive account of their amazing adventure

By
Leonard Hall

HUMORISTS still call the old Paramount film plant on Long Island, New York, a "movie studio."

Of course, it is no such thing. The glorious old dump is a combination haunted house and booby-hatch at the moment. It is haunted by the glamorous ghosts of Gloria Swanson, Dick Dix, the Four Marx Brothers and countless others of The Old Brigade.

And just now it is the prize lunatic asylum on God's verdant footstool. Ben Hecht and Charlie MacArthur, Hollywood's leading madmen, are making movies out there on their own, and the screams can be heard as far as Albany on a clear day.

You know these boys. MacArthur, when not scrib-

A SCREENLAND SCOOP

bling or fighting with Hecht, is Mr. Helen Hayes. Hecht is the divine nut who discovered movie riches when he dashed off the magnificent "Underworld" some years ago, and has since filled his saddle-bags with accursed film gold, laughing loudly at Hollywood and its "art" the while.

Not long ago the boys, between cartwheels, sold Paramount on the idea of letting them produce their own pictures at the Long Island plant. And the fun began!

Right, the wonder-producers entertain a distinguished visitor, Helen Hayes. She is married to her favorite playwright, Charles MacArthur, center, but will she work in his films?

Below, a busy set. Claude Rains, noted actor from the "legitimate," and Margot, hitherto a dancer, take direction from Hecht and MacArthur for a scene in "Crime Without Passion."



Picked by the new producers for picture glory: Margot, who danced before she began to act.



As I write, still giggling after a visit to the cinematic bughouse, they are making a picture called "Crime Without Passion" (which we can follow, of course, with a sequel called "Passion Without Crime," Will Hays permitting).

And what shooting goes on, and in what a manner!

The world has never seen the like, and probably never will again. This aging earth could hold but one Hecht and one MacArthur!

Paramount having given in, the boys rolled up their sleeves and became authors-producers-supervisors-directors of "Crime Without Passion." I think they also sweep out and tend the studio goldfish.

Revolutionary ideas exploded in their buzzing brains.

"Give us experts—geniuses, if you like!" they cried, in effect. "Let us substitute brains for 50,000 extras in beards. Do that, and we will make you a gosh-danged box-office knocker-outer for approximately \$2.46, plus overtime."

So a small herd of geniuses was gathered, with the result that "Crime Without Passion" is the first film of all time to have no less than five directors, each of which is an Intellect of 500,000 horsepower. They all have ideas as you and I have hives.

The corps is topped, of course, by the head men, Messrs. Groucho MacArthur and Chico Hecht. Then there is Mr. Art Rosson, veteran film hand who watches the geniuses closely. There is Mr. Lee Garmes, one of the greatest of cameramen, who points the camera at things. Finally, there is a Mr. Volkapich, master of sound effects, whose revolver shots are said to scare even the cop on the beat.

When the five directors are in conference, the set

Here's Mr. MacArthur, below, in action as a director. The co-author of "The Front Page" and "Twentieth Century" is giving the established producers something to think about. The pretty girl in this scene is Miss Whitney Bourne, New York debutante turned actress.



sounds for all the world like feeding time at Ringlings.

The cast? Here another idea bit the geniuses.

"Give us," they shouted nearly in unison, "no blankety-blank Hollywood 'stars' who act by the numbers. We want naturalness!"

They then proceeded to hire (Continued on page 74)

SCREENLAND'S Critic Really Sees the Pictures!

**Bulldog
Drummond
Strikes Back**
*United
Artists*



REVIEWS



of the
Best

Pictures

By

Delight Evans



And Ronald Colman comes back, and a grand time is had by all. This is my pet picture this month, because it is sheer, sparkling entertainment. I don't mean it hasn't its foggy moments, and not all atmospheric, either. But most of it is so much fun that you'll overlook the rest. Colman? Well, his sabbatical year has given him fresh zest and more humor. This time he gives a satirical portrait of the famous *Bulldog*, diving into danger as daringly as ever, but doing it with tongue-in-cheek and a wink at his audience. Imagine Charles Butterworth, just married to Una Merkel, dragged along by *Drummond* to help solve a new mystery, involving lovely Loretta Young, the sinister Warner Oland, and assorted complications. The dialogue is delicious, with Mr. Butterworth particularly crackling with dry wit—stop Junior's ears whenever Charlie utters a word, but please don't miss anything yourself. If you don't approve you can blame me—and Mr. Butterworth. Generally speaking, however, here's a picture for the family to see and enjoy. There's the soothingly chivalric Mr. Colman to keep it all in the best of taste.

Operator 13
M-G-M



Here's a costume drama that should interest most of us. The Civil War has had all too little attention from the movie-makers; and not since the epic "Birth of a Nation" has a motion picture paid such tribute to a picturesque period as Marion Davies' new film. "Operator 13" is no epic, but it is lively, lavish, and often stirring. It's first and always a romance, and yet it manages, despite story lapses, to achieve a certain atmosphere of authenticity. If your grand-pappy fought in that war, you'll find some of the scenes striking home to your heart. Of course you may wonder a little when the Mills Brothers stroll on and sing; but every Davies number must have its musical interludes. Marion herself sings prettily, and she looks quite ravishing in her rôle of Union spy. Perhaps she is most amusing in the disguise of a brown-skinned gal, with her superb talent for mimicry at its keenest. Gary Cooper plays the Northern spy who falls in love with the beautiful enemy, with even less animation than usual, if that's possible. Where, oh where is the Gary of "A Farewell to Arms?" Jean Parker turns in another grand performance, and Katherine Alexander is lovely as Marion's gallant fellow-spy.

**Little Man,
What Now?**
Universal



NOT a disappointment! Margaret Sullavan lives up to all your expectations. She isn't a one-picture star, don't worry! The spirit of the book has not been sacrificed to make a movie holiday—don't worry about *that*, either. The same poignancy that made the book a best-seller is preserved in the picture. Frank Borzage, as you know, is one director who can be counted on to brighten and not butcher a book or play. And this time he has two lovable characters to present to you: *Pinneberg*, the Teutonic *Mr. Milktoast*, and his appealing *Lammchen*, interpreted with rare understanding by Douglass Montgomery and Miss Sullavan. The everyday life of these two young lovers is sympathetically set forth: the boy's struggles to succeed on his own, the girl's encouragement and courage. The fortuitous solution of their economic problems limits "Little Man, What Now?" strictly to the field of emotional drama. It's no social document. But *Pinneberg* and *Lammchen* will win you so that you care very much what happens to them; and welcome a happy ending as ecstatically as they do. Mr. Montgomery is rather too aristocratic for *Pinneberg*; but he plays splendidly.

You Can Count on these Criticisms

Reviews without Prejudice, Fear or Favor!

Entertainment for Everybody!

If you want adventure, here's "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." If you prefer comedy, see "The Circus Clown." Or perhaps you like costume drama—there's "Operator 13." For excellent screen translations of fine books, don't miss "Little Man, What Now?" and "Of Human Bondage." For romance, see "The World Moves On."

Whatever you want, the screen has it this month!



The World
Moves On
Fox



Madeleine Carroll makes her American film debut, and she lifts her scenes in this picture to a high plane by reason of her great beauty, her restraint, her incomparable dignity. It's too bad that Miss Carroll's vehicle does not keep pace with her performance. "The World Moves On" might have been a great picture, and important peace propaganda. However, it chiefly serves to remind you of that masterpiece, "Cavalcade," and that tender romance, "Berkeley Square"—with touches, too, of "The House of Rothschild." With more courage and imagination, this story of a family in war and peace might have moved you tremendously. Briefly, it relates the adventures of an international family, which begin in New Orleans in 1825 and carry on through the World War to the present day; but it arrives at no conclusion despite occasionally magnificent direction and some of the most stirring war scenes ever filmed. You'll believe in Miss Carroll and Mr. Tone and their great romance; you'll enjoy Stepin Fetchit's comedy; but you'll regret that "The World Moves On" doesn't move far or fast enough.



Of Human
Bondage
RKO-Radio



W. Somerset Maugham's great book has become a fine photoplay. I cannot recommend it whole-heartedly for a carefree evening's entertainment at the cinema, however. Certainly it's no family show! To my mind it is well worth seeing for its reality and its splendid performances; but if you don't happen to have read the book from which it was adapted, don't say I didn't warn you that here is downright drama with no relieving "touches." It's all pretty grim, with a frustrated club-footed "hero," and its principal feminine character a tawdry woman who drives *Philip Carey* to further desperation. The cinematic account of *Philip's* passion for the cheap, remorseless waitress does not make a pretty picture; and somehow, in spite of the superlative performances, "Of Human Bondage" falls short of genuine greatness. Perhaps it is because the scenarist and director were obliged to tread as lightly as possible, whereas Maugham wrote with classic bitterness and uncompromising scorn. This is not to say that Mr. Leslie Howard, as *Philip*, does not extract the last ounce of drama from his rôle. His is a delicate, unerring portrayal. Bette Davis is colorful as the "menace." Her best performance.



The Circus
Clown
Warners



Joe E. Brown's public, apparently as vast as his own grin, will welcome his latest. It's rather a refreshing picture, at that, for everybody who likes a circus. And if you don't—well, then I'm sorry for you. "The Circus Clown" takes you behind the scenes at the circus as no other picture has done. Oh, yes—you'll see some of the best current aerial and tumbling acts; but you'll also get an inside glimpse of the private lives of the intrepid performers of the big top. Joe, himself, plays two parts: a retired circus performer and his son, a lively lad who wants to join the circus himself, and eventually does, despite pappy's opposition. Mr. Brown is an ex-circus performer himself, and when you see him on the flying trapeze, and in the lion's cage you'll know it's Joe and no double. Romance comes in the person of pretty Patricia Ellis; but there's a dash of drama before the happy ending. Like all Joe Brown's films, "The Circus Clown" will hold small boys in thrall; I'm just sorry that a few scenes have crept in to try to win a few adult snickers. They're out of place. Mr. Brown as one of Hollywood's most exemplary citizens, holds a high place in childrens' hearts, and this he cannot afford to compromise.

Let Them Guide You to the Good Films

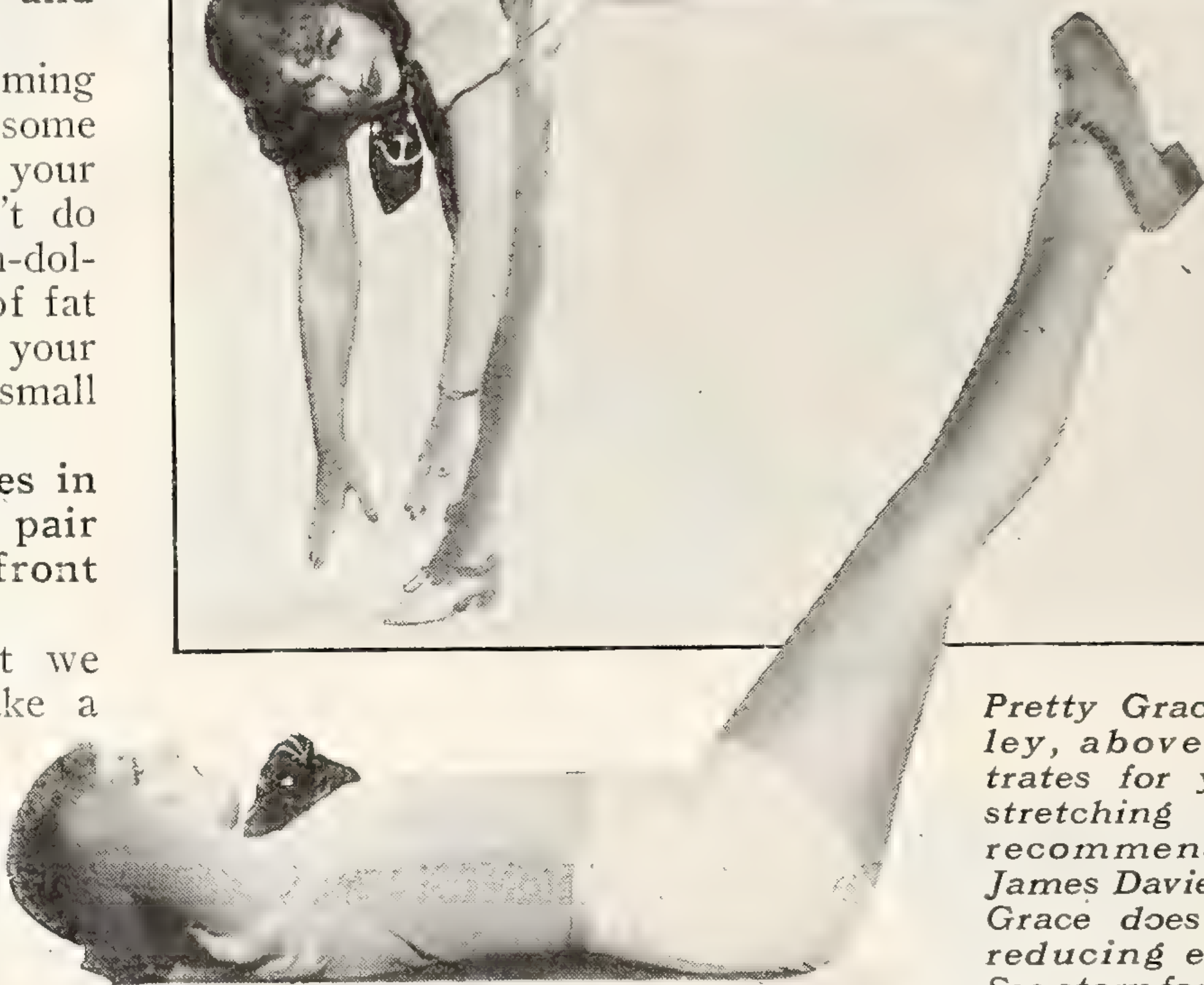
Yes, YOU can have A Hollywood Figure

THERE'S a happy medium between downright skinniness and that overfed look!

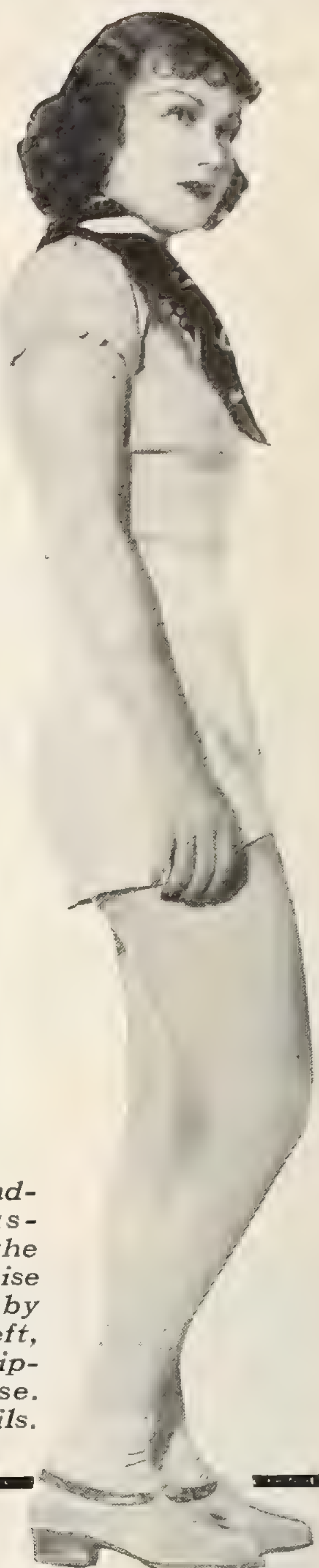
If you are dreaming of coming to Hollywood and knocking some producer's eye out with your beauty, you know you can't do much damage with a million-dollar face if you've got a roll of fat like a spare tire around your waist—even if it's a very small spare tire.

A pair of the finest eyes in the world won't balance a pair of flabby upper arms in front of a camera.

One type of figure that we often see come in to make a screen test—either because its owner was good on the stage or because she has a swell singing voice and a perfect set of teeth—is the top-heavy type. That is, the upper part of her figure is large



Pretty Grace Bradley, above, illustrates for you the stretching exercise recommended by James Davies. Left, Grace does a hip-reducing exercise. See story for details.



How's your posture? Watch it! Here's and, aided by Davies,

It's Old-Fashioned to Envy Hollywood Stars! Get Busy and Win Beauty for Yourself!

If you have been reading our exclusive series of articles by James Davies, the film colony's popular dietitian and masseur, and following Mr. Davies' advice as to exercise and diet, by now you must be feeling some of that glow that comes from the good life! If the Davies methods are good enough for such celebrities as Mae West, Miriam Hopkins, Carole Lombard, and many others, they're good enough for you! Right here is the fourth in our series. And now you can ask James Davies about your own personal weight and diet problems! He will answer the most interesting letters received from readers and his answers will be published in SCREENLAND. Mr. Davies is too busy, of course, to undertake to answer your questions by mail, or to attempt to answer all letters received; but he will select those of most general interest for attention in his department. Address all questions to Mr. James Davies, SCREENLAND, 45 West 45th Street, New York City.



Ever try to do the Russian dance? Here's attractive Grace Bradley posing for you. It isn't easy, but the results are well worth the trouble, says Mr. Davies.



Grace Bradley showing you, above, the incorrect
the correct way to stand

The health and radiance of the screen beauties may be yours if you follow the expert guidance given in our exclusive series of articles, of which this is the fourth

A SCREEN AND SCOOP!

in proportion to the lower part. Her thighs and her calves need developing, while her hips, abdomen and back need reducing.

Quite often a woman of this type isn't either overweight or underweight for her age or height, but her flesh is unevenly distributed. She looks like heck on the screen, unless the dressmaker and cameraman can work out something with draperies and lights to conceal her deficiencies. And you can be pretty sure these high-priced experts aren't going to bother doing that unless the girl is too talented to lose.

The trouble with this sort of figure is that if she diets too strenuously she'll get thin in the face and thinner in the legs.

I could take care of her with massage, if she was here with me, but those of you who read this are too far away to be reached personally. If you belong to this type and haven't an expert masseur at hand, or don't feel you can afford his services, you can correct the defects yourselves.

Accompanying this article is a schedule of one week's non-fattening daily menus.

These meals needn't be followed in rotation as given, if you find that the items are not conveniently available, but are offered as suggestions for well balanced, non-fattening but strength-sustaining combinations for those who are not actually too much overweight but who have "spare tires," incipient double chins, or other evidences of badly distributed poundage. You won't feel weak if you follow this diet because there is sufficient caloric content to provide energy.

(Continued on page 90)

Non-Fattening Daily Menus

MONDAY

- Breakfast:** Sliced orange, half grapefruit, stewed prunes, rhubarb or other raw fruit (one helping of one kind)
1 small dish of whole wheat cereal, mixed with bran, with thin milk
- Luncheon:** Baked or broiled fish, lettuce and tomato salad, raw fruit
- Dinner:** Clam chowder (1 cup), crackers, boiled onions, baked potato, green peas, sliced cucumber and tomato

TUESDAY

- Breakfast:** 1 glass of orange juice, 1 slice toast with poached egg
- Luncheon:** Cottage cheese salad, brown bread, baked apple or stewed prunes, milk
- Dinner:** Small steak, baked potato, celery and olives, rye bread

WEDNESDAY

- Breakfast:** 1 glass tomato juice, 1 slice buttered toast, 1 slice crisp bacon
- Luncheon:** Cup of beef tea with crackers, coleslaw, slice of toast
- Dinner:** Roast lamb (1 slice), mint sauce, green peas or beans, mashed potatoes, brown gravy, currant jelly, pineapple and cream cheese salad

THURSDAY

- Breakfast:** Baked apple, bran muffin
- Luncheon:** 6 medium raw oysters, crackers, tomato salad, roll and butter

- Dinner:** Tomato or celery soup, soda crackers, vegetable platter composed of all fresh vegetables with poached egg, fruit ice and roll

FRIDAY

- Breakfast:** Stewed rhubarb with bran sprinkled over it, 1 slice of toast
- Luncheon:** Chicken noodle soup, crackers, apple and celery salad, roll
- Dinner:** Oyster stew with crackers, sliced tomatoes with lettuce and cucumber, coleslaw and baked potato, fruit cup

SATURDAY

- Breakfast:** Sliced peaches or berries, 1 slice of toast
- Luncheon:** Tomato soup with crackers, fruit salad, crisp roll
- Dinner:** Baked white fish, tomato relish, mashed potatoes, spinach and buttered beets, olives, celery and sliced tomato, caramel pudding

SUNDAY

- Breakfast:** Cantaloupe, shredded wheat with milk, 1 slice of toast
- Luncheon:** Toasted cheese sandwich, raw fruit and bran muffin, buttermilk
- Dinner:** Roast or stewed chicken, asparagus tips on toast, hearts of lettuce with French dressing, baked squash, rice pudding

Lady, Can You Spare *the* Time?

—a few minutes of time each day, to look as beautiful as this? (Well, almost as beautiful, anyway!)

By
Josephine Felts



Loretta Young believes that the only time for loveliness is today, tomorrow, and always!

ONCE when Loretta Young was a little girl, she was brought before the mother of one of her chums.

"There, just look at her, mother!" stormed the little friend. "Why didn't you do better by me!"

Like this same girl, I dangle Loretta before you with malice aforethought. Wouldn't we all give our fortunes, if any, to "look like Loretta?"

Yet how awful if we did! To meet someone wearing the same dress is painful; but wearing the same face, the same eyes, the same hair, would be just too much! To be as lovely as Loretta is something else, something well worth striving for. It is aiming high, there is no question about that. It is hitching our wagon to a star, (no pun intended). But that is always a good thing to do.

Just what is it that makes Loretta Young so winsome? Why do we love to look at her? We will pass by the almost classic beauty of her features and notice her smooth, soft skin. I'll tell you a secret about that. It takes two things to have a complexion like that: a little thought and a little time. Can you spare them?

First make up your mind to refuse to let little lines work their way with you. Romantic poems may be written called, "Lines on a Lady's Eyes." But as far as this department knows, no energetic poet, however ardent, ever wrote a poem to "Lines around a Lady's Eyes." There is a difference. A great *big* difference!

Perhaps you took precautions all through the hot months and every night, regularly as bedtime came, patted a penetrating nourishing cream or one of the special eye creams, in around your eyes. Perhaps you stroked it in thoughtfully, intelligently, so that the little laugh lines, sun lines, squint lines, could not etch themselves deeply. But perhaps you did not do these wise things. Perhaps you had a good time in the sun and forgot all about the consequences of letting your skin parch.

If so, begin tonight with those rich nourishing creams which are so discouraging to wrinkles. Fingerprint them in with the gentlest taps, or stroke the skin softly. It will take you a little time to get back your Springtime face, but you can do it.

A touch of nourishing cream, too, on your lips at night will keep them soft and smooth.

Next, how is the color of your skin? Is it tanned and a bit sallow? Then you need a good bleaching treatment to bring you back to normal. But do not try to change the natural color of your skin.

One of the loveliest new stars on the screen, a girl with a gorgeous olive coloring, used to long to have a lily-white complexion. She tells me that she possessed herself of all the known bleaches, locked her doors and went to work. She bleached and she bleached and she bleached. But, (thank heaven!), it was no use. An olive-skinned lady she was (*Continued on page 83*)

WANNA BUY A DUCK? You Nasty Man!

Wanna read about Joe Penner? Here's the best story yet written about radio's new laugh king

By
Harry N. Blair

MEET Joe Penner, the People's Choice! Passed up by Broadway as "small-time," he suddenly emerged as one of the most popular personalities in the entertainment world. Smug New York, seeking the wise-guy type of comedian with a flair for telling jokes with a double meaning, thought Joe Penner's style all right for the "sticks" but just too, too clean in its subdued humor to please the so-called sophisticates.

Now these same Broadwayites are patting Joe on the back and treading over each other's corns to extend the glad hand. Which sudden turn of events has left poor, gentle Joe just a little bewildered by it all.

"After that first broadcast," he told me, "when some of the boys stopped to tell me how big I had gone over, I thought they were razzing me. After all, I hadn't done anything different from the routine I had been doing for years in vaudeville. Perhaps, if I had tried to 'point up' my stuff to the Broadway level, I would have flopped. Broadway never did seem to like me," Joe continued, wistfully, in the same slow, drawling voice that is known to millions.

Having been signed by Paramount for the "Big Broadcast of 1934" and other films, this ex-immigrant boy, now commanding a weekly salary in five figures, can give Broadway the horse-laugh. Without its O.K. he has become a public idol.

I met Joe Penner for the first time over eight years ago in an Atlantic City night-club. He had then just emerged from the burlesque circuits to appear in a revue which died aborning. Having been called to the floor by the master of ceremonies, Joe proceeded to convulse the

He was Broadway's Step-Child! But the rest of America adopted him, and today Joe Penner is one of Radio's most fabulous stars, and signed for feature motion pictures. It's a saga of success, well told by Blair who has known Joe for years.

crowd with witty remarks as he toyed with a long, black cigar in his inimitable manner. In the glare and tinsel of the place, his rare, unstudied talent for comedy, stood out like a Tiffany gem in a Woolworth setting. I felt then, as I have always felt since, that he was definitely star material. In his wistful, almost shy manner, there seemed to be something of the Chaplin quality.

Meeting Joe several years later, while he was making a series of short screen subjects at the Vitaphone studio in Brooklyn, I brought up the point with him. I had stood off-stage while the cameras were grinding and noticed how the stage-hands and studio attendants would gather round to watch the little fellow with the funny laugh. An amazing sight, for these men comprise the toughest audience in the world. Watching topnotchers do their stuff, day in and day out, it takes something or someone very unique to get a rise out of these good-hearted, but hard-boiled, sons of toil. In months of constant attendance on the sets I (Continued on page 78)



ESCAPE



Marian Nixon, above, says she has never learned how to play.

The two R's—Riding and reading—are Ann Southern's particular diversions.



I'VE never learned how to play!" confessed Marian Nixon, lifting big brown eyes from a rapt contemplation of her latest script.

"People are always asking me what I do for recreation, and I can't think of an answer. I don't do anything! You see, I began to work when I was so little that I'd had no time to pick out a hobby, and the kind of work I did—in pictures—was so fascinating that I found it more interesting than any possible kind of play. When I got over the first thrill of being on the screen, I began to look around and I saw how absorbing all the details of picture-making are—camera-angles, lighting, cutting—and when sound came in there was voice, and diction, and experiments in sound effects. Something new is invented every day, and each new personality who comes to the screen can teach me something. It's absorbing!"

When Marian married a man with money, like most husbands he wanted his wife to give up her career.

Marian tried. But time limped along those days instead of flying by as it had done. Life seemed dull and empty. Marian was a gilded Cinderella at a ball she wasn't enjoying a bit,

Douglass Montgomery, below, took to tennis in a big way when ordered to "play."



Joan Crawford's only relaxation was sewing—until Franchot Tone aroused her interest in a hobby: her own little theatre. P. S.: Joan still sews, too!



from the Work Habit!

wistfully longing to return to the cinematic hearth.

"I played at everything, but nothing amused me," recounted Marian, "so I had to come back to work."

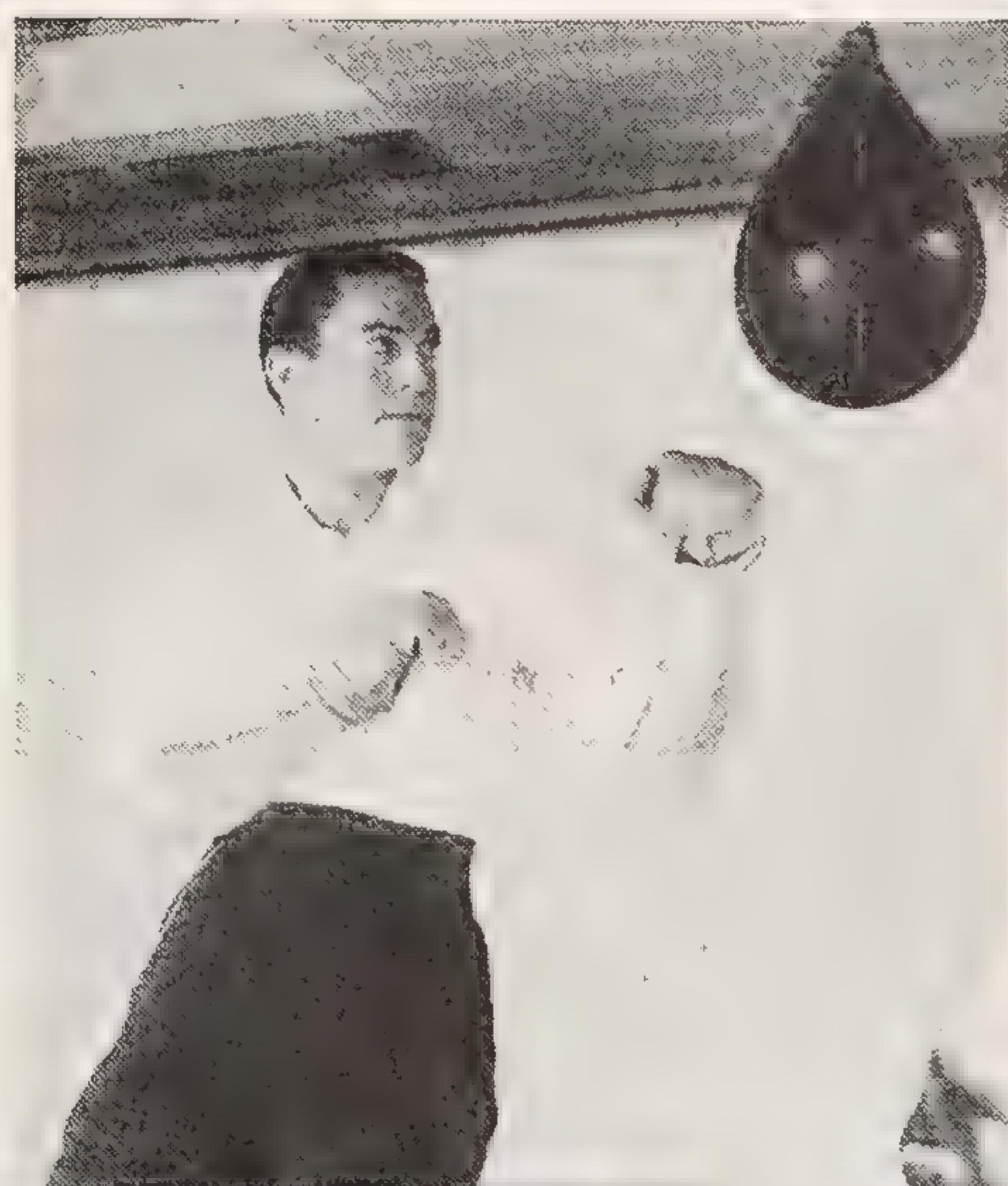
With new leisure planned for America, all of us will soon have to find some congenial method of whiling it away, supposing us to be in like sad case!

Joan Crawford was a fellow victim of the What-To-Do-When-Not-Working-Club, until lately.

Joan was nine when she was turned out into the world to earn her own living, and life was entirely too real and earnest for anything as frivolous as play. When in her early teens she took her first step up fame's elusive ladder, her burning ambition made anything but hard work seem entirely beside the point. She danced, but dancing was a means of livelihood and not something to be done only for fun. She was winning cups at the Coconut Grove long before she was winning histrionic laurels.

When she began to earn sizable sums, she made a collection of dolls, but she was beyond the age of playing

Brought up on the stage, Chester Morris, right, knew nothing about play until a film contract forced him to learn how to relax between his screen productions.



Fay Wray, below, had one idea of amusement—to act. Then she married a sports enthusiast and has become a devotee of outdoor pastimes.



Read about the stars who found almost too late they did not know how to play

By
Rose Tilton

with them, and finally she grew so sorry for the little girls in a children's hospital that she packed up the whole collection and sent them to the youngsters.

After she married Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., she often looked on at her young husband and his friends engaged in playing this or that and wondered why she couldn't seem to enjoy such games herself. Two years ago, when she and Doug visited Noel Coward in England, the house-party played games incessantly—Twenty Questions being a favorite—but Joan sat in a corner with her sewing and looked on at the proceedings. (Continued on page 75)

Bitter experience, a breakdown that nearly ended her career at the age of twenty, taught Mae Clarke the necessity of play. Mae, seen at the right, is now devoted to the great big outdoors!



Flashing the news about current cinema events

By
Weston East



Clara Lou Sheridan, film satellite, reposes decoratively at the zenith of her orbit for art and our sake.

MONDAY morning is caddies' day at the club where Bing Crosby golfs. That's the morning caddies are permitted to play the private course.

But they don't play alone. Bing always shows up, when he is not working; and plays with them. Crosby is extremely popular with the caddies, more for his good fellowship than for the fact that the crooner is free and easy with his bets—no doubt purposely.

ADVERTISEMENTS in newspapers, heralding Kate Smith's stage appearances at a Los Angeles theatre, announced: "THERE IS ONLY ONE KATE SMITH."

Robert Montgomery, gazing at the accompanying picture of the ample Kate, looked up to murmur, "Ummm! You'd think she was at least twins."

CCHECK one up for W. C. Fields. A producer at one of the studios has invented a process to utilize the sense of smell in movie theatres: see an ocean scene, and smell the ocean breeze, etc.

Somebody was telling Fields that this producer had invented a way of "making pictures smell."

"Lots of pictures," muttered Fields, "won't need the invention."

After three long years! Remember Carole Lombard and Gary Cooper in "I Take This Woman?" Well, get ready, they are to be together again.

"A WOMAN-LESS Paradise." That's what Ronald Colman called the yacht on which he, Warner Baxter, William Powell, and Richard Barthelmess went for a three-week fishing trip down the coast of Mexico. However, it is worthy to mention that Colman is the only one of the four not immediately interested in the opposite sex. When the party returned, Baxter and Barthelmess couldn't get back to their wives too quickly, and Powell rushed to the nearest telephone and made an immediate date with Margaret Lindsay.

On the trip, the quartette of stars refrained from shaving. When they returned, not one was recognizable for the whiskers.



THE Hollywood Bowl open-air symphonies bring out a great number of music-loving screen stars every summer. Among the movie-famous who hold annual boxes are Charles Chaplin, Cecil B. DeMille, Marie Dressler, Edna May Oliver, Marion Davies, Irene Dunne, Edward G. Robinson, James Cagney, Joan Blondell, and many more.

Strangely enough, few autograph hunters frequent the Bowl concerts. Any noon in front of the Brown Derby may be seen a score or more of fans seeking signatures, but it is a rare evening when more than five or six show up at the Bowl.

This phenomenon is explained by DeMille: "No doubt the autograph seekers attend the concerts, but the beautiful music under the starry heavens so absorbs them that film stars, autographs, and all worldly things become unimportant."



Hi, Ruby! 'Lo, Al! We're glad you're glad to be back. Above, the famous Jolson, Al and Ruby Keeler, arrive in New York on vacation.

and here's Hollywood, TOO!

KATHARINE CORNELL, during her most recent visit to Hollywood, was telling Norma Shearer about some of her tours with road companies. On her latest 17,000 mile trip, Miss Cornell said, she appeared in every sort of theatre, civic auditorium, movie house and opera house imaginable.

In one New York-State village, she acted for the first time in a playhouse that usually featured burlesque shows. On a mirror in her dressing-room, Katharine found this note:

"Dear Miss Cornell: Please do not take this mirror. The last company of artists to play here took our best mirror. Kindly let this one alone. Truly, The Management."

"I did not take the mirror!" Miss Cornell added laughingly.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS writes from London about her birthday party. For various reasons, not one of the invited ladies could come, but every masculine guest showed up. The affair might have been hopeless, had Connie not had the bright idea to don the tuxedo she wore in "Broadway Through a Keyhole." After that, the party was a great success.



There they are! Edward G. Robinson points us out to his wife as the famous couple step from a train to visit in New York between pictures.

GEORGE BRENT still shivers over his narrow escape from death. He promised Myrna Loy, while they were working one morning, that if he had the afternoon off he would fly over the studio and salute her with a dip.

George got the afternoon off, but he arrived at the airport fifteen minutes too late to catch the pilot with whom he had expected to fly. A few minutes later, the plane in which George might have been riding crashed in the Hollywood hills, carrying two men to death.

Yes—the next day Brent received a special written order from the chief executive of his studio. The order forbade any further airplaning during picture production.

Oh, I see! You want to know how's about George and ex-wife Ruth Chatterton, 'do you? Well, Ruth is going right on with her picture career—probably with M-G-M for whom she scored in "Madame X."

NEIL HAMILTON'S gardens surrounding his home are most attractive, thanks to his Japanese gardener. Quite evidently the gardener himself was proud of his prowess, because the other afternoon Neil returned home from a studio, and found a large sign hanging on his garden wall, for all to read. It announced: "Notice. I take good care of gardens. Suki."



NELSON EDDY is having that famous last laugh that is longest. It may, in fact, continue through an entire series of radio broadcasts. Here's the story:

A few years ago, Eddy worked in an advertising firm in New York. One day he was fired, and at the time the boss said, "Eddy, losing you is good riddance. Your confounded singing has kept my men from their proper duties."

The slap at his singing ability didn't annoy Eddy. He began a study of voice. Just the other day, he again visited the advertising firm's offices—but this time it was to be interviewed about a radio contract. Furthermore, he was hired, and the same boss who once made the slighting remark was forced to pay Eddy as much for each night he sings as the firm once paid for a year and a half of Nelson's services!

Romantic reunion! Joan Crawford and Clark Gable as they will appear in their new film together. Note Joan's new coiffure and jewelled ear-clip.



Up he goes! Mighty lak' a star is our own Baby LeRoy, seeking higher reaches of art and fame. And so cute about it!

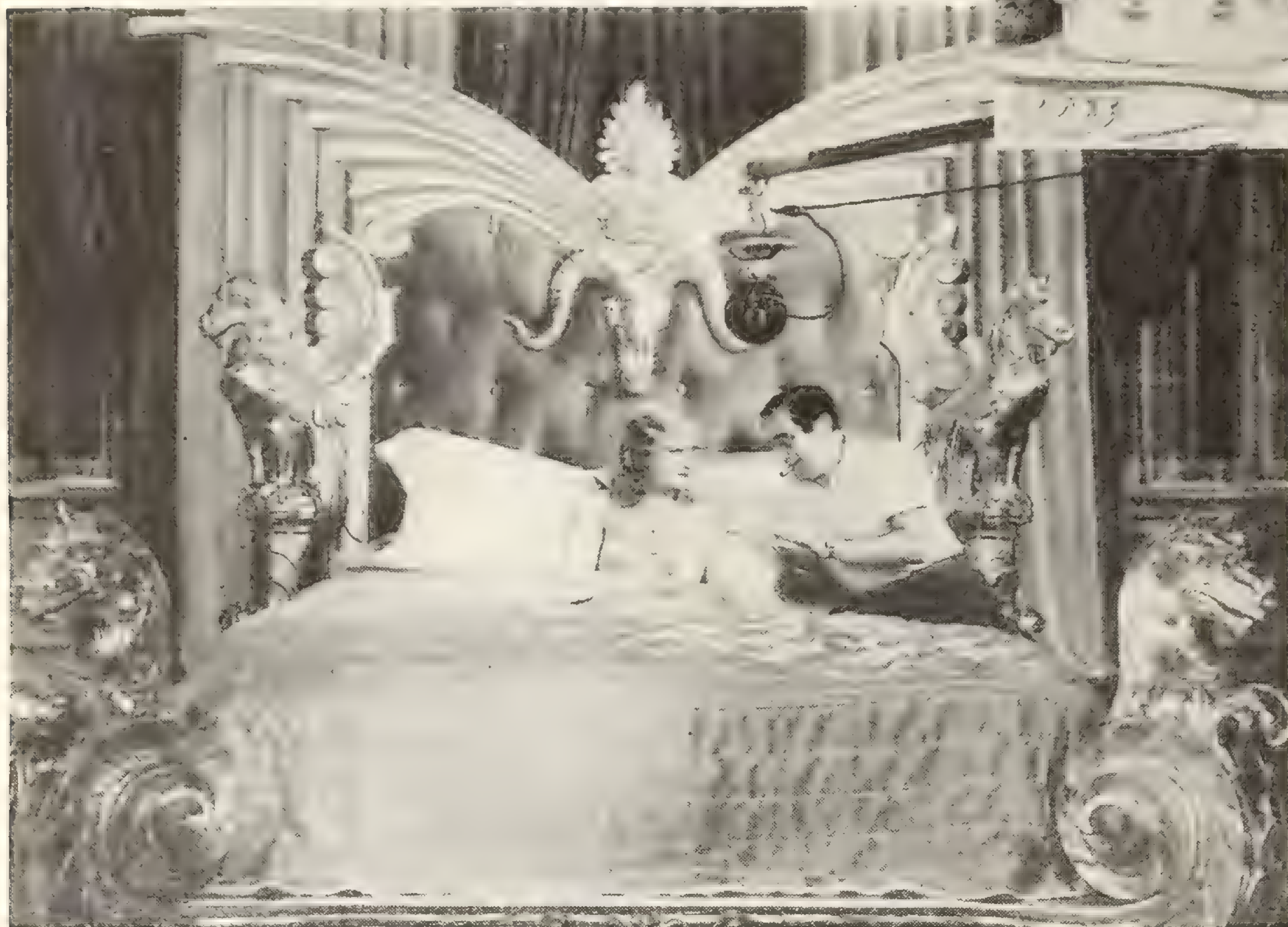
SNIIP! Snip! Snip! The scissors clicked, and blonde locks fell where they would. Bing Crosby was the barber, Miriam Hopkins the customer. It was for a scene in "She Loves Me Not."

The thing that caused everybody to gasp was the butchery way in which Crosby was shearing Miriam's hair. An extra girl muttered, "He's ruining it; Miss Hopkins will never get her hair trimmed decently."

When the scene ended, Miriam calmly shook the stray locks from her trim shoulders—then removed a wig especially created for the scene.

"Do you think I'd let Crosby cut my own hair?" she said to the extra girl.

"The Merry Widow" takes a stitch in time! At the right you see Jeanette MacDonald in the character of the lovely lady who fascinates the charming prince.



Oh, Mr. DeMille! Have you seen the latest in beds? At left, the luxuriously ornate couch which Una Merkel occupies in some scenes in the new Lubitsch picture. The director instructs Una in the action.



LILIAN HARVEY, who, since her arrival in Hollywood has had more than her share of disagreeable experiences with her studio chiefs, may get the "break" that many of the Hollywood fraternity, familiar with her situation, have been wishing her.

The troubles she had with poor pictures, disputes with her studio, loneliness because boy-friend Willie Fritsch is in Europe, seemed to be lessened when Lilian and Fox officials agreed to terminate her contract. As this is written the gifted little blonde was debating as to which to choose of two very nice offers made by Universal and Paramount.

AMONG the newer rising lights in the fillums is Hazel Forbes, who owns several businesses and is that rich. One day the studio publicity department approached Miss Forbes with a request that she make a radio appearance for a broadcast exploiting a picture in which she was a cast-member.

"No, thank you," Hazel no-thanked them. "If I go on a radio program, it'll be my own." And sure enough, she has three national programs on the air at present, advertising the products of companies she owns.

CREDIT little Mary Carlisle with this retort. She was visiting Dick Cromwell's house, and Richard invited her to swim in his new "pool." Now, this pool is very tiny—probably the smallest in Hollywood. So Mary declined the invitation.

"I can't do, Dick," she said. "People would think I was taking a bath with you."

ASNOW-WHITE goat was used for scenes in "One More River," in which the British beauty, Diana Wynyard, starred. Diana and the goat had a few scenes together. Whenever Miss Wynyard wanted the goat, she would say to the trainer, "I say! Will you please pass the butter?"

THEATRE folk of Broadway, as well as the picture people of Hollywood, keenly felt the shock at the untimely passing of Dorothy Dell. The girl whose beauty first brought her to the profession for which she later showed such gifts, had endeared herself to all who were familiar with the courageous, light-hearted spirit in which she took the bitter with the sweet.

She had tasted success in Hollywood, then had dropped from its sight, to turn up on Broadway as a singer in a musical show. But Dorothy fought her way back to pictures, achieved a notable personal hit in "Little Miss Marker," only to be cut down when she was about to enjoy the fruits of hard-earned success.

HAVE you ever heard of the "By-and-With Club?" No doubt you have not, because it is strictly a Hollywood organization, and little known even there.

Members are stars who have written and appeared in their own screen stories. Mae West is a By-and-With; she wrote all three of the pictures in which she has appeared. Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks are also By-and-Withers. Latest to join are W. C. Fields, who wrote and will appear in "Grease-paint," and Jean Harlow, who wrote and will star in "Today Is Tonight."

Just dandy Maurice! That's the verdict we give as Chevalier stands for inspection of make-up to play the hero in "The Merry Widow."



Resumes career! Virginia Bruce, back in pictures, as *Jane*, and Colin Clive as *Rochester* in "*Jane Eyre*."

The life of—not Riley—Dick Powell, right above, at home, his pet hound snugly snoozing. Dick has a taste for Chinese art.



Glamor of Old Cathay! Anna May Wong, above, dons her costume for the role of *Aaharat*, the slave girl, in "*Chu Chin Chow*," filmed in London, England. As you see, the costumers arrange everything to Anna May's, and our, taste.

ONE director at M-G-M, Clarence Brown, has learned what it means to have an athletic star in his picture. During the filming of the star's newest picture, there was a scene for which Joan Crawford dived into a swimming pool. She was scheduled to come to the surface just in front of the camera. In Joan dived—and for what seemed like a full minute, nothing came up but bubbles. Suddenly alarmed, director Brown shed his coat and plunged into the water—and just at that instant, Miss Crawford rose smilingly to the surface, right in front of the camera as planned.

Later, she explained to the embarrassed director that she had to remain under water long enough to adjust her swimming cap, which had been knocked awry by her dive.

AND now, so it would appear, there are to be but *three* Marx Brothers. Zeppo, the youngest one, appears to have been stung by the critics who refer to the team as "The Three and One-quarter Marx Brothers."

An any rate, Zeppo has said he won't work with Harpo, Groucho and Chico again, and thato is thato.

GARY COOPER had a house-cleaning day in his dressing-room. From old cupboards and chests, he brought forth memoirs of past pictures. Just to indicate what sort of a guy Cooper is, these were some of his keepsakes:

One piece of airplane linen, (from wing of a plane), bearing the signatures of Dick Arlen, Buddy Rogers, Clara Bow and Billy Wellman. A souvenir of "*Wings*," Gary's first big picture.

One Foreign Legion cap. He wore it in "*Morocco*."

One heavy mackinaw, blood-stained and torn. Gary wore it in "*The Spoilers*."

One canteen, adorned with the ink-written signatures of Helen Hayes and Frank Borzage. Souvenir of "*A Farewell to Arms*."

But I wonder if Gary has lost his old sentiment—because during the house-cleaning, he threw away those old memoirs.

HISS AND CHEER DEPT.:

ONE of those gorgeous Von Sternberg close-ups to Katharine Hepburn. Flying across country with an unaccompanied baby boy, "Katty" appointed herself official "nurse" and cared for the little passenger from trip's start to trip's end.

A long long-shot to that agent who attempted to stir up trouble when he went to the parents of little Shirley Temple, and told them they could break Shirley's film contract, and should, to get a better contract elsewhere.

And a fine close-up to Miss Temple's mother and father. They escorted the trouble-maker to their front door—and slammed the door in his face. Give part of the same close-up to Fox officials, who voluntarily gave Shirley a nice boost in salary.

A dim long-shot with bad sound-track to that trouble-making Los Angeles newspaper columnist who has appointed himself "Hollywood's romance breaker-upper." By pointed remarks in his column, he has caused at least a few otherwise happy marriages and romances to threaten to go on the rocks.

A lovely close-up to Jean Harlow on general principles, and for her many generousities too numerous to mention. For example, the night she traveled fifty miles just to say a few words of congratulation to a radio personality who was making his debut on a new program.



Catch on? A big, bad pirate and a little cutie are pals—and why not? Wallace Beery only *acts* pirate, in reality he is Carol Ann's daddy.



There's eye appeal in them thar frills! Joan Blondell displays a new idea in costumes as she poses, above, in a creation for "Dames."



YOU hear many quips here and there about Greta Garbo's ancient automobile, which she bought during her early starring days—and which promises to last her a lifetime.

Now what about a few cracks at the expense of Kay Francis, you smart guys? Kay purchased a coupe, (of that well-known make), when she went to Warner Brothers studio as a star about three years ago. She still drives that same little coupé and she has no other car.

YOU should see that new automobile in which Mae West travels about town. Bullet-proof from the outside, of course—as bullet-proof as the car of any gangster-leader.

But inside—ahhhhh! It has a built-in vanity. It has sheep-skin rugs on the floor. It has a beveled-edge mirror. It has down-filled cushions and other such luxurious trappings and accessories.

"It has all the comforts of home," says La West, "except twin beds—and who wants those?"

Set fashion precedent! New York style experts viewed costumes designed for the screen at the first event of its kind. Left, model poses in Claudette Colbert's costume for "Cleopatra."

HOLLYWOOD is playing another one of those educational games this month. This time the problem is to locate towns, cities, states, or even countries with names similar to screen favorites.

When you have your next party, equip the guests with pencils and paper, set a time limit of fifteen minutes, and let them enter into this geographical search.

As examples, there are: (Robert) Montgomery, Alabama; Marion (Nixon), Indiana; Elizabeth (Bergner), New Jersey—but those are enough to give your guests the idea. Now get your party started!

NO DOUBT of it, Will Rogers is the busiest man in Hollywood. He writes a daily newspaper column. He writes a Sunday feature for other newspapers. He is a motion picture star. He is a radio star. He has been acting on the stage for the past many weeks in "Ah, Wilderness." Added to this, Rogers manages his great California ranch, over-sees the business dealings of his polo club, and still finds time to play polo himself.

Asked when he expects to retire, Rogers said he has no expectation. "I'd die in a hurry if I had to loaf," he chuckled.

A NEWSPAPER photographer who followed Constance Bennett and her son, Peter, to the circus, was refused a picture by Connie. He insisted that he'd "steal" one.

"If you insist on trying," Miss Bennett said, "of course I can't stop you. Therefore, I'll have only one alternative—I'll have to leave, and Peter won't get to see the circus."

The photographer desisted—which perhaps proves that he was a better sport than his intended subject.



Hal B. Wallis, studio chief, and Mrs. Wallis, Louise Fazenda, famous film comedienne, snapped as they returned from a vacation tour of Europe.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER has a new talent—he can moo like a cow! One day at the Lakeside Golf Club, Johnny saw two cows in an adjoining pasture. The actor hid behind a clump of bushes and uttered a cow's moo that echoed against the hills and reverberated through the valleys. Within a few minutes, he had those two cows running wildly around their pasture. And within another few minutes, Weissmuller had most of the golfers, including Adolphe Menjou, Jack Oakie, and Bruce Cabot, gathered to watch the fun.

It was Oakie who cracked: "Bet those two cows think the Bull Durham sign has come to life!"

THERE is no accounting for strange accidents. Take what happened to Clark Gable, for example. Clark has hunted bears and lions in the most dangerous mountain-lands. He has enacted scores of hazardous stunts for movie cameras. Throughout these experiences, he has never been scathed.

But recently, working on a sequence for his new film, an unexpected noise behind him caused Gable to jerk his head around quickly. The twist sprained the muscles of his neck and shoulder, and the pain of the contracted muscles was so great that Clark was rushed to a hospital.

THERE was a time when Carole Lombard's library of phonograph records featured only Bing Crosby vocals. That time is no more. Now that Carole and Russ Columbo are this-and-that-way, Miss Lombard has added the entire set of Columbo records to her collection. Visit her dressing-room or home any old day—and you'll know you're in the right place because you'll hear a continual concert of songs by Columbo and Crosby.



New Hollywood romance! Yvonne Copeland is caught embracing her leading man, W. C. Fields. *Between scenes, too!*

Right, one of the exquisite gowns designed for Marlene Dietrich's portrayal of the Empress Catherine, displayed by professional model at the first showing of its kind, in which the Fashion Group viewed costumes created for the screen.



LOWELL SHERMAN'S absence from the screen is occasioned by his loss of voice; for several months, due to laryngitis, he has been unable to talk above a whisper. . . . Charles Ray, one of the bigger stars of yesteryear, is essaying a screen come-back in "Ladies Should Listen." . . . When Shirley Temple lunched at the Paramount commissary, Marlene Dietrich left her table and crossed the room to meet the child star. . . . Greta Garbo created a small sensation by visiting a set for another picture—"The Merry Widow." . . . An autograph seeker addressed John Boles as "Mr. Baxter," so John signed: "Best regards, Warner Baxter," and let it go at that. . . . Paramount's mailman has a sense of humor—he delivered a letter, addressed to "Colossal Ideas Department," to Toby Wing. . . . The cutest little extra girl has the automobile license number: 2-B-9 (too benign). . . . A gigantic police dog named "Beauty," especially trained for his job, now stands guard over Bing Crosby's baby, Gary Evan.

NOBODY seems to understand Mae West's liking for prize-fighters. The fact that she employs many of them in her pictures has been a subject of much discussion.

There really is no mystery to the matter. Mae simply has a bond of understanding for fighters and their problems. You see, Mae's own father is a former pug. Years ago, Jack West fought for the welterweight championship.

A funny incident took place soon after Mr. West arrived in Hollywood. He and Mae went to a popular restaurant, and as they entered, the crowd gave Mae a big hand.

Pop West nudged his cheek-ild. "You see, Mae," he beamed, "they haven't forgotten me!"

FOR three days nobody could find Douglass Montgomery. Even his family knew nothing of his whereabouts. Then he appeared again. Of course, everybody demanded to know where he had been hiding.

It developed that Douglass had not been hiding at all. At the end of his stage engagement at a local theatre, he was very tired. So he went to a spa near Hollywood, purely for the purpose of sleeping for three days! During those seventy-two hours, Montgomery awakened only to eat his meals.

ANDY DEVINE doesn't like men who use perfume. He said, of one actor who always saturates himself with scents, "That guy goes out smelling so sweet that only dogs with a taste for sugar will bite him."



Ah, the irony of it! Bing Crosby puts so much sweetness into that fiddling, yet the notes come out sour according to Rubinoff's expression. Sing him a song, Bing, and we'll all smile—even Rubinoff!



On good terms! December and May have a hearty laugh. Above, George Arliss in his make-up for another one of his great characterizations, enjoys a joke with Charlotte Henry who will appear with him.



Serious business! Kay Francis and Leslie Howard polish up the dialogue of their rôles between "takes" for "British Agent," which brings a best-seller adventure narrative to life on the screen.

THIS exchange of telegrams took place in Hollywood not long ago:

"KATHARINE HEPBURN: GET OFF THAT HORSE AND HAVE GAME OF GOLF WITH ME SUNDAY MORNING AT LAKESIDE. I CAN DO INTERVIEW SAME TIME AND EARN ENOUGH TO PAY OUR CADDY FEES AND HAVE ENOUGH LEFT TO PAY MY GROCERY BILL. REGARDS. JIMMIE FIDLER."

Her answer:

"JIMMIE FIDLER: THROW AWAY THOSE GOLF CLUBS AND GO HORSE BACK RIDING WITH ME. YOU WON'T NEED MONEY TO EAT, BECAUSE YOU'LL BE TOO SORE TO SIT AT TABLE. REGARDS. KATHARINE HEPBURN."

GLEND A FARRELL told boy-friend Robert Riskin to "stop talking about his trip to Europe, because it made her lonesome." She did not mention it until one evening when he said, "Will you come with me to the train?" That night he left for Europe. He is back now, and their romance is puh-lenty hot.

Isabel Jewel may have made public appearances with other young men, but that was only while Lee was away. Lee and Isabel are still Hollywooding. Not so Barbara Weeks and Big Boy Williams, who have called off a two-year romance. Margaret Lindsay is going places with Phillip Reed. Randolph Scott, who seems to be definitely finished with his Vivian Gayer fancy, has been rushing Wynne Gibson. Jack Oakie is cradle-snatching; she is Toby Wing.

How can Bert Wheeler talk about marrying Patsy Parker? He is not divorced. His wife didn't sue because she and Bert could reach no property settlement. Nancy Carroll and Don Alvarado are making a striking couple at the late nite spots. Raoul Roulien and Conchita Montenegro appear to be more than lukewarm. And those wedding bells may toll for Marian Nixon and director William Seiter any old day.

That Winchell-gram that Janet Gaynor will wed a Dr. I. S. Veblin of New York was as wrong as two left shoes. Joan Crawford, at this writing, still insists she will not wed Franchot Tone, who insists that she will. Maureen O'Sullivan and John Farrow may be married before this report appears in print. William "Buster" Collier may also have altar-ated his life with Marie Stevens, Ziegfeld boo'ful, ere you read these lines.

AT LAST, the true reason why Janet Gaynor refuses to remake "Seventh Heaven." She is saving it for her swan-song! If she ever stars in a talkie version of her great silent-screen success, it will be at the end of her career. Furthermore, the fact that she may again make the picture is not a guarantee that the finished product will be released. Janet will not appear in a new "Seventh Heaven" unless her contract stipulates that she can buy the picture outright if she doesn't want it released.

"The Laugh's on Me!" says Irvin Cobb

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stories had been adapted into pictures, but I knew very little about short comedies—much less about writing.

"Write, hell!" interrupted Roach. "I want you to *act*!"

"When I heard him say that, things just started going 'round inside me. I realized I'd come all the way to California thinking he meant me to write comedies. I felt like the boy who's wakened early by the sheriff, dressed in a new suit, and asked what he'll have for breakfast. The boy usually eats his. I couldn't. I was too stupefied.

"I tried to escape. 'I have no sex appeal,' I protested.

"Neither did Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," retorted Roach. "And it's lasted quite a while."

"Before I came to, I found myself in make-up and costume being shoved before a myriad lights, hundreds of witnesses, and a camera for a screen test," continued Cobb. "My legs went limp, and I whispered, 'I can't do it.'"

"But everyone was so considerate I tackled it again. I went into it like a soldier going over the top. I was scared stiff, but I couldn't stop. They say the test was all right, but I don't see how it could be.

"Yep," smiled Cobb, "The laugh's on me. It still seems like a dream. I have to pinch myself every once in a while to believe it's true.

"Imagine me, at my age, turning Thespian! I haven't been on the stage since I, as a boy, left Paducah, Kentucky, to be an 'end man,' lead the parade, and play a fake horn in Harry Ward's Minstrels. I hope I help the movies more than I helped Ward's Minstrels. They closed three weeks after I joined them!"

While Cobb chuckles in bubbling good-nature at the joke that turned out to be a laugh on him, Hollywood chimes in merrily, enjoying its latest laugh—and it's on Cobb too.

For America's foremost humorist has taken many a poke at the film capital, cracked many a good joke at the expense of the movies, has amused people from Maine to Georgia with quips about Hollywood's eccentricities.

And now—well, believe it or not, Irvin Cobb has gone Hollywood. He's setting new records for being guest of honor at Hollywood parties. Cobb is aware of it, is amused himself.

"Yep," he agrees in his deep baritone drawl. "The laugh's on me. Like every professional jokesmith, I've made a living laughing at Hollywood. In fact, just recently I wrote an article digging some of the town's kiddable things. Now I'll just be kidding myself."

Like most visitors to Hollywood, Cobb has found it different looking at the movies from the inside than from the outside.

"I came to Hollywood looking for sin," he explains. "But I've yet to find a first-rate orgy. My daughter and I attended our first party in fond anticipation of its turning into a Saturnalian revel. We dined without a symptom. Then, filing into the living room, we waited impatiently for the orgy to start. For a moment it looked hopeful. Two people ordered highballs. The rest took iced coffee, and settled down to playing fair to middlin' bridge for a tenth of a cent a point.

"I'd always heard the first thing girls in Hollywood said after reaching the age of consent was 'yes.' But apparently I've been to the wrong parties."

While a close-up of Hollywood has changed Cobb's ideas of its social life, it

hasn't changed his favorites among the screen personalities."

"Charlie Chaplin is the greatest pantomimist I've ever seen, and I've seen a lot, including the famous Slivers and the French clown, Grock," Cobb declared. "None of them comes within miles of Chaplin. He hasn't talent or ability—but sheer genius. I believe every century produces a few, a very few authentic geniuses, and if I were asked to make a list of the geniuses the twentieth century has produced, I'd place Chaplin at the top. Marie Dressler also stands alone. She is not only a great entertainer, but also a great soul and a great woman."

Of the younger stars Cobb confesses to a favoritism for Claudette Colbert. "She is a great comedienne, and in her more serious portrayals reveals a refreshing charm and loveliness."

Will Rogers heads the list of Cobb's favorite character actors. "Not because



Shirley Temple hears a story by Irvin Cobb, read by the author. We'll bet the famous humorist outdid himself.

he's going to do my 'Judge Priest,'" he hurriedly explained, "but because he's such a vital personality. Some people say Rogers isn't an actor because he just plays himself. But why should he try to be anything except himself, when he's so much more magnetic and interesting than any character?"

Walt Disney is the man in Hollywood Irvin Cobb would like to know better and more intimately. "I've met him but do not know him," Cobb added. "A man who can create a great character like Mickey Mouse must be interesting. I think his 'Three Little Pigs' is the finest example of fantasy since Lewis Carroll's 'Alice in Wonderland.' Using my seven-year-old grand-daughter as an excuse, I saw it three days in a row. When I tried to take her the fourth day, she finally rebelled."

Though Hollywood has welcomed Irvin Cobb with open arms, its cordiality has left him a little nonplussed. He prefers to think the movie colony likes to hear his unending fund of humorous stories. But sometimes he wonders if it's trying to win over a skeptic who has lampooned the movie capital with his barbs of wit.

"If they're scared of what I'm going to write about Hollywood, they haven't mentioned it," Cobb volunteered. "Nor have they asked me to retract my previous attempts at humor. Of course, they ought to feel safe now. I've turned actor and become one of them.

"As a matter of fact, Hollywood has been too darned nice. The scandal of my turning actor was no sooner printed that I started receiving advice. Will Rogers began the deluge. 'There's nothin' to this screen actin' just you be yourself,' Will advised.

"Then Ned Sparks stepped up with the same line. Director John Ford offered identical dope. Every place I went, every place I turned I heard, 'Be natural.'

"But these fellows can't fool me. The most artificial thing in the world is being natural on the stage or screen. These actors all use a bundle of tricks to create the illusion of being natural. They don't talk in real life the way they act on the screen. For 40 years George Arliss has been learning tricks that make him seem natural on the screen, and now nobody thinks he's artificial because he's so perfected his art.

"But believe me I can still be natural about one thing. The next guy who tells me to 'be natural' will receive a natural bust in the jaw."

Cobb, however, has turned to acting with intense purpose. He's determined to succeed as he has in the other fields of humor—writing, lecturing, and radio. To that end he is studying the movies zealously. He can be found any time of day on the stages of the Hal Roach studios, intently observing the work of Laurel and Hardy, Charlie Chase, and the "Our Gang" kids. Out of it has come a thorough grasp of the motion picture business—and a deep respect for it.

"The amazing thing," he says, "is not that there are so many bad movies, but that there are so many good ones. Behind the apparent disorganization of Hollywood a great intelligence is functioning. There may be more slack ends than in a button factory, but when you consider that the movie producer's raw material is human beings, and some of it pretty raw, and that he's selling a fickle public the intangible of amusement, it's surprising so much is achieved. The faults are only the faults of human beings.

"In writing for the stage an author can write and rewrite. A producer can rehearse, try his play out, and do it all over again if weaknesses develop. But the movies have no public laboratory in which to experiment. Every picture must be a gigantic guess."

Like every writer of humorous stories, Cobb confesses he thought his job of writing comedy the hardest in the world. "There's nothing sadder or more depressing than a man trying to be funny in print. They used to say on the *New York World* that they could always tell when I was going to be humorous by the tears I'd shed and the groans I'd utter as I put a piece of paper in the typewriter.

"I thought even movie comedy writers had a snap compared to me. A visit to the Hal Roach gag room quickly changed that idea. For a whole morning the writers fussed and fought over which way a gag would be funnier. The atmosphere was clogged with acrimony and bitterness. At any minute I expected one of the men to be hurled out the window to prove a certain kind of fall would be funnier. The whole argument was about a gag that would take twenty seconds on the screen.

"As for the comedians themselves, I *knew* their job was a cinch! I thought they had a funny face, a queer walk, or a peculiar blink that automatically made people laugh as the comedians *walked* through their parts. I imagined Laurel and Hardy were

natural comedians to whom everything came easy.

"What a delusion! True enough, they do have a natural aptitude for humor. It was born in them. But easy? Every laugh they created reflected a ton of sweat, infinite detail, serious study, and sad, hard work. As I watched them, I realized that art is just another name for hard work.

"Whether writers or actors, comedians suffer and slave to make people laugh. They are at heart sad people. That's because all humor is based on pathos and is akin to tragedy. I once defined humor as tragedy standing on its head with its pants torn.

"And now I'm suffering, as I try to be a comic actor. The laugh's on me at present. But I'm going to have the last one. It doesn't pay to let a laugh run too long against you, and I'm slaving now to have Hollywood laughing with my short comedies, not at me.

"Meanwhile I have my consolation—the mint julep. That's where I have the laugh on Hollywood. It doesn't know the art

of making that drink of the gods—a good mint julep."

Cobb is not only an authority on humor—but also on mint juleps. He has eulogized them, mixed them, and drunk them ever since leaving Paducah, Kentucky.

I asked for his mint julep formula.

His eyes became dreamy. "Of course," he began, "you can make the perfect mint julep only in the South. The best mint leaves grow only on the grave of a Confederate brigadier.

"However, a mint julep is like a sunset. You can't ruin it. But you can improve it. Whether you make it with bourbon or rye, there are two important tricks to remember."

Cobb rose from his chair and began to illustrate his lecture. "The first one is to leave none of the crushed mint leaves in the glass. Take a few sprigs of mint, pour in whiskey, and just bruise the leaves. Then take out the leaves to keep the drink from becoming oily and bitter.

"Next rub a few mint leaves about the brim of the glass—like this," proudly the

professor was demonstrating. I was fascinated, and not a little thrilled with anticipation. "That's for the tongue," he went on. "Then fill the glass with cracked ice, and pour the mint-flavored whiskey over it. Stick a couple of sprigs of mint into the ice. That's for the nose. Then stir till the glass is frosted.

"You'll notice I've said nothing about sugar. That's the second trick. Some people put the sugar in first. That's a mistake. Sugar has a higher specific gravity than whiskey and sinks to the bottom. You don't get a perfect mixture. The trick is to melt the sugar in water till not a grain of sugar is evident.

Then, after stirring the glass till frosted, pour that simple syrup solution into the glass.

"You drink it," he enthused, as he handed me a goblet, "without further stirring as the syrup is trickling down through the whiskey.

"Yep," he snorted as he smacked his lips. "The laugh's on me—and the julep's on me!"

"David Copperfield" Comes to the Screen

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and *Little Cæsars* of the screen have faded into oblivion.

Just the name, *David Copperfield*, means magic to thousands. Try it on people here and there, and watch their faces light up. Follow it with *Peggotty* and *Barkis* and *Murdstone*, with *Little Em'ly* and *Aunt Betsey Trotwood* and *Mr. Dick*, with *Steerforth* and *Traddles* and *Dora* and *Agnes* and *Uriah Heep*—and *Micawber*! By the time you've reached *Micawber*, your man or woman will probably be galloping off to the nearest library or bookshop to beg, buy, or borrow a copy of the story that cast such a haze of enchantment over his youth. That, my friends, is what is known as initial interest—a commodity whose value in dollars and cents is something ter-RI-fic; and that's where young *David Copperfield* packs a wallop that's likely to lay the rest of you low.

He has a further advantage in the fact that he's going to be directed by the man who directed "Little Women." For several years past George Cukor has been gaining, among actors and film folk generally, the reputation of a director in whose hands they may trust themselves, and no questions asked. He's fast gaining the same reputation with the public.

When word spread that "Little Women" was going to be filmed, strong hearts shuddered. Ominous mutterings filled the air. "They'll ruin it—they'll murder it! It's blasphemy, it's high treason! We'll close our eyes and cover our ears and have no part in this piece of desecration!"

The picture was made and the mutterings were drowned in cheers of delight and thanksgiving. Not a word that grated, not a scene that offended, no jarring changes, no values heightened or subdued for theatrical effect—*Meg*, *Jo*, *Beth* and *Amy* as Louisa Alcott created them and as generations of children have taken them to their hearts. People rose up and called the name of George Cukor blessed, and so producer David Selznick assigned him to "David Copperfield."

Associated with him are Howard Estabrook, scenarist of "Cimarron," and Hugh Walpole, eminent English novelist, who will adapt the Dickens dialogue where necessary, and act as final arbiter on all points of British tradition and Dickensian lore.

Behind them stands David Selznick, production chief at Metro, to whom each of the



Kay Francis waves "so-long" to these shores as she departs on a vacation trip to Europe.

three paid unsolicited, but eager tribute.

"It was his idea to do 'Little Women,'" said Mr. Cukor, "and it was his idea to do 'David Copperfield.' He's the moving force behind the whole thing. It's his imagination that saw the possibilities and his energy that's keeping the rest of us on our toes. If you're handing out credit lines," advised Mr. Cukor, "Dave Selznick belongs at the top!"

"Selznick read the story as a boy," Mr. Estabrook told me, "and he's been cherishing the memory of it ever since. He knew it had everything—romance, comedy, juicy characters, heart interest—but he's been

biding his time. Finally he decided that the trend of the wisecrack had gone about as far as it could, and the smart thing would be to cut right across it with something as different as possible. And that's how 'David Copperfield'—the movie—was born."

"I had no idea," confessed Mr. Walpole, "that producers were as active in the making of their cinemas as Mr. Selznick has proven himself to be. He's absolutely absorbed in this production. It was a series of conferences all the way across the ocean, with Mr. Selznick driving himself as hard as he drove the rest of us. I want to say," he went on after a moment's hesitation, "that no one has ever been nicer to me. He seems to have an infinite capacity for taking the other person's point of view. And if that's a thing I didn't take for granted, it's because all my previous ideas of Hollywood have been formed on hearsay. If a tenth of the stories one hears are true, I can only conclude that I must be particularly happy in my associates.

"How did it all come about?" Mr. Walpole's seriousness lightened. "That's the funniest part of the whole thing. I accepted an invitation to a film luncheon because I knew that an old friend whom I hadn't seen in a long time would be there. I was seated between this old friend and Mr. Selznick, and so busily engaged with the former that Mr. Selznick and I hardly exchanged a word throughout the meal. Then, just as the end, he asked me whether I knew of any well-known English author who might be prepared to supervise the production from the viewpoint of atmosphere. I spoke most enthusiastically of a lady of my acquaintance, and took away with me the impression that she would be asked and that the whole affair was settled. So I thought no more about it.

"Next morning at breakfast the telephone rang. To tell the truth," he chuckled, "I was expecting a call from someone I didn't want to see, and went to the phone turning over excuses in my head. But it was a representative of Metro-Goldwyn, who asked me whether I would consider supervising the scenario! I'd never dreamed of myself in that connection, though I'm an ardent Dickensian and had always wanted to visit Hollywood and see the inside workings of a studio. I was torn two ways. My summer plans were all made. On the other hand, I was strongly tempted—not only by the prospect of going to

Hollywood, but of going in this particularly delightful capacity. Half an hour later I said yes. And a week after that I was on the boat."

"You see," Mr. Cukor explained, "we're trying to do everything in our power to ensure the authenticity of the background. We don't want to risk offending the sensibilities of the most fastidious Dickens fan—for our own sake as well as theirs—because we're interested in making a perfect production. That's why we asked Mr. Walpole to help us. That's why we went to England in the first place."

"We felt we hadn't the right to undertake anything so English without seeing for ourselves the places we planned to use. We took with us original steel engravings of these places as they used to be, and our cameramen photographed them as they are today. We took hundreds of shots—projection backgrounds, topography, proportions of buildings, all sorts of details that we'd never have been able to get as accurately from pictures and books. Both the steel engravings and our own photographs will be used as notes when the sets are constructed in Hollywood."

Accompanied by Mr. Dexter, editor of *Dickensiana* and a Dickens expert, they first made the tour of London and its environs. They photographed the place just off Adelphi Terrace, where *David* lived when he was articled to Mr. Spenlow—and the Hungerford Stairs leading down to the Thames, near which the *Micawbers* lodged just before they emigrated—and Highgate where *Dora* and *David* had their cottage—and Windsor Terrace, where *David*, a forlorn child of ten, lived with the *Micawbers* after his mother's death.

"That was an interesting experience," Mr. Cukor commented. "You'd have sworn the place hadn't changed by a hair since *Micawber's* day—a horrible, dirty slum, with ragged children crawling all around."

Then they went down to Putney, where *David* and *Dora* were married, though nothing, unfortunately, is left of the church—and out to Gravesend, where *David* saw the *Micawbers* and old Mr. Peggotty off to Australia. Then to Yarmouth, the scene of *Little Em'ly's* tragedy, where they were given the most delicious bloaters and kippers to eat.

They took dozens of photographs of Blunderstone Rookery, where *David* was born, and whose present occupants are the Reverend Dr. Bean and his daughter. "One of the most enchanting places I've ever seen," Mr. Cukor said, "with the little country lane exactly as Dickens describes it, and Mrs. Copperfield's room and *David's* little room right next to it, where he used to look out of the window at the churchyard. There were even some geese running round the backyard—remember the geese that gave *David* nightmares? Except for some telegraph poles, we could have used the whole thing just as it stands."

From London they followed the road that *David* took when he ran away to Aunt Betsey Trotwood at Dover. Reaching Canterbury first, they photographed the Cathedral and the beautiful old gardens leading from the city wall and the school *David* attended, which abuts on the Cathedral. They took pictures of the classrooms and the staircases and the desks and the very markings on the desk—with Mr. Walpole, an old pupil of the school, as their guide.

"It seemed to me a charming omen," he smiled, "that I should be starting this new work at a place I so dearly love."

The friendly headmaster of the school had been pointing out the fact that the gates and walls were exactly as Dickens had described them, and that only the "great stone urns" were missing.

"Well," someone suggested, "we just saw



"*David Copperfield*" research party returns. Included in the group above are Peter Trent, English actor selected as the most likely candidate for the name rôle; Mrs. Selznick, Howard Estabrook, George Cukor, Hugh Walpole, David O. Selznick, and Fritz Lang.

a couple of urns in the Archbishop's grounds. How about borrowing them for a shot or two?"

But that bit of American humor fell good and flat. "They looked as horrified," Mr. Cukor grinned, "as though we'd suggested dynamiting the Archbishop's palace."

They photographed *Agnes's* old Tudor house on the main street, with its gardens that run straight into a little forest; then went on to Dover and looked out over the cliffs where poor Mr. Dick flew his kite.

They knocked at the door of Aunt Betsey Trotwood's house, which was opened by a lady who looked grim and forbidding enough to be Aunt Betsey herself. Upon being informed of their errand, she grew stiffer than ever.

"I won't have people coming in here," she snapped, "unless they pay for the privilege. You Hollywood folk have plenty of money. You can't come in unless you give me some for my charities."

They were rather upset. Not that they had the faintest objection to giving her money. But they had been greeted with such warmth and hospitality in all other quarters that this frigid reception hurt their feelings.

"How much money do you want?" Mr. Cukor asked, on the theory that a businesslike proposal deserved a businesslike reply.

The lady, apparently taken aback, stared at him in silence.

"Well," Mr. Cukor urged, "you said you wanted money. Tell us how much, and we'll see whether we can pay it."

She stared a second longer, then jerked her head and snorted: "Come along!"

At which point Mr. Cukor turned stubborn. "We prefer to pay our way where we're not welcome," he insisted. "Just say how much."

They couldn't budge her. She refused to take a penny. From the most ungracious she was promptly transformed into the most charming of hostesses. She ran upstairs and down, pointing out this, placing that more advantageously, calling attention to something else, wearing herself out in a frenzy of good will.

"I couldn't understand it," Mr. Cukor shrugged. "What practically broke my heart was her running down cellar and bringing us some of her father's old sherry to drink. It did turn out in the end," he continued thoughtfully, "that she wrote movie scenarios. She gave me a couple to

take with me and read before I left!

"But aside from that rebuff—which ended in our parting bosom friends—everyone was interested and everyone was helpful. You might have expected the English to be a little resentful of an American company's doing this story. But there wasn't a trace of it. On the contrary."

"They were very much impressed and pleased," Mr. Walpole put in, "by all you were doing to keep the story as English as possible. Though I shouldn't be surprised," he added, smiling, "if they were also wondering why in thunder they hadn't thought of doing it first!"

Back in London, hundreds of actors were interviewed and innumerable tests were made. There was one bitter disappointment. Dining at the Savoy one night, Mr. Cukor suddenly clutched his companion's arm. "See that man over there who looks like *Uriah Heep*?" he muttered. "I've got to have him."

The man—who turned out to be the Honorable Mr. Blank—was enchanted at the prospect of playing the scoundrelly *Heep*. However, it all came to nothing. "He couldn't act," Mr. Cukor sighed.

But they did bring back with them, as a possibility for *David*, young Peter Trent, a student at the Royal Academy for Acting. He looks the part to perfection. Whether or not he will be equal to its demands remains to be seen.

By the time this story is in print, his fate will be sealed—the rest of the cast will be chosen—the sets will be built. Very soon now little *Master Davy* will be playing with his mother, running away from the long-necked geese, reading the Crocodile Book to Peggotty, kneeling on his little bed to watch the moon shining down on the quiet churchyard—living his happy life before the *Murdstones* came to cast their black shadows over it. George Cukor will be at the megaphone, and the Messrs. Selznick, Walpole, and Estabrook will be hovering like so many benevolent godfathers in the background.

In his preface to the 1850 edition of the book, Charles Dickens wrote: "I have in my heart of hearts a favorite child. And his name is David Copperfield." If he could look down at his favorite child's new birth, could know of the reverence and solicitude and intelligent love with which it is being attended, I think that *David Copperfield's* father himself would not withhold his blessing.

Dix Dares to Desert

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actor who has failed to pocket the money, however filthy!

"I'm not a wealthy man," Rich continued. "The stock market hit me hard, as it hit many others. I've got enough to live in moderate comfort for the rest of my days. Yet when I come back, I'll work in pictures again. You see, I'm so darn fond of this game I'll probably die in greasepaint—at least, that's the way I want to die."

"But meanwhile I'm going to have a vacation. I'll be gone six months to a year, maybe longer. There's always the possibility, of course, that I may get homesick and cut it shorter. Now wouldn't that be hell, after all my plans?"

"I've been promising myself this jaunt for a long, long time and if I don't go now, I never will. We all have that bad habit of postponing pleasures until, first thing we know, we have forgotten how to enjoy them. That's real tragedy and it's not going to happen to me. I'm footloose and fancy free and I'll take my fun where I find it as long as I can."

"Remember the hero in 'Holiday' who wanted to play while he was young and work when he was older? That's the right idea if you can afford it. Play while you still have the capacity for enjoyment."

"There are vintages I've never tasted, food I've never eaten, places I've never seen. It is obviously impossible to drink, eat, and see everything in the world, but I'm going to shove up my batting average as far as possible."

"So many travelers lose the real pleasure of traveling by taking their accustomed habits with them. They seem to believe that the expression, 'when in Rome, do as the Romans do,' applies only to Rome. They regard the cuisine of a leading European hotel as inferior just because there are no Boston baked beans, California artichokes, or Milwaukee beer on the menu."

"Great guns, that's not the way to travel! When you are in any foreign country, taste of every thing the land provides. You may find several items distasteful before you hit something you really like. But try them all. Incidentally, eating and drinking as do the natives is the very best way to safeguard your health. The English thrive on mutton chops, heavy puddings, and rich sauces. The same diet would kill a South Sea Islander. Edible foods grow the places the good Lord intended them to be eaten."

"I plan to taste everything I see that I



Acme

Dix marries secretary! Pretty Virginia Webster, employed for the past six months by the star, became Mrs. Richard Dix at a surprise wedding in Jersey City, N. J. on June 29th.

have never tasted before. The experience may put me upon a doctor's diet for the balance of my days. But I will eat, drink, and be merry while I can!

"There is a little town in the South of France for which I am heading first of all. No, I'm not telling the name of it until I return. I haven't any too much resistance when it comes to a fat part in a big picture and I don't intend to have my holiday disturbed."

"I am going to this town because several friends have described its charms to me. The hotel is small and comfortable without being ostentatious. The *piece de resistance* on the bill of fare is snails, quite the most gorgeous snails in all of France. The cellars are magnificent, one of the few great cellars that escaped looting in the War. Every bottle comes to you with the cobwebs still upon it. There is ocean bathing in the Mediterranean and all the sunshine you can sop up. Did you ever hear of a more desirable spot?"

"How long I will stay in one place will be dictated entirely by how much fun I am having. The moment boredom threatens, I'll find a new town. I won't be rushed and I won't be hurried about by a guide,

bent upon showing me more than can be intelligently crammed into a single day's sightseeing."

"What sightseeing I do will be done without a professional guide. Those fellows show you only the surface of things. I'm interested in essentials. Sightseeing like eating and drinking, must be approached in foreign countries with an uninhibited mind. You can't look at the Taj Mahal in India and liken its dome to the Capitol in Washington. You can't dismiss the Leaning Tower of Pisa because it doesn't lean as far as you thought it would. You can't compare the height of London buildings with New York skyscrapers. Yet many tourists commit these grievous errors of good taste, just as they complain because they can't get beefsteak in a town noted for its sea food."

Rich paused. "I hope I'm giving you a story. I know what I'm saying isn't very definite, but my trip isn't very definite, either. I can't hand you a time-table or a tourist guide with all the places neatly underscored and the dates of arrival and departure charted to a split second. That isn't the kind of a trip I'm taking. It's a drinking tour around the world and I intend it to be just that. If I change my mind and go one place instead of another, I don't want to have to offer explanations even to myself. Whatever I do, wherever I go, it will be for no other reason than it seemed like a good idea—at the time."

"Are you going alone, Rich?"

"Of course not. Any trips I take from now on will be in company with my wife. Mrs. Dix has tastes which coincide with my own with respect to the desire to travel and see things."

"Don't expect to see us until you do! Doubtless this will be my last as well as my first real vacation, so I'm going to have all the fun I can. I'll be back when I get homesick. Try not to forget me altogether."

A veteran of nineteen years and sixty-seven pictures, Richard Dix deserves his vacation. As far as forgetting him is concerned, he would better have said not to envy him. Rich is too firmly established in the hearts of his fans ever to be forgotten, but his plans for a vacation are to be envied. In fact, it is just about the swell-est vacation of which I have ever heard. It makes my mouth water.

Bon voyage, Rich. "Take keer of yourself!"

Expense No Object

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Her talkie wage wasn't set by any crazy Hollywood producer, either. She is under contract to a British company and the conservative English pay only for value received. Fox got her for this one film by effecting an arrangement whereby she was borrowed in exchange for Warner Baxter.

But this isn't all, as regards the income of this British star. Actually, London studio executives had to do quite a bit of chasing to persuade her to sign on their old dotted line. Indeed, where Madeleine Carroll is concerned, expense is no object!

They had to guarantee that her pictures would be so scheduled that she'd be free to do at least one play a season on the London stage. Moreover, they had to promise she'd have time to continue her brilliant private life as a Mayfair socialite.

Wouldn't you suppose it from her obvi-

ous gentility? Aside from being Box-Office, this lovely English Carroll has something which comes to amazingly few actresses, abroad or in this country. I refer to her social prestige. As the wife of a handsome Blue Blood, she moves with the Strictly Select in London circles.

By now I'm sure you're muttering something about certain women having all the luck, darn 'em!

I've met this bewildering Madeleine Carroll; I've done considerable checking up; and I honestly believe her extraordinary success is deserved. She merits her fame and her happiness. Bear with me and I'll explain why I say this.

The first reaction that whipped through my brain when I was introduced to her, in her bungalow at Fox, was that she is pretty. Truly so. Heretofore the imports

from Europe have been shy on sheer beauty. Madeleine Carroll isn't. A blue-eyed, patrician golden blonde, she can compete with any movie actress on looks. (And I wouldn't try to kid you; physical attractiveness is an advantage in pictures, always!)

Next I was impressed by her refinement. She is poised, gracious, thoroughly feminine. But, most of all, she has class, and it's not the kind that's spelled with a capital K. Which is the sort generally displayed in Hollywood.

She is glamorous without being gaudy, no mean achievement. Using little make-up, dressing smartly rather than startlingly, she speaks in a tone that is cultured and clear—and not half so broad-A as some of our pseudo-ladies.

I asked her about her family and what she'd done before going into pictures, and

when I came away I felt that I'd found the actress for whom I'd been searching. When I was in college we were taught much about "cause" and "effect," and assured that he who adopted the scientific, intelligent attitude was destined to conquer. Yet how many college girls have made good on the screen?

I'd very nearly concluded that a girl had to emerge from a theatrical atmosphere, or had to rise to riches from rags. Fatal beauty or persistence, sharpened by poverty, apparently was infinitely more help than a methodically trained mind.

And then I encountered this astute Madeleine Carroll. Her tale will encourage every well-bred, middle-class miss, for she is the daughter of a professor at the University of Birmingham, England, and she received her B.A. degree there before she ever attempted to become an actress. She majored in French.

"I can't boast of my high marks in French, though," she said to me, "because my mother was a native of France and I learned the language as a child! But it was participating in a college play that did inspire me to act." A group of noted London critics had journeyed to Birmingham to review a new play and, while there, chanced to take in the university show. They unanimously praised Madeleine, its heroine.

"When I graduated I told my parents what I wished to do, and my father was horrified. With traditional gusto he forbade me to set my foot on any professional stage. He is a native of Ireland, and I must have inherited some of his determination. I vowed I had the necessary qualifications for acting!"

There was a Big Scene. Madeleine, secretly supported by her mother, stalked out of the family abode. Having no money with which to storm London, she took a job as French coach in a girls' school at Brighton. In three months she'd accumulated \$100 and with it she went to the metropolis and made the rounds of the theatrical offices.

Because she'd had a good start in life, she wasn't sidetracked by any of the foolish theories which are thrown at novices. College had drilled in the notion that all results come from specific actions. She knew she was pretty and capable. Before her funds were exhausted she'd landed a bit with a touring company. A year later, having progressed to secondary rôles, she applied for a picture part and was awarded the lead in a film with Brian Aherne.

That occurred back in 1927, when she was twenty-one. Since then she has alternated screen and stage, appearing on the London stage opposite Charles Laughton and other major performers.

A purposeful, intent woman, Madeleine Carroll was wise enough to tie up with a bright agent. Faithful concentration, abetted by his knowledge of jockeying her salary as she increased in popularity, is what zoomed her income. Producers know that her charm is unquestionable box-office, so they are willing to pay plenty. They are sure, too, that temperament, scandal, and folly are foreign to her nature, and this pleases them.

My own analysis is that she stood out from the average because of her discriminating mind. She never deviated from the ideal she set for herself: an admirable career, a happy marriage, worth-while friends. A star who can stick to these desires is such a rarity that triumph is inevitable.

"My husband came over with me, but he's a business man, a real estate broker, so he had to return to London," she smilingly informed me. Captain Philip Astley, her husband, is a member of one of England's finest old families and wealthy in his own right. He prefers to manage his af-

fairs himself, and devotes his time to them.

Until she was introduced to him, three-and-a-half years ago at a ball given by the Marquis of Milford Haven, she gave no thought to love. She was all for getting ahead as she'd planned. When she wasn't asked out by people she considered worth knowing, she stayed at home.

The details of her romance are as fascinating as any Hollywood star's love, which just adds to my argument that the intelligent can be rewarded!

Who do you suppose called for her and escorted her to that fateful ball? The Prince of Wales, no less! So you can see that even before her marriage Madeleine Carroll was traveling in first-class society!

Captain Astley, she recalls humorously, made no impression that night. He tried sitting in the front row of the theatre

"Our friends are non-theatrical. London is so large a city, too, that the theatrical people do not flock to particular restaurants or haunts as they do in Hollywood. The English do not expect their stars to be continually on display. Which makes it nice for Philip and me!"

The Astleys have a beautiful home in Mayfair, a town mansion whose walls are panelled and which is furnished in Queen Anne style. The old family estate, a vast place which has belonged to the Astleys for generations, is in Warwickshire. Not long ago Madeleine and her husband bought another country home just forty miles from London, for week-ends. And, of course, there is the picturesque Italian estate.

Mistress of all these elegant houses, an associate of England's foremost social figures, owner of priceless jewels and count-



Madeleine Carroll and Franchot Tone in a scene which brings together the English actress who has captivated America and one of our most popular and gifted players of romantic heroes.

where she was acting. This went on every evening for two weeks, and he sent flowers regularly. He told London society that he was wild about her. Finally, the same marquis gave another ball, this one in Madeleine's honor. The ardent captain insisted upon taking her home. A five months' courtship ensued after he'd said good night at her doorstep.

"We had fun eluding the press when we married! I said I was getting my wedding gown and veil for a picture!" Separately they went to Italy where, at the Astley villa, they were united in a colorful ceremony. The retainers on the estate, which is near Rome, threw rose petals in their path and feasted merrily on the wedding eve in good old feudal fashion.

She completely drops her professional side when she has finished work for the day—in London. Captain Astley is essentially a sportsman and he loves to entertain. Madeleine is the perfect hostess.

less Paris creations, Madeleine Carroll came to Hollywood in what might be termed practically incognito fashion.

Accustomed to Rolls-Royces, she used a Ford sedan here and had her secretary drive it instead of a liveried chauffeur. She reported at the studio at eight every morning during production. The only jewelry she displayed was her plain gold wedding ring and an emerald cross necklace. She wore informal, quiet clothes. What was most incredible was her profound humility.

"I want to make good in America. But I wish to register with the American public on the strength of my screen performances. I requested there be no advance publicity campaign. I don't expect anyone here to be impressed by my past acting achievements in England, or by my personal life in London."

When she told me this I almost pinched myself to be positive I was fully awake! Are you sensing more and more why

Madeleine Carroll deserves what she has? Imagine any of our Hollywood stars passing up the opportunity to publicize a background like hers!

Between you and me, a number of our own stars are feeling foolish for, observing how modestly Madeleine behaved during the filming of "The World Moves On," they concluded she was just another import. Her unobtrusive good taste made no dent on the local newly-rich. But when they heard *all!* Well, you know how some folks are!

"I learned more about acting from this one Hollywood production than I could from a half-dozen English pictures," she asserted to me when I called on her prior

to her departure. "I'm sorry I didn't come sooner. I was offered the lead in 'Cavalcade,' but I didn't think I was a good enough actress to essay such a rôle and suggested Diana Wynyard.

"Personally, it is my contention that screen success should evolve from a dignified portrayal of a character, and not from superficial, sensational attributes."

Abroad she has her own say on director, story, cameraman—everything. In Hollywood her simplicity was marked. Nevertheless the crew on the picture tested her sportsmanship. On the second day of production they sent her a big bunch of daisies. When she had thanked them profusely, a prop boy cried, "You're mistaken. They

weren't for you. They're just props!" Without rising in wrath, as they suspected she might, she astounded them by apologizing seriously for her error and sending the bouquet over to the prop department!

It is interesting to note that Miss Carroll's first American film, "The World Moves On," was in production 49 days—the longest schedule for any dramatic film ever made at the Fox Studio—"Cavalcade" had 40 days' actual shooting time.

I might add that Madeleine Carroll is one of the only two actresses who have been presented to King George at Court. There can be no greater social honor in England—and yet none of the Hollywoodites knew this. She failed to mention it!

Hollywood's Bad Boys Make a Movie

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the troupe, and here is what they have.

The leading man is Mr. Claude Rains of the Broadway stage. This able mummer's only claim to film fame is the fact that he was The Voice in "The Invisible Man." Mr. Rains plays a criminal lawyer in "Crime Without Passion"—in itself a screen novelty!

The leading lady is a flashing minx called, simply, Margot, whose public career, to date, has been that of a Spanish dancer. Mr. Hecht saw her dancing at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, and decided that such an excellent performer of the fandango would make a nice natural leading woman. We shall see.

Then there is Miss Whitney Bourne, a beautiful Manhattan society gal who had played stage bits but didn't know a camera from a whippet tank. There is Mr. Stanley Ridges of Broadway, who has never done a picture. Greta Granstedt, Hollywood bit player, is present—the boys probably letting her in because she had never done much acting anyhow.

To round out the troupe in a good amateur-film manner, they hired the beautiful Miss Ethelynn Holt, a professional model whose chief claim to fame is the noted "Camel Girl" ad for which she posed a couple of years ago, in which she practically introduced the "pinch-crunch" hat and wore a wedding ring on her right hand.

Now there's a good "natural" acting company! Not a star, or even starlet, in a studio-load. But whoa! Did I say no stars? The Pecks' Bad Boys are of course the stars of their own picture, though you won't see them, and more's the pity. They'd make Clark and McCullough look like a pair of hired pallbearers.

Once the gang was hired and the geniuses caged, Wheeler and Woolsey—I mean Hecht and MacArthur—got very professional.

History tells that shooting was to start at nine of a Monday morning.

Master Hecht mounted a table, time-piece in hand. On the stroke of nine he raised a fist and shouted: "Let Hollywood beware! Roll 'em over, boys!"

A new and bawdy epoch in the movie industry had begun!

Then things REALLY began to go nuts! Everything in the picture is going to be Impressionistic, Sur-Realistic, and Egotistic, so Mr. Garmes is shooting the whole film, practically, in corners. That is to say, Mr. Rains, standing in an angle made by two pieces of scenery, may either be in the Hollywood Bowl or in the Grand Central Station.

A drug-store is not a regular movie drug-store, but merely a table filled with toy airplanes and nineteen cent novels.



The great leveler! Elissa Landi and Jean Roth, her "stand in," inspect the shoes with three-inch soles which make Jean as tall as the star.

The boys did throw a sop to the public by inserting a night club scene, (novelty), and a courtroom scene, (encore), but mostly it is being done in ratty old corners of the studio, out of the way of the charging geniuses. Never was a feature film shot in less space.

Hecht and MacArthur, being the bosses, are having the time of their lives—which in their case means much. Each of them has lived about 5,000 years in his forty, or so.

The little monkeys go in for signs, in a very big way. Such banners as "Let the public in on our secret" and "What will the audience be doing in the meantime?" brighten the walls.

One of the best Hecht-MacArthur slogans is "Better than Metro is not good enough!" This one has the Home Office of Paramount, over the river in Manhattan, as nervous as a witch, and the bosses sit around brooding and wondering how they can coax the madmen to take it down.

Another—this one hanging over a splendid collection of photographs of undressed ladies—reads, "Why don't you keep your mind on your work? What are you thinking about now?" A gentle hint to their slaves.

On the set, Hecht and MacArthur are elaborately polite to each other. Mr. MacArthur calls Mr. Hecht "Mr. Lubitsch," while Mr. Hecht addresses Mr. MacArthur obsequiously as "Mr. Von Sternberg."

When they are fighting and screaming, each calls the other "Mr. Belasco" with sarcasm that would cut hot butter.

Off the set they transact the intricate business of Great Producers by playing backgammon, at a dollar a game, on the floor of one of their palatial private offices.

Many a potent visitor, calling on matters of world-shaking import, has entered the sanctum to find Mr. Hecht viciously accusing his co-genius of gypping him out of a buck. Sometimes the visitor, having been revived, gets down on his knees and joins in the fun.

Such monumental movie madness has never been known!

Over the river the Big Bosses sit and quiver. What devilish forces have they let loose on the world? Shaking in their fifty-dollar shoes, the Big Bosses have laid down one iron-clad rule for the loony-house, which is that absolutely no direct quotations from the crazy men are permitted the press.

Hecht and MacArthur, when interviewed, have the droll habit of putting their feet on the desk, tearing off their shirts, and alternately denouncing and spoofing the ways of Hollywood and the men of the movies—especially their own bosses of the moment.

Believe me, Paramount's no fool, whatever the Bad Boys may say!

Does it seem, that with all this celestial goofiness going on, that no work is getting done on the Hecht-MacArthur masterpiece? Yes it does, but we are all wrong.

In the midst of all the clowning, the lads are making a talking picture. The day I was on the set they were only an hour behind schedule, and by the time the crank stopped turning they hoped to cut that to a mere half hour.

I say they are making a talking picture. I must temper that by saying that it remains to be seen. It will either be a novel and exciting thriller, or it will be the gosh-awfullest hunk of stilton cheese that ever sent a bedevilled audience howling into the highway.

There's nothing half-way about the Mad Mertons of the Movies. They're great—or they're terrible!

In the meantime Hecht and MacArthur are writing a case history of motion picture insanity that will be studied for years by the loony-doctors of Hollywood.

I left the joint counting my fingers, and went at once to my own head specialist. After going me over, he said it wasn't serious or permanent—but that it might be a good idea to keep away from the Long Island studio while Hecht and MacArthur were going on.

Escape from the Work Habit

Continued from page 61

She couldn't find anything really amusing to do when not at the studio, except to study English literature, foreign languages and music, and see how deep a tan she could manage to get, UNTIL—

She met Francis Lederer and became enthralled with the idea of building her own little theatre in her own backyard!

It seats forty people, but you can't get in by paying admission; it measures 52 x 18, and has a stage, dressing-rooms, kitchenette and projection room, (in case films are to be run). There's a swimming-pool close by, so that actors can cool off, and a tennis court near by, so they can warm up, and a barbecue pit for picnic dinners. Francis Lederer, Franchot Tone, and Joan plan to give "plays for intimate audiences," and this, Joan assures us, is the perfect recreation.

When Irving Thalberg was twenty-five years old, he told me that he needed no more than four or five hours' sleep in the twenty-four, and that most of the time remaining was spent at work. If he wasn't actually at the studio, he was reading scripts, decided production problems, studying various phases of picture-making.

"No, I don't play golf," he said, then. "The fun in chasing a little white ball around with a bag of sticks eludes me. They tell me it gives you all the benefits of a good walk—but if you want to walk, why not walk?" His idea of walking at that time, however, seemed to be that you walked to get somewhere, and if you cared about getting there, it would be quicker to drive.

Play was a closed book to the young executive then. Since that time, he has married Norma Shearer, and it may be gathered that he has learned how to play, for now the Thalbergs swim, they play bridge, they entertain often, and they travel—and like it! Sometimes, Norma confides, Irving seems to be having such a good time at a party that she—with an early call to work next day—slips off home by herself rather than interrupt his enjoyment.

Fay Wray was a very serious child. Her family taught her to recite "pieces" and her idea of amusement was to dress up and act. Early success in films fostered this interest, and she decided she wasn't the type to go in for sports or games.

And then she married John Monk Saunders.

"My husband is a sports enthusiast," says Fay, "and I began to play golf and tennis because he did and I had the usual ideas about keeping your husband by sharing in his leisure occupations. Then I discovered to my surprise that it's grand fun! I'm a shark at tennis, and I adore ping-pong—there's something about the excitement of a swift game that appeals to me. I'm not so good at golf, but I enjoy it, and I am simple enough to get a kick out of bicycling. I think if people would just try some of the things they don't think they'll like, they'd be surprised!"

It wasn't a kind friend who warned Mae Clarke about overwork; it was a nervous breakdown. Mae began to work at thirteen and was only eighteen when she came to Hollywood five years ago. She was ambitious and she was talented; studios recognized it and she worked in two pictures at once, which might answer the question of why she didn't play.

Anyway, while she was ill, she had time to loaf. She saw that there was something pretty nice about Nature, and decided that she hadn't half appreciated the old lady. Now that Mae is well, she devotes every available week-end to desert,

mountains or seashore; riding, swimming, hiking, and reveling in beauty.

"I learned to play games, too; badminton is my favorite strenuous sport, and backgammon, the game I like best. But I adore going to parties where they play Murder, or exciting games like that!"

Walt Disney has had no spare time since he entered his teens. *Mickey* and *Minnie Mouse*, *Pluto* and now the *Three Little Pigs* and the *Big Bad Wolf* occupied him thoroughly. He never made the huge sums from these popular creations that should have come his way, and whatever amounts were received were promptly put back into the business, so that the number of employees grew from 25 to 150 in less than three years.

And then the doctor stepped in. "Exercise. Outdoors. Relaxation." Too much work and no play wasn't making Walt a dull boy, but it was making him pale and thin.

Walt obediently tried each sport recommended. His opinion of golf tallied with Irving Thalberg's; tennis and swimming left him unthrilled. At length someone suggested polo, and persuaded him to try a game. Polo was IT! It has excitement, exercise, skill, adventure. Of course it doesn't measure up to *Mickey Mouse* as real amusement, according to Walt, but it's fun. It's still fun, even though an opponent hit him with a mallet during an exciting encounter and all but broke the Disney nose.

Chester Morris belongs to a family of actors and knew nothing but acting for years, and it was fun as well as work, according to Chester.

However, the rub came when, having made a hit in "Alibi," Roland West put him under contract at a small drawing-account when not working and a sizeable salary when making pictures—and then didn't put him to work for months!

What to do with spare time became more than an academic question. Chester

solved it by buying a house and building a swimming-pool. Since he couldn't swim all the time, he began to build other things around the place, to buy cars and take 'em to pieces, wash them and fuss around them, plan gardens, and improve the house.

"I think it's fun to do something useful," observes Chester. "Any fellow can find something to do if he casts an eye in the right direction."

A career of acting so absorbed Douglass Montgomery during his teens that nothing else mattered. Other boys of his age might take holidays, go fishing or enter sports' contests, but not Douglass. His notion of a good time was to study some phase of drama.

One day, while he was playing in stock in Baltimore, studying and working like a young madman, the director Edwin Knopf, (brother of the publisher), called him in.

"Look here, young man, do you know what you're doing?" he asked. "You're eliminating friendships, gayety, and interesting contacts. Later on, you're going to regret bitterly that you have no pals, no foolishness to remember, no lovely youth. You'll wear yourself out, and you'll have no background of life."

He was right and Douglass saw it. Young Montgomery began to accept invitations, to take up dancing, to travel whenever he could. The habit of work was strong, and it's still strong, but he tears himself away and goes out. But his idea of real fun is to go around to a pal's kitchen and cook breakfast, carrying out impish jokes on the inhabitants all the time.

Ann Sothorn was practically born in a trunk. Her mother, who was a concert singer, used to take Ann with her on concert tours, so the child had no chance to have small playmates. The minute she was old enough, she went in for a career of her own, and it's only now that she has her first real home, in Beverly Hills.



Nature Lover! Evelyn Venable enjoying the great out-doors. Note Evelyn's linen frock for vacation wear—stripes of brown on a natural linen fabric.

Ann enjoys giving small, intimate parties, little dinners, after which the guests have music or play such games as Binet test where wits count, for cards make Ann nervous. She loves horseback riding, and she can play tennis, but reading is still her chief delight.

Left an orphan at an early age, Tom Keene ran away at ten and has supported himself ever since. He clerked in stores, drove a stagecoach, killed rattlesnakes for the government, and woke up at twenty to find himself an old, old man.

"I ought to do what I want to do before it's too late," he told himself, and forthwith became an actor. But again it was work, work—until he went to Australia with a theatrical company and paused in the South Seas on the way.

"Then I saw the natives. The happiest people in the world. No wardrobes, no housing problem, no food worry, no social bother. They laugh and are kind, they help one another and have no cares. I saw that I had life all wrong, and since then I've tried to live from day to day, getting all I can from life and trying to give something back. I take time off to be with friends, and to do the things I like. That's common sense!"

Ken Maynard had never had money and leisure at the same time until he became a star. Then he didn't know what to do with the combination. At length he decided to learn to fly, and found flying a thrilling occupation. Then he bought him-

self a boat and went on cruises, and now he has a motorcycle. He's always wanted one.

"It takes a while to learn how to play," says Ken, "but of all lessons, it's the most delightful."

Eddie Cantor had been married four years before he began taking up golf, his first essay into sports. Then the late Frank Carter, husband of Marilyn Miller, said he wanted Eddie to meet another blackface comedian on the links. The other fellow was Al Jolson.

"That was in 1918," sighs Eddie, "and in the 16 years since, I haven't improved a single stroke!"

"I like golf for the following reasons: It gives me a chance to show my legs, something never seen in Sam Goldwyn pictures! It gives me an opportunity of walking with a purpose behind it, and also a gallery. Being a dub I get more exercise than a good golfer, and when I make a good shot, I'm in heaven!"

Colleen Moore was a picture girl who had no interest in playing because her career absorbed her. She collected dolls, too, and still has them; she's building a magnificent toy house just for the dolls; but naturally she doesn't play "House" with her wax babies.

After her long picture contract was concluded and her first marriage had ended in divorce, Colleen went down to Florida for a "vacation." There she met Al Scott, also on vacation. The difference between Col-

leen and her new friend was that he knew what to do with a holiday. Colleen could play tennis and swim, because she'd learned how to do both for the screen, but Al showed her that there was *fun* in it.

"You get something from sports that you can't get from pictures," she concluded, "especially if your husband enjoys them, too. I think being able to play has made me 'human,' and the new gift has the entire approval of Mr. Scott."

Colleen has developed a yen for contract bridge and for riding, in addition to tennis and swimming.

These new husbands work such magic that it's no wonder Marjorie Rambeau expected the best when she married into wealth. Her husband declared fondly that Marjorie need never work nor worry any more. (His name is Francis Gudgey.)

They went down to Florida, too.

"I tried being a lady of leisure," relates Marjorie. "I took up knitting and I took up tatting, and I exhausted the possibilities of both inside of a week. I don't like to swim and I can't stand fishing. I don't play golf, tennis is too strenuous for me, and I can't imagine why people play cards."

"After associating with the sitters that populate hotel porches, I decided that I had nothing in common with them. What was left? I might have gone yachting, but water makes me seasick; and I might have gone horseback riding, but horses are so unrestful."

"SO-o, I came back to work!"

Tagging the Talkies

Continued from page 13

Murder in the Private Car
M-G-M



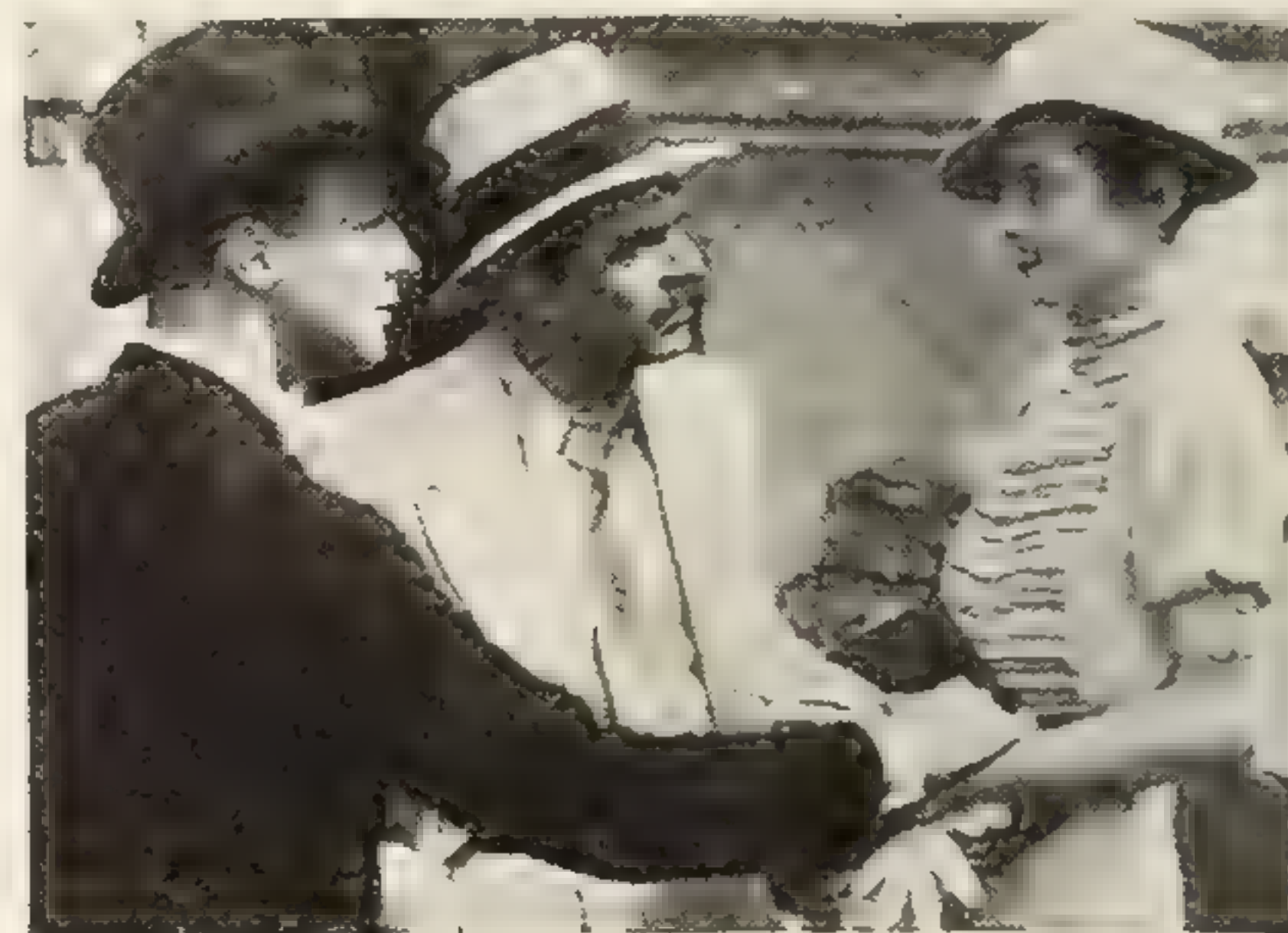
This is a very exciting picture. It is one of the fastest-moving stories of all time, so breathe deeply before it begins, for you'll have little chance to catch your breath after the show is on. It tells about a "crime preventor" whose job is to keep things from happening. A wild ride in a railway coach that contains dynamite will thrill you to the core. Charles Ruggles, Mary Carlisle, and Una Merkel contribute flawless performances. Good show for general audiences.

Let's Try Again
RKO-Radio



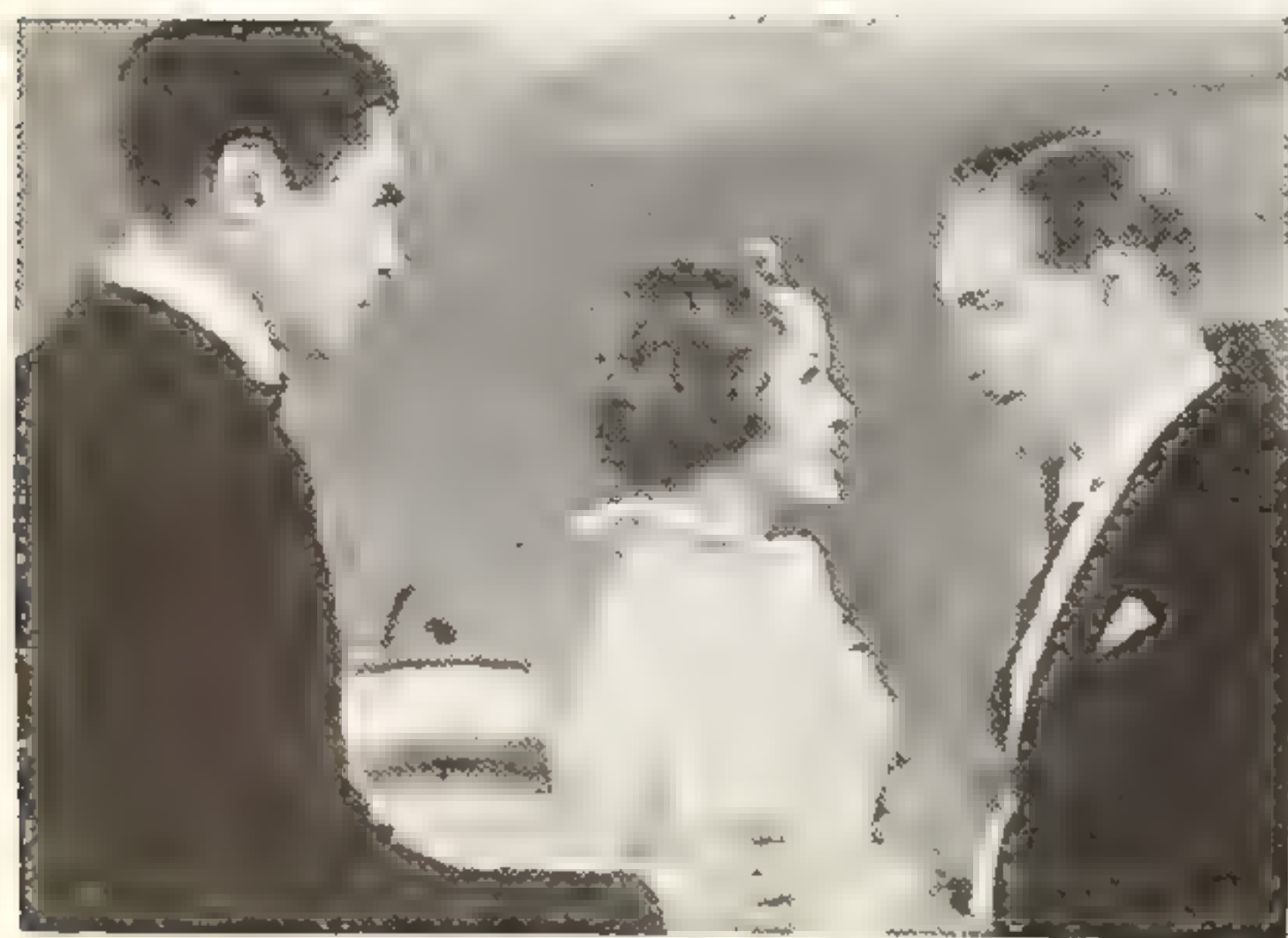
If you see this your only reward will be the presence in the dull proceedings of such engaging people as Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Helen Vinson, and Irene Hervey. The play consists of dialogue in which a couple, married ten years and still in love, discuss a divorce for the reason that they no longer tremble with romantic thrills as they did the day they eloped. All talk and no action. Leave the youngsters at home; they wouldn't enjoy it.

Grand Canary
Fox



Slow—slower—slowest. Even the Warner Baxter fans will yawn. Now let's see if I can remember the story? A doctor, accused of medical murder, flees. He meets a married woman who falls in love with him. At a critical moment, another woman is stricken with a deadly fever, and the doc saves her life, and returns home a hero. Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and Zita Johann perform skilfully, but even that could not save the film. The kiddies won't like it.

Affairs of a Gentleman
Universal



Paul Lukas as a novelist who courts many ladies, using them as types for his best sellers. He is murdered, but we shan't tell who did the crime because this one needs that element of interest to help it hold your attention should you decide to see it. Lukas makes the not admirable character attractive. Patricia Ellis, Leila Hyams, and Phillip Reed have featured parts. It's just fair. Not interesting or suitable for youngsters.

His Greatest Gamble
RKO-Radio



One of those "you will" or "you won't" like it pictures. This little critic will sit on the fence and offer no dogmatic opinion. The story is about a father who strives to save his daughter from the evil influence of her bad mother. He goes to jail for his trouble, but eventually breaks jail and becomes the little hero. Richard Dix is at his best in this type of rôle. Dorothy Wilson and Erin O'Brien Moore are excellent. See it and form your own conclusions.

Allez Oop
Fox-Educational



Buster Keaton shows us what that broken-hearted swain who lost his sweetie to "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" might have done to win her back. Should you find "Allez Oop" on the program, be sure to stay and see this two-reeler—you'll be glad to see Buster back in action, and there is some amusement in the antics of the love-struck oaf he portrays so solemnly. Dorothy Sebastian is the love interest. The acrobatics will amuse children.



DOROTHY JORDAN, *petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.*

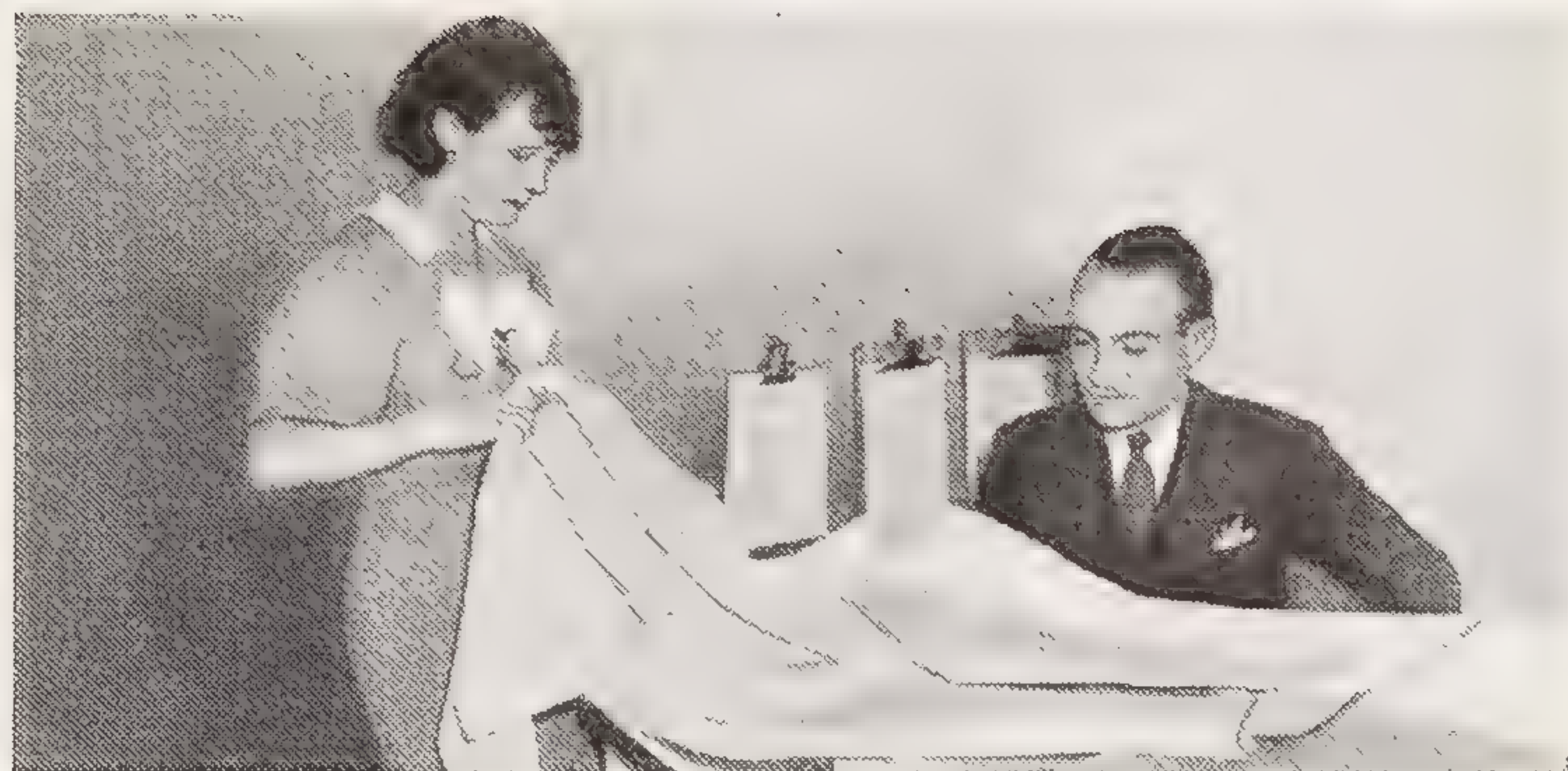
● "In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

"Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

● YOU, TOO, can keep your things like new the way Dorothy Jordan does. It's an economy because they'll stay smart looking twice as long. Avoid ordinary soaps . . . they often contain harmful alkali. Rubbing with cake soap mats fibres, makes woollens harsh and stiff. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Dorothy Jordan knows a secret You should, too

"With LUX there's no
trick at all in keeping
dainty sweaters and
frocks looking new"



SPECIFIED IN ALL THE BIG HOLLYWOOD STUDIOS

"Lux saves us thousands of dollars," says Walter Plunkett, wardrobe director of RKO-Radio Studios. "We save on cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long. We find that anything safe in water washes perfectly in Lux. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies, and even rugs are washed with Lux here. Lux keeps colors fresh, fabrics like new."



Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck
— **TRUST TO LUX**

**It's hard to
outguess this
adaptable film . . It
soaks up the sun's
brilliance . . . it
drinks in the dull
light of the shade
.. works on days
when ordinary
films fail.**



**HOW VERICHROME
DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM**

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
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Made by an exclusive process of
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**KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM**

Wanna Buy a Duck?

Continued from page 59

had seen this tribute paid to no other artist.

Later in his dressing-room, as Joe removed his make-up, I called the fact to his attention. "You don't know how good you really are," I chided him. "You ought to be a big-timer instead of fooling around in vaudeville for 'buttons'." Joe, who seldom smiles and who, I think, has the saddest eyes in the world, looked at me with an intensely serious expression.

"I'll never be a big star," he told me. "I don't know why—I guess it's because I'm too natural. I can't seem to hit it off with the theatrical crowd around Broadway. When I'm through work I like to go home and spend my time with the missus. We seldom do anything exciting. I guess that's the trouble with me. I suppose to get to the top you have to party around with the 'right people.' I've never been able to do that, and I never will. So I suppose it will always be the 'small-time' for me."

I have several times had occasion to recall those remarks and, in the light of Joe Penner's sudden success, they seem to me to be all-revealing. It's just the old theory of the 'better mouse-trap.' If you have what the public wants, they'll beat a path to your door.

I recently talked to him again while he was appearing at a Broadway vaudeville house. Having heard tales of his fabulous income, I tried to find out from him what it meant to find oneself suddenly wealthy and a national figure, almost overnight. We leaned over a dusty old piano under the stage which was just a few feet above our heads and on which a group of girls were at the moment doing an intricate number. Joe, in his make-up for the day, with two shows behind him and four more to go, seemed far from worn-out. His manner was still extremely informal and friendly.

"Tell me, Joe," I started, "what do you intend to do with all this money you're making? Everybody dreams of becoming suddenly rich and we all have our ideas of what each one would do in that case. What's your secret yen, Mr. Millionbucks?"

Joe never gives a quick answer. He thought for several moments before answering me. "First of all," he said, quietly, "I'm putting most of it away in government bonds. I know this success can't last forever. One of these days I'm going out on that stage and do my same stuff and nobody will laugh. Then I'll know I'm through. Then it will be time for me to quit, and I want to be prepared for that day. When it comes I'll just start travelling with the missus and keep moving until we get ready to settle down to a quiet place in the country."

"Have you any desire to go to your birthplace in Hungary?" I asked him. He didn't quite comprehend my question. "Not to live," he said quickly, "but for a visit, yes. I'd like to find out how much of it I'll remember. You see, I was only ten when my grandfather brought me to this country and that part of my life is very hazy."

"How about your mother and father?" I said. "Do you intend doing a lot of things for them?"

"Of course," Joe said, "I always have. But they are very simple people. They have a little place in Detroit and it's all they really want. My mother does all her own housework. She couldn't stand having a servant around. And my Dad likes to keep busy. He was laid off from the Ford plant about a year ago and got so restless that he applied for a job in the CWA—

and I gave him the dickens for that," he added quickly, with an understanding smile.

"Now that you're on top," I said, "it must be interesting to look back over some of the hardships of getting there and figure out what was your greatest disappointment."

"That's not hard to figure out," he said. "It happened at the opening performance of 'East Wind,' a musical show five years ago. After several years in vaudeville, I had at last landed a good spot in a show destined for Broadway. My material seemed O. K. and I went great guns in Pittsburgh, where the show had its first out-of-town performance before the Broadway opening. The fact that I got plenty of applause didn't exactly surprise me for I had played Pittsburgh several times and knew that Pittsburghers liked my stuff."

"Then we went to Cleveland and here I was a bit shaky, for I had never played there before. But again I seemed to rate good applause and notices. Baltimore was our next and last stop before the Big Town and I felt that this would be a good test since Baltimore is known for having a hard-to-please and extremely critical theatre audience."

"Well, it seemed I had nothing to fear, for the reception I received was all I could have hoped for. I could hardly wait to get to New York. I was sure I could 'wow' them and make Broadway recognize me at last. But the producers were afraid that my material was too unsophisticated for a Broadway first night audience. They got several writers busy and rewrote most of my lines in an effort to make them 'smart'—well," said Joe, modestly, "I just can't be 'smart' no matter how hard I try—the result was that I flopped, likewise the show. It was a terrible blow. There was nothing for me to do but try and forget Broadway and to go back to vaudeville where I was always sure of an appreciative audience."

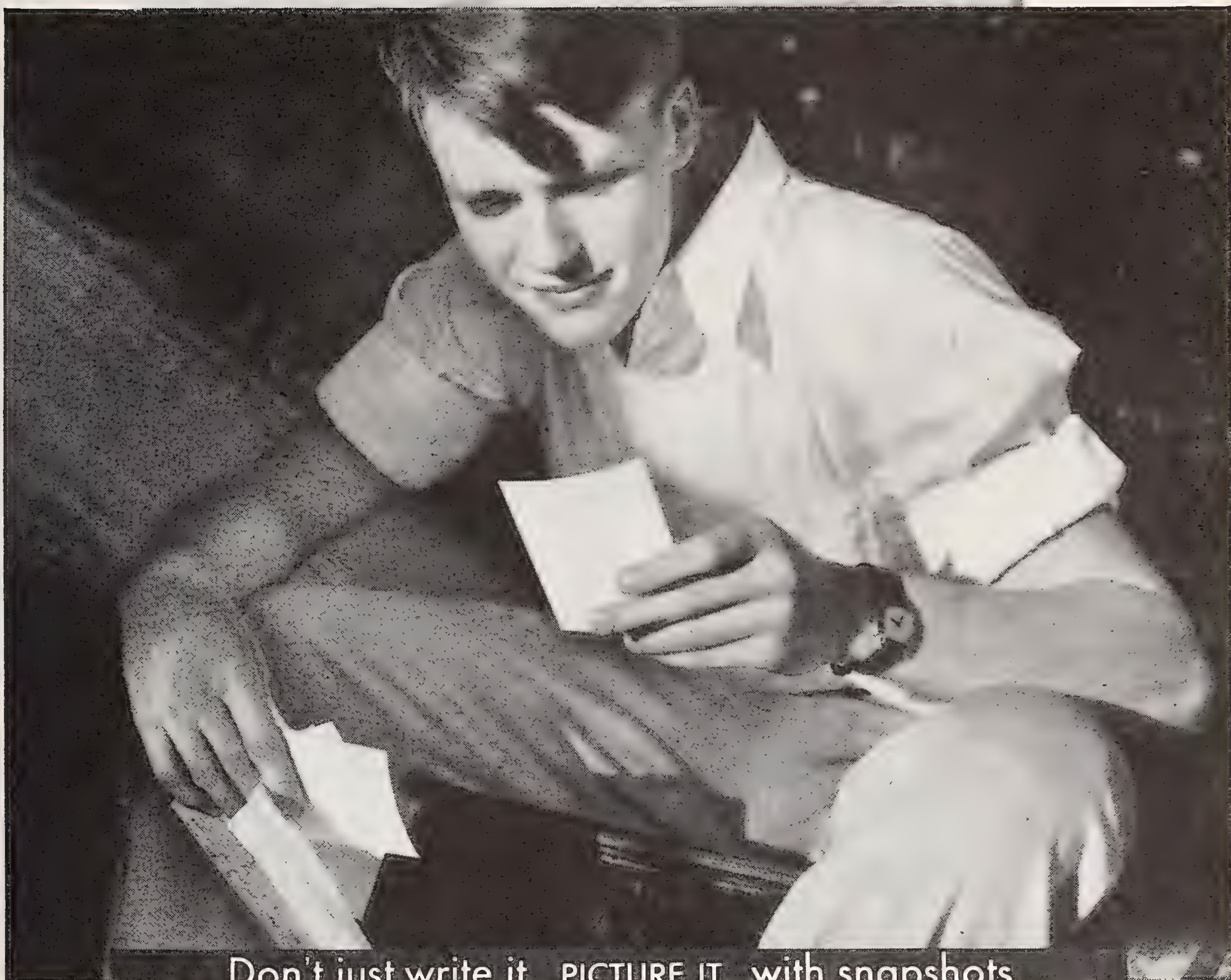
Joe Penner will soon achieve his dream of starring in a Broadway show. And when he does, the self-same New York first-nighters, who not so long ago poo-pooed him with smug complacency, will shout themselves hoarse over his non-sensical quips. The theatre-wise Broadway crowd, who pride themselves on being able to spot real talent before anyone else, will be just a few years late in discovering Joe Penner.

Meanwhile the great American public which depends on the radio and movies for entertainment has taken him to its heart of hearts. His name is a household byword in countless homes the length and breadth of the land.

Leaving the theatre, groups of happy children were gathered about the stage door. Joe prides himself on his juvenile following. He's crazy about kids and looks forward to the time when he will have a family of his own.

As I walked to the corner and surveyed Times Square, I suddenly realized how little the approval of the Main Stem really means. Broadway passed up "the duck man from Detroit!" as small-time. Couldn't see him for dust! Yet fifty million Americans can't be wrong. Joe Penner goes on and on, gaining new popularity each day. His "Wanna buy a Duck" and "You Nasty Man!" expressions, with the exact Pennerian inflections, have become national bywords. Joe Penner's success is proof positive that Broadway is no longer show business. And is Broadway's face red?

— Here are the snapshots
you asked for — I'm wearing
yours next to my heart.



Don't just write it — PICTURE IT — with snapshots

The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Ginger Rogers Fights for Her Rights

Continued from page 29

studio about fifteen thousand dollars. A pity to waste that money. Then somebody had a bright thought. Why not use those scenes for a couple of shorts? A swell thought, it was agreed. Then company attorneys pointed out that Miss Rogers had been employed for a picture titled "Gold Diggers of 1933." These scenes could not be used in another picture without Ginger's written permission.

So a representative of the company, all smiles and suavity, contacted the red-head. Would she consent to the use of the deleted sequences in other pictures? The Rogers grin tightened. She would not! Then would she grant this privilege, provided the company was willing to pay a cash consideration of, say, two thousand dollars? The Rogers grin disappeared. She would not!

The studio agent suggested three thousand. Ginger suggested where he might go—the place she named will be overpopulated if everybody goes there who is invited. Four thousand, offered the studio man. Rogers said no. Five thousand. Six thousand. Seven thousand. The agent at last reached ten thousand dollars, the final limit stipulated by his studio bosses. His campaign was as fruitless as a sycamore tree. Ginger showed no more interest in ten thousand dollars than she had exhibited in two thousand. The Rogers spirit has been aroused. When that happens, a million dollars can't change the woman.

Maybe you think she didn't need that money? At the time Ginger laughingly waved the ten thousand goodbye, she had no more job than a sparrow has peacock feathers.

A more recent evidence of her typically red-headed temperament occurred when a certain studio official telephoned Ginger and said, "Tonight we are staging a special radio broadcast to exploit our new musical that you're in. Will you please be at the broadcasting station at seven o'clock sharp?"

"I'm sorry, but I can't be there," Ginger answered. "I have a previous engagement."

"This is important to the picture," said the official. "Mr. X (studio chief executive) requests that you be on hand." Then the speaker added significantly, "I think it will be wise for you to be on hand, and not anger Mr. X."

Until the gentleman uttered that veiled threat, Miss Rogers had been scouring her mind for an excuse to break her other engagement, in order that she might attend the broadcast. The innuendo fired the Rogers spirit of independence. Gone immediately were all thoughts of cooperation.

"You tell Mr. X," she said, cutting every word as sharp as a freshly opened razor blade, "that Miss Rogers will not be there."

Soon Mr. X himself called. Now had he been slightly more persuasive, and somewhat less bellicose, he might have undone the handiwork of his lesser official. As it was, he turned away from his telephone, about two minutes after his first hello, a very red-faced, frustrated man.

Ginger did not attend the broadcast. Consequently, when the picture was shown in Hollywood, Ginger's name was reduced in all advertising until it could hardly be found without the aid of a microscope. Although she was actually one of the stars, the names of everybody in the cast were listed over Ginger Rogers!

But did Ginger have the last laugh! The first few days, the theatre did an ob-

noxious business. Forced to do something to offset a bad week in Los Angeles, the company executives hastily restored Miss Rogers' name to feature position. Promptly, business boomed!

Like the red-heads who have preceded her, Ginger is hot stuff at theatre box-offices. Of course, she is comparatively a screen newcomer, with only two seasons of experience behind her. Despite her newness, hundreds of theatre men who attended a recent convention in Hollywood pronounced her one of the year's foremost money-makers. She has been elected "favorite screen actress" in half a hundred



Fashion note! Jean Harlow favors white silk shirts with her initials monogrammed on the pocket, as you can see for yourself in the picture above.

school and college contests throughout the country. Yale recently named her over Greta Garbo and Katharine Hepburn!

On recent successive weeks, a San Francisco theatre booked two pictures produced by Radio. The first was "Stingaree," and in order to put this production over in a big way, thus to encourage widespread publicity and interest, studio executives sent a dozen actors and actresses to San Francisco to make personal appearances.

The following week, the same theatre exhibited "Finishing School," which is as far from being one of the season's best pictures as Iceland is from being a pleasant winter resort. The smart theatre manager flashed Ginger Rogers' name on the marquee, used her name in big letters in all advertising—and came within a few dollars of equalling the box-office record established the previous week, when the dozen stars had made appearances.

"Biggest new name in pictures today," this theatre man told a studio executive. The official must have believed the theatre man, because within three weeks after all this happened, Miss Rogers had been signed to a long-term contract by Radio.

Despite her fieryness, Ginger is one of the most lovable girls in Hollywood. She

is what is commonly called a "good fellow." Her sudden success has affected her no more than another egg increases the ego of fowldom's champion egg-layer.

Despite her business acumen, Ginger (her friends often call her "Gee"), is amazingly like a small girl. She is excessively fond of sports and games. She and Lew Ayres play tennis almost daily when they are not working. They play in the skimpiest uniforms—Lew in shorts; Ginger in bathing suits, or else shorts and athletic shirts. She plays tennis better than the average man. She played her first game only a few months ago, but today there are not half a dozen screen stars who can beat her.

At ping pong, she has no peer among the actresses. She can run faster, jump higher, and ride a horse better than any other girl athlete on the screen. Of course, these are not particularly boastful statements intended to make Ginger look like another Babe Didrikson, because as a matter of fact, there are few real athletes among the screen stars. Most of the actors and actresses are too busy being important, or looking beautiful, to bother with such strenuous things as playing tennis, or flying kites over mountain sides, or playing cop-and-robber with a gang of fun-loving men and boys.

"The most important thing I've learned is getting the most out of life," Ginger told me during one of her rare serious moments. "Why do things you don't want to do? Of course, I don't mean that I never inconvenience myself to oblige other people. But as long as I am the only one affected by my actions, I intend to do just as I darned please."

Of course, the one great question mark that hovers around Ginger punctuates the query: Will Ginger marry Lew Ayres?

She doesn't know. He doesn't know. Right at present they are too good friends to think of marriage. They play together at tennis. They ride together. They shoot at targets, with rifles and pistols, far up in the Hollywood hills where Lew's house anchors to a mountain-side, like a lonely castle overlooking its grounds. They are the best of friends. Maybe they're in love, too. As yet, nothing has happened to make them understand that they are in love. They talk about marriage, but when they talk about it, they really get further from marriage.

Some day, something may happen to awaken love—the love that is now secondary to their friendship. What that something is to be, who can foretell? Or maybe that very spirit of independence that has proved a stumbling block to so many high-handed motion picture executives will receive a jolt. Such a jolt, for example, as might occur if Lew Ayres, in a fit of temperament, should say, "I wouldn't marry you if you were the last woman on earth."

If Lew ever makes such a rash statement, I wager he'll be Ginger's husband before he realizes how it happened.

I hope Ginger's spirit is never tamed. In Hollywood, among a horde of spineless men and women (not all, but a great part), it is exhilarating to know that at least one is not a slave to Mammon.

I hope that Miss Rogers, like Clara Bow before her, keeps fighting. Through peace and trouble, Clara kept her chin aloft—and Clara found happiness. Clara is dwelling in happiness today. That usually befalls people who uphold their self-esteem. I am reasonably sure it will happen to Ginger Rogers.

Salutes and Snubs

Continued from page 8

FRIENDS INDEED!

I am a "lady of the road," a traveling saleslady. My home, a hotel room. My friends, the movie actors. God bless 'em! They bring me new ideas, fashions, love, laughter and thrills. I love them all!

Nell Parmenter,
111 So. Tenth St.,
St. Louis, Mo.

REPEAL GLAMOR LAW?

Help, help! I'm drowning in a sea of GLAMOR! Glamorous stars, glamorous gowns, glamorous scenes! Action, plot, dialogue—all move in a smooth, monotonous obedience to Hollywood's Glamor Law. The stars are all beginning to look, talk, and act alike. Individuality is endangered. Less glamor, and more realism—*please!*

Mrs. Frank Klohs,
3205 Fort Boulevard,
El Paso, Texas.

LEADING, NOT LED MEN!

Give the LADS a chance! Don't hang them behind some woman to show her off. Girls like to look at handsome men for the same reason men look at beautiful women. We like our men with *brains*, and something besides the "I'm your dog, kick me around" expressions. Let 'em act!

Maria Baxter,
Star Route,
Girard, Texas.

SALUTE!

I just see "Viva Villa." An old man now, far from my beloved Mexico, what joy to view again those scenes of long ago! I, too, know the heartache of revolution. *Gratias*, Wallace Beery, for my happiest hour. I say no more. Tears are in my eyes.

Ferdinand Diaz,
Mt. Hope, Wash.

ARTISTS—BUT HUMAN!

Hats off! To that wonderful gentleman and actor—George Arliss, and his estimable wife. Their acting in "The House of Rothschild" was superb. Hand in hand they have made the grade, and proved by their love and understanding of each other that marriage and a "career" can be a success.

Barbara Thompson,
15132 Burt Road,
Detroit, Mich.

THIS UNDIE-WEARY WORLD!

Oh, Mr. Hays! On bended knee I'm pleading: *Please* make producers discard those hideous costumes consisting of bandeaux, panties and garters supporting black stockings with very broad expanses of femininity between! Once or twice wasn't so bad, but again and again is too much!

Ann Evans,
Box 5125,
Jacksonville, Fla.

SCREEN DYNAMITE!

How about a new co-starring team loaded with T. N. T.? I mean Mae West and Jimmy Cagney?

Would Mae tame Jimmy, or would he land her a "sock-in-the-jaw"? Theatre managers could install asbestos screens, hang out S. R. O. signs, and by employing guards avert a riot.

Mrs. D. W. McCravy,
554 Poplar St.,
Spartanburg, S. C.

Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits

Easy to copy if your hair
is not **TOO DRY** or **TOO OILY**



Both dignified and glamorous is this coiffure designed for a mysterious lady who is every inch a princess! Can you imagine making that whimsically curled bang out of oily, stringy locks? If your hair is too oily, treat it with the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* described below.



This sleek-soft coiffure was selected by an important star playing the role of a most intriguing lady. The turned-up curls must snuggle close to the head. Don't attempt them with harsh, fly-away hair. For too-dry hair, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).

To correct **OILY** hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for OILY hair



Help for **DRY** hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for DRY hair



Old as ANCIENT EGYPT New as MODERN PARIS



alluring eye make-up

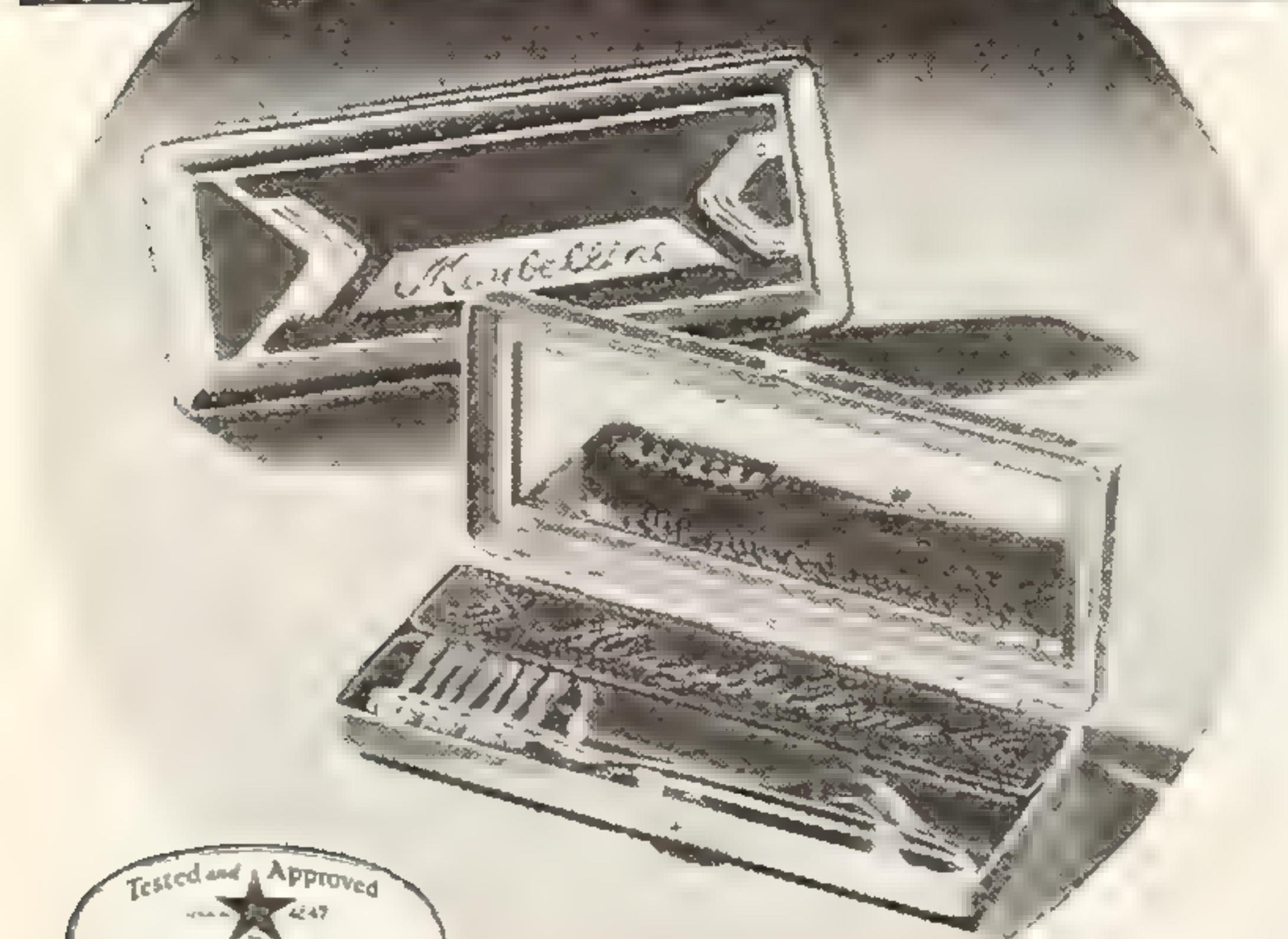
History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO

Maybelline



THE APPROVED MASCARA

Sylvia Breaks All the Rules

Continued from page 28

which denizens of the cinema capital deport themselves. Diogenes in his search for an honest man had no harder task than the person who, today, seeks to find a screen star who will express complete satisfaction with her work and what it has given her!

That's why Sylvia Sidney is remarkable in her honesty.

"Motion pictures have given me everything my heart desires," she told me gravely, when I saw her during her recent visit to New York. "I shall be eternally grateful to them!"

"There is no comparison between what they offer a player and what is offered by the stage—artistically, commercially, and in the consciousness of achievement!"

"To begin with, the personal satisfaction which means so much to a player is greater, because of the vast audience which pictures reach. Within one week as many persons see a film as would view a play on Broadway during a nine months' run."

"Second, work for the screen is so much more remunerative. This is important not only because of the comfortable present it assures, but also in the provision for the future which every actor must consider. I doubt the sincerity of anyone who minimizes the value of money!"

"Another factor of vital moment to a player—screen work is so much easier than that upon the stage!" (Yes, that's what Miss Sidney admitted!) "The results are so much more gratifying, while the responsibility upon the individual is almost negligible."

"On the stage, once an actor or actress has attained any degree of prominence, the responsibility not only for his lines but for a thousand other details, falls upon him. He must watch the lighting—and after a couple of rehearsals if he doesn't feel he is being lighted properly, he must go to the director and discuss the matter. In pictures, special electricians work under the direction of the cameraman whose job it is to see that the player is lighted properly. Failure to do so means that the cameraman will lose his job and his livelihood; therefore, he lives up to his obligation and the player need not concern himself with how he is lighted."

"In the actual rendition of lines on the stage, the director gives suggestions and instructions. But once a player steps before an audience, he makes or mars his own future. His words and actions are irrevocable. But if a scene has not turned out successfully for a picture, it can be—and is—shot over again and the actor's mistakes are eliminated."

In the theatre, an actress usually has to select her own costumes. Upon her rests the task of choosing the gown which will express not only her personality but the mood of the play and the particular scene in which each gown will be worn. In Hollywood, vast research departments and the most talented designers in the world devote all their time to the creation of clothes that will not only be correct for the film in which they are to be used, but will also flatter and enhance the actress who wears them.

"Make-up is another important item to an actress—and here again the screen is superior. On the stage, an actress makes herself up according to her own ideas and then prays that a good friend will be out in front on opening night. A real friend who will dash back-stage the moment the curtain falls to tell her if she is using too much rouge or enough lipstick, or if her

eye-shadow is dark enough. In pictures, all of these things are taken care of by experts."

"Before ever a camera is trained on a player, she has been analyzed, her coloring charted, a number of powders and rouges applied to her face, until the most flattering is found. A special hairdresser designs new coiffures and experiments with cuts and waves. Then, extensive camera tests in the make-up and coiffure follow. If they are not good, other make-up is tested, other hair-dresses are created, and more camera tests are given. If they are all right, the actress is at last ready to go to work!"

Work, to Miss Sidney, has meant heavy emotional rôles, as a general rule. Sitting across the luncheon table from her, noting her smallness, her softly ingenuous brown hair, her naïve and child-like blue eyes with the fascinating pie-shaped slice of brown in one of them, it was rather hard to understand just how and why Sylvia had succeeded in establishing herself as one of the foremost young emotional actresses of the screen today.

"I think it is because emotion comes from one's background," the amazing child explained. "I, myself, have known no personal emotional stress or travail. My life has not been sensational and any worries I have had are similar to those which every average person experiences. But for generations my family has known so much emotional strife that I think an instinctive understanding of emotion was transmitted to me at birth."

"This is an honest confession: I find emotional acting very easy! For some reason that I do not even understand myself, when I read my script and the director explains the action that he wants, I am able to feel and portray emotions of which I have no fundamental knowledge—and it is no effort."

The emotional background of which she speaks is a personal one—none of her forbears was connected with the theatre and Sylvia was the first member of her family to go dramatic publicly. This was in reality the second of the precedents she was destined to break, the first being when she changed her name from Sophie to Sylvia—because she didn't like the sound of her childhood playmates' voices when they stood beneath her window calling "Sophie."

It was while she was attending Washington Irving High School in New York City that she received an advertisement from the Theatre Guild describing the advantages of their dramatic school. Thus was the desire to become an actress born.

In the beginning, her family thought it was a whim which she would soon forget. But eventually her earnestness and continued supplications—usually expressed at the dinner-table—unnerved them and in self-defense they allowed her to quit high school and enroll in the Theatre Guild School.

Successfully completing the course of study prescribed by that organization, she portrayed "Prunella" in the play of that name which was given at the graduation exercises, and her work attracted the attention of a producer who offered her a rôle in "The Challenge of Youth" on Broadway. Thus was Sylvia Sidney launched on her theatrical career in earnest.

Other rôles followed—each one better than the one before, and within less than four years she was playing the lead in "Bad Girl." In this, she came to the notice

of B. P. Schulberg of Paramount, and was signed for pictures. Miss Sidney met with genuinely noteworthy success, success the more remarkable because she refuses to conform to the accepted formula for "How a motion picture actress should act," instead breaking precedents on all sides.

In the cinema capital she goes out but little and makes no effort to further her career by social contacts. Living quietly, she has but few close friends; and when she completes a film, instead of indulging in the usual festivities of Hollywood, she hops a train or a plane and dashes to New York for a visit with her family. Such a thing is almost unheard of in the annals of the screen great.

She does not enjoy sports, and prefers the metropolitan life and atmosphere of New York to the restful, country air of Hollywood. There is no affectation about her, she is simple and direct, honestly intelligent and intelligently honest. She does not evade questions, but if she does not wish to answer a query, simply states that fact.

While she does not relish the idea of parading her private life for the edification of an avid public, she considers publicity definitely necessary to a player and believes that anyone who elects to earn a livelihood by depending upon public patronage owes that public truthfulness and information. That she has been misquoted and misrepresented in print so many times concerns her gravely, but she does not take it too seriously.

At present she is intensely interested in her work and insists that it is her avocation as well as her vocation. "It's more fun than anything else I know!" she explains.

"Of course I love the stage, too—nothing else is quite like the thrill of hearing the applause of an audience. But that is because it pleases one's vanity. I honestly believe that the real future of every actor and actress lies upon the screen.

"Hollywood has given me opportunity, success, fame, and money. The least that I can do in return is to give it my complete loyalty!"

Lady Can You Spare the Time?

Continued from page 58

born and an olive-skinned lady she would die. (She insists now that she nearly did, due to her own ignorance and foolish notion. She worked so hard with those bleaches that she almost ruined her skin.)

Now that sort of thing is exactly like broccoli trying to make itself over into turnips, or the other way around. The answer is it can't be done and it is absurd to try. Don't ever try to change the natural color of your skin. I am repeating myself, but it is important. Know what that natural color is, then make it look its loveliest by the right kind of care. I stress this so because before you start to bleach your skin, you must know at what you are aiming. Otherwise you are sure to be disappointed and to blame the bleach for something it never promised to accomplish; for something which, if it is a conscientious bleach, it never would want to accomplish at all.

However, come Fall, most of us, no matter how careful we have been, have a thing or two to do to lighten our complexions. Select a good mild bleach. It doesn't make so much difference just which one you decide on. The important thing, once you select one prepared by a reputable cosmetic house, is to use it faithfully according to

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Film is that slippery coating on your teeth. Film contains the germs associated with tooth decay. Film invites tooth and gum disorders. Stains from food and smoking lodge in film—make teeth look yellow when they're really not.

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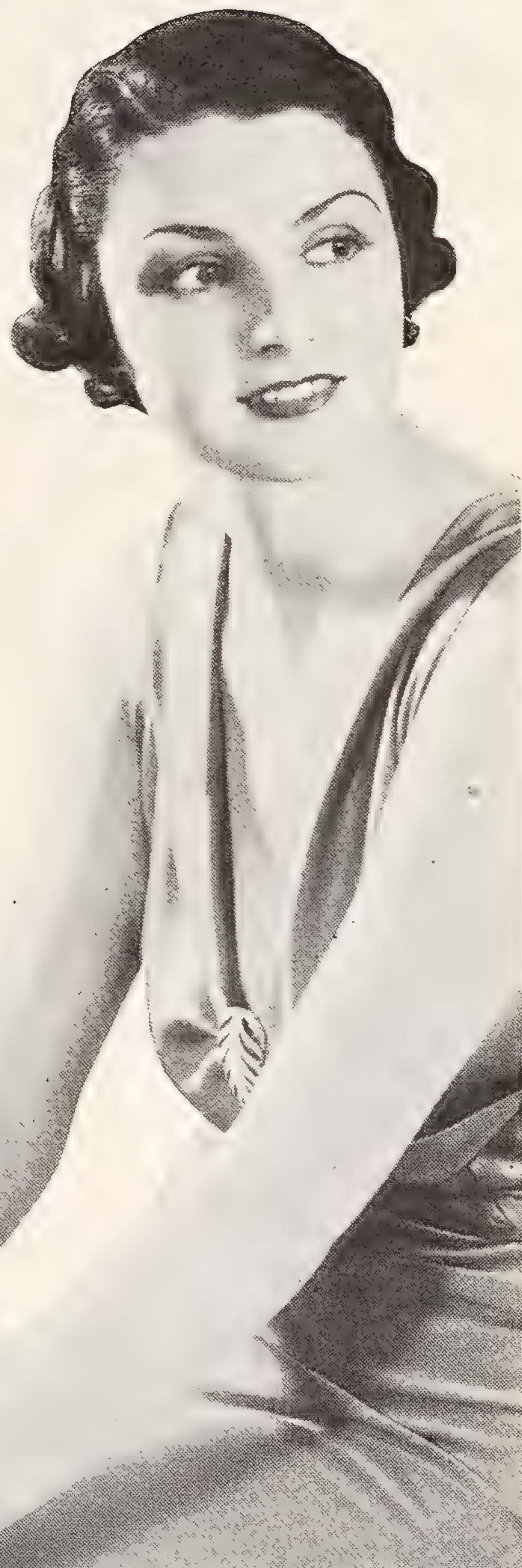
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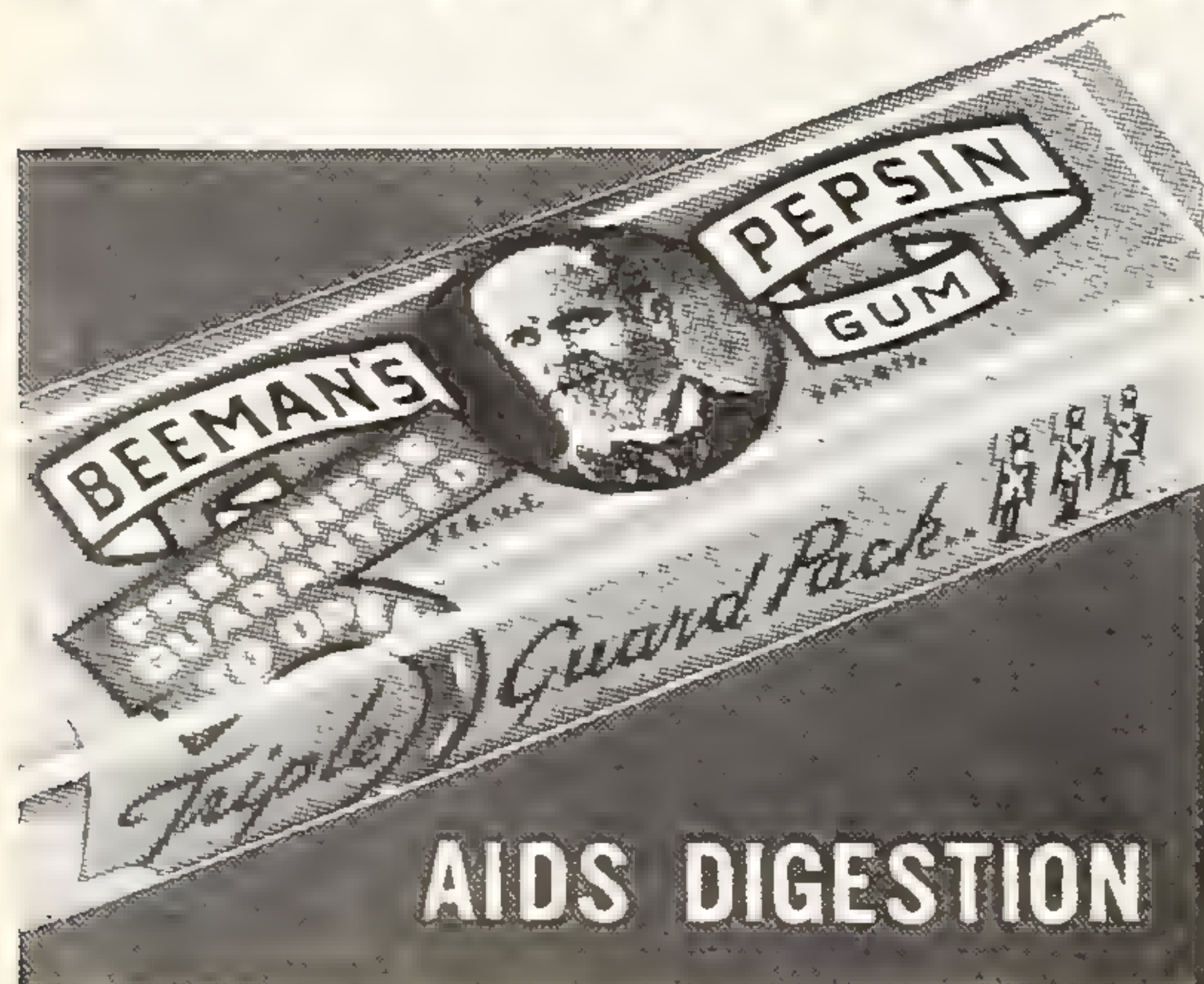
On top of the world!

CLIMB A BUILDING! Walk through air! Conquer space! Anything seems possible, nothing beyond reason, when digestion is good, when irritating little pangs aren't ragging your nerves.

Beeman's is a delightful and pleasant way to help keep digestion in order. For Beeman's is first of all a delicious chewing gum with a different flavor — cool and refreshing — kept fresh always by the unique new Triple Guard Pack.

Chew Beeman's for its savory goodness, its fragrant freshness. Buy a package today.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM



directions every morning and every night. If there is a good beauty salon close by, a visit or two there for a bleaching treatment will do your complexion and your spirits good. But you can do the job yourself.

Then, twice a week, make yourself a bleaching mask at home in this way. Take the white of one egg and beat it up enough so that it spreads easily on your skin. Add one teaspoonful of peroxide. Mix the two thoroughly together. Spread this mask over your face beginning from your chin and working up to your hairline, being careful to avoid your eyes and eyebrows. When it is safely on, lie down and rest for half an hour while the mask dries. Then wash it off. You will be delighted with the way your face looks. It will be lighter than it was half an hour ago, and it will have, in addition, a clear, clean look.

Follow this mask with quantities of nourishing cream if your skin is rather dry.

If your face is inclined to darken in special spots, around the mouth, perhaps, or across the cheeks, be sure to apply your bleaching cream.

Once a little girl who had freckles on her nose was asked about them. She replied, "God gave them to me. I have to wear them, don't I?"

She didn't—and you don't unless they become you!

Hollywood Stars Make the American Girl

Continued from page 19

ford Flash, has also started a heavy run on bangs, recently, much to the delight of the busy beauticians. At the same time, my spies all over the country have reported no heavy demand for artificial freckles, though such things happen.

Remember the Beauty Spot Madness, back in the old Clara Bow days? Or don't you go back that far? The girls of the nation had their faces positively crawling with black sticking-plaster. They looked like flies on pink icing.

Bow, that post-war hot potato, has much to answer for. Hers was "The Jazz Age," as you youngsters won't remember, and she, Colleen Moore and F. Scott Fitzgerald were its prophets.

Boys and girls were suddenly discovering Life all over the place, and Clara had all our high-school girls in skin-tight satin, with their hair looking like frayed dust-mops, as they rolled their eyes.

What type of star is it that most influences American girls in dress and make-up?

Oddly, perhaps, it isn't the spectacular ball-of-fire type like Lupe Velez. The clothes of the Maddest Thing, Tarzan's Mate, have never carried an ounce of weight with the kids.

What is even more strange, neither has the apparel of the species who seem to devote their whole public lives to Hollywood high style—the lamented Lilyan Tashman, for example.

Whenever a new fashion dingus was launched by the trade, poor Tashman's photographs crowded all the war and murder news out of the papers. Yet my experts tell me that, for all her eminence as an authority on Hollywood fancy dress, she never led the country's millions her own glittering way. Specialists say that the mass of American women considered her clothing a shade too theatrical.

The little things start big matters, as the case of Jean Harlow convincingly shows.

Did facial beauty, or acting talent, or even those roller-coaster curves, set American youth aflame? Not a spark! It was

There has been a lot of talk about where your complexion ends. Beauty experts have insisted that it doesn't end with your chin. Let me suggest that it doesn't end with your hairline either. It goes right back on up beyond your forehead. So be sure to do the right thing by your hair. After Summer it needs special consideration. A lot can happen to discourage your hair over the hot season. You can let it know you love it still, past rough treatment to the contrary notwithstanding, by giving it real care now.

In the interest of economy and of room on the bathroom shelves it is a good thing to know that one of the fine nourishing oils which you use with such good effect on your face, can be rubbed into your scalp with excellent results. Rub it into the ends of your hair too if they are dry, bristly, and unmanageable. Stick just the tiniest film on the palms of your hands, then rub it back over your wave. Done just before brushing, this will give your hair a lovely sheen.

Beauty cultivated means getting more out of life in every possible way. It means friends. It means fun. It means giving a good time as well as having one, because people will love to have you around when they are proud of you.

Can you spare a little time for it? You know you can't afford not to!

merely the amazing color, or lack of color, of her hair!

An inspired penster labelled it "platinum blonde," and a thousand Pauline Reveres carried the news across America. Almost over-night thousands of brown heads turned white, scaring poor Grandma into a fit.

It is droll to note that many of the screen's most popular women have never exerted a profound influence on nationwide get-up.

The Professor names Miriam Hopkins, Janet Gaynor, Claudette Colbert, Marion Davies, Norma Shearer, for merely a few—and dodges.

Why should this be?

The Professor, alas, only tells them. He cannot explain them.

He does know, however, that seemingly trivial things can cause national upheavals. Even the merest accident may start the girls off. A misplaced comb, the slip of a lip-stick—and ten million ladies will rush to do it on purpose.

Take the important matter of eye-culture.

My high-priced experts tell me that it was the above-mentioned Miss Garbo, who made our girls eye-conscious.

Until the appearance of those luscious Garbo close-ups, heavy-lidded and langorous, our girls had never paid great attention to their eyes save for winking and ogling purposes.

And suddenly the country discovered the paramount importance of assisting Nature with the normal eye!

Even our nicest people began to use mascara and eye-shadow. Ten years ago any woman using those devil's tricks would have been called "fast" and cut dead by the minister's wife.

Nice women even use Garbo's famous phoney eye-lashes occasionally, for evening wear, and are still received at the parsonage.

This same seductive Scandinavian, with her slinking, shut-eye tactics, turned our girlhood into a race of pale, anemic droop-ers a few years ago.

Totting it all up, the Professor sadly opines that the Stockholm Gardenia will have to answer for a goodish bit when the Last Trumpet sounds.

Through all its giddy years, Hollywood has vitally affected the Female Form Occasionally Divine.

The pleasing plumpness of the Bow Era gave place to the Living Skeleton period.

What mad days! Days of the Hollywood Diet, with its whiff of grapefruit thrice daily for eighteen swooning days! Pummelings by strong-armed Norwegians until the movie darlings were a mass of bruises! Rollings on the bedroom floor—even boiling in oil!

The country went crazy on flatness!

Fashion, that pretty, fussy thing, can be indicted for murder!

The insane slimming business drove many a lovely, shapely girl into the desert, the hospital, and even the grave. It could be fatal to be smart, in those times. And how we men hated it! For it is well known that the average male likes a sharp detour, here and there, in the female figure.

What saved the mass of American girlhood from slow starvation and the yawning tomb?

Not the spouting of some shellacked lady of La Belle Paris! Oh no! And not the United States Marines, either.

Into Hollywood came riding, on a sturdy milk-white charger, Miss Mae West, her lovely curves glowing in the California sunshine!

Women lived again—thanks to what the style world dubbed "The Mae West Silhouette." This means any silhouette thicker than a normal clothes-pole. Mae's fashion vogue lasted long enough to get the ladies to eating again.

Some of the girls found they liked the taste of food. Many devoured their first T-bone steak, with French fried, in five long years, and they loved it.

So three ringing cheers for Merry Mae! Her influence on dress may have been momentary, but it did save our girlhood from a horrible, lingering death by hunger. Score another ringer, boy, for Hollywood.

Do you ask the Professor what one motion picture star has had the greatest influence on American girlhood?

He replies, without hem or haw, Miss Joan Crawford.

Sneak into a million American homes, pry chastely into Daughter's boudoir, and you will find a picture of Miss Crawford on the dressing-table, and at least twenty in the girl's memory-book.

Long studies have convinced me that for years Joan has been Little Miss America's Ideal. Her Dream-Girl. Her Best Crush.

And why?

Simply because she looks to be what every young American girl prays to be. The Crawford face and figure are gorgeous. Her eyes are huge and appealing. She has infinite dash and spirit. She rose from a mere Charleston champ to stardom. And in ten years of screen labor as a working girl she has never failed to protect her virtue successfully and to marry the handsome young millionaire in the last reel.

The American girl watches Joanie like a hawk. A shift in the Crawfordian hairdress is tantamount to a revolution.

When I was a film magazine editor, back in the "Broncho Billy" days, we used to play a game in our office.

Whenever we had a spare page that advertisers couldn't seem to use, we procured a picture of the latest Crawford hair-comb, labelled it "The New Joan Crawford," and ran it in the magazine.

As Joan was forever fussing with her wig, we did this at least three times a year, and our girl readers seemed to love it. We lost count at sixty four "New Joan Crawfords."

Gorgeous Lemon Pie Filling WITHOUT COOKING!



Eagle Brand

MAGIC LEMON MERINGUE PIE

1½ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
½ cup lemon juice
Grated rind of 1 lemon or ¼ teaspoon lemon extract
2 eggs
2 tablespoons granulated sugar
Baked pie shell (8-inch)

Blend together Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated lemon rind and egg yolks. (It thickens just as though you were cooking it, to a glorious creamy smoothness!) Pour into baked pie shell or Unbaked Crumb Crust (See FREE cook book). Cover with meringue made by beating egg whites until stiff and adding sugar. Bake until brown in a moderate oven (350° F.). Chill before serving.

• Here's a lemon filling that's always perfect! Never runny. Never too thick. Try it, and you'll never make lemon pie filling the old way again! • But remember—Evaporated Milk won't—can't—succeed in this recipe. You must use *Sweetened Condensed Milk*. Just remember the name Eagle Brand.



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If Garbo made America eye-conscious, Joan Crawford certainly did the same for the lips. It is impossible to estimate the amount Joan Crawford has increased the sale of lip-stick all over the world. And if our girls' mouths looked like a lot of cut throats, at least the darlings were doing their darndest to follow the Dream-Girl.

What's for now, in the matter of Hollywood follow-my-leader?

Well, the girls are tucking into solid food again, thanks to Mae, and to everybody's relief—except, perhaps, the doctors. Lots of new bangs around, and a big run on tailored sports clothes.

If you ask the Professor whether this making and remaking of our girlhood is good or bad, he will reply that he thinks it is, on the whole, good.

It is the duty of Hollywood's women to be beautiful, attractive, and in as good taste as the Lord allows.

Trade follows the flag and our girls follow the Hollywood ladies—which places a heavy responsibility on the women of the film colonies, and I hope they realize it.

As for our young ladies—lawks, in my sixty-four years I have never seen American girls so pretty and so well turned-out!

Believe me, this piece is written with no tongue in no cheek. I've watched this business since 1922, and have prayed and meditated thereon.

If you don't believe what I've said, look around your own neighborhood at the minxes between 12 and 16.

See what tricks of dress, coiffure, facial adornment are sweeping the high school sororities at the moment. And I'll bet that a little further research will show a new Hollywood Dream-Girl as the leading influence and driving force!

For, papas and mamas, Hollywood's Dream-Girls make ours!



● **To your grateful relief** comes this new, improved corn plaster... DRYBAK! In six distinct ways it's *better* than old-style plasters. Entirely different in shape—the newly-conceived tabs hold it snugly in place. No bulging or overlapping. Drybak Corn Plaster is the *neatest* plaster you've ever worn—just the right thickness for protection—the smooth Drybak surface is waterproof. You can bathe without changing it. It will not chafe or stick to stocking. Suntan in color, inconspicuous, and doesn't soil. The individual medicated centers are un-

excelled for removing corns effectively.

● **Drybak Corn Plasters** are economical. A box of 12, with 8 individual medicated centers, 25c. At your druggist's.

ALSO NEW—DRYBAK WATERPROOF BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS



Hudnut's Milk of Cucumber and Orris keeps sporting skins smooth and soft.

FOR that hot feeling on your skin after you've been exercising or out in the sun; for that ounce of prevention before going out for a game of tennis, golf, or motoring, there is nothing half as satisfactory as Hudnut's Milk of Cucumber and Orris. For over fifty years lovely skins have enjoyed and responded to this beauty classic.

The cucumber makes it mildly bleaching. A combination of other ingredients make it one of the best protectives for the skin, known to the cosmetic world. It closes the pores and makes a splendid all-year-round foundation. It looks like milk—thick, sweet milk. And the smell is fresh and pleasing. You will use it on your face and throat and be so enamored of it that you will dive in and have it all over your hands and arms before you know what has happened. You will feel you could swim in it, and like it!

Soon you will be wanting to whiten your skin again for Fall. Helena Rubinstein has two marvelous preparations for you when you are in that state of mind. One is called Pasteurized Bleaching Cream. It is a cleansing cream as well as a bleach and it whitens you quite thoroughly even while it removes the dust and make-up of the day. You work it in well, let it remain on your skin a short time, then remove it with a soft cloth or tissues.

This is the moment to use the second preparation, Skin Clearing Cream. It smells of fresh almonds of which it is made and brings pleasant things to mind as you spread it on. It is one cream you may count on using down "to the last drop" as you will enjoy it so much. You won't be able to bring yourself to waste a speck. Let it remain on all-night, unless your skin

Femi-nifties

"Keep Young and Beautiful!"



Away with tan! Helena Rubinstein's bleaching duet.



A grand new Eau de Cologne by Ybry.



Yardley's Bond Street is an exquisite perfume for always.

is unduly sensitive. Then in the morning put it on again while you bathe. A week or more of this treatment will not only find your tan fading but a clear transparency to your skin which you never suspected before. It is hard to imagine a better mild bleaching treatment than these two preparations used together.

HAS it occurred to you that there are definite fashion trends in perfumes as there are in houses, frocks, or jewels? Well, there are! And one of the most fashion-perfect fragrances of the moment is Yardley's "Bond Street." The smart world is keen about it and you will catch whiffs of it as the final touch to many a lovely costume.

It is one perfume which goes graciously through a whole day. It is just as pleasant and correct on the golf course in the morning as it is in the theatre or at a dance at night. There are not many such versatile perfumes. Do men like it? Lady, if there be anything at all in potents and charms, Yardley's "Bond Street" has all their powers. Men adore it!

Take this hint too, ye early Christmas shoppers: "Bond Street" makes a lovely gift and one which will meet with an ardent reception anywhere.

Ybry's new Eau de Cologne is a work of art. It is made of natural, fragrant oils, aged and skilfully compounded. It smells a little like a grove of orange trees in blossom, but the delightful odor which really lasts

and lasts is only part of its charm. It is invigorating and stimulating to your skin. After you use it you feel as if some magic little breeze had come along and pepped you up all of a sudden! Rubbed in your skin it not only cools but relaxes your muscles. It is perfect for use after sports of any kind.

I RECENTLY watched a famous tennis player in a championship game. After each set he dashed Eau de Cologne over his forehead and into his hair. It refreshed him and helped keep his head clear for his

game. Are you a shower addict who regrets now and then that bath salts and gay fragrant crystals don't go with showers? Cheer up! Here is a trick worth two of that. Take your shower, then dash Ybry's Eau de Cologne on you as you step out. No perfumed bath was ever nicer. And if a really cold shower brings up the gooseflesh, take a tepid one, followed with Eau de Cologne, and you will have all the fun of a cold shower with none of the shock. Eau de Cologne closes your pores, tones up your skin, gives you that same peppy feeling which comes from a cold shower. And it's a lot pleasanter.

The container (illustrated here) is a perfect copy of an antique French bottle. Even the delicate amber of the glass has been successfully imitated. A precious thing to have on your dressing-table!

Bing Crosby's New Co-Star

Continued from page 17

you want me to do in this shot?' You never have that with Miriam."

And then I could understand the whole thing—why actors don't go into ecstasies at the thought of working with her. Picture-making is a business. When Miriam has these conferences with herself before she goes into a scene, it's for the purpose of developing her part—building her performance up to top-notch. Naturally, she's not giving herself any the worst of it and actors not so quick witted are pretty sure to come out at the short end of the horn. Well, I can't say I blame her.

In a casual conversation with Miriam you get nothing of all this. When she enters a room her charm strikes you like something tangible. You don't exactly get the impression of helpless femininity—her intelligence is equally apparent and precludes any possibility of that—but you do have the feeling that here is a girl you'd like to date. That she's a darn sight shrewder than you—or any other man—is something that never occurs to you.

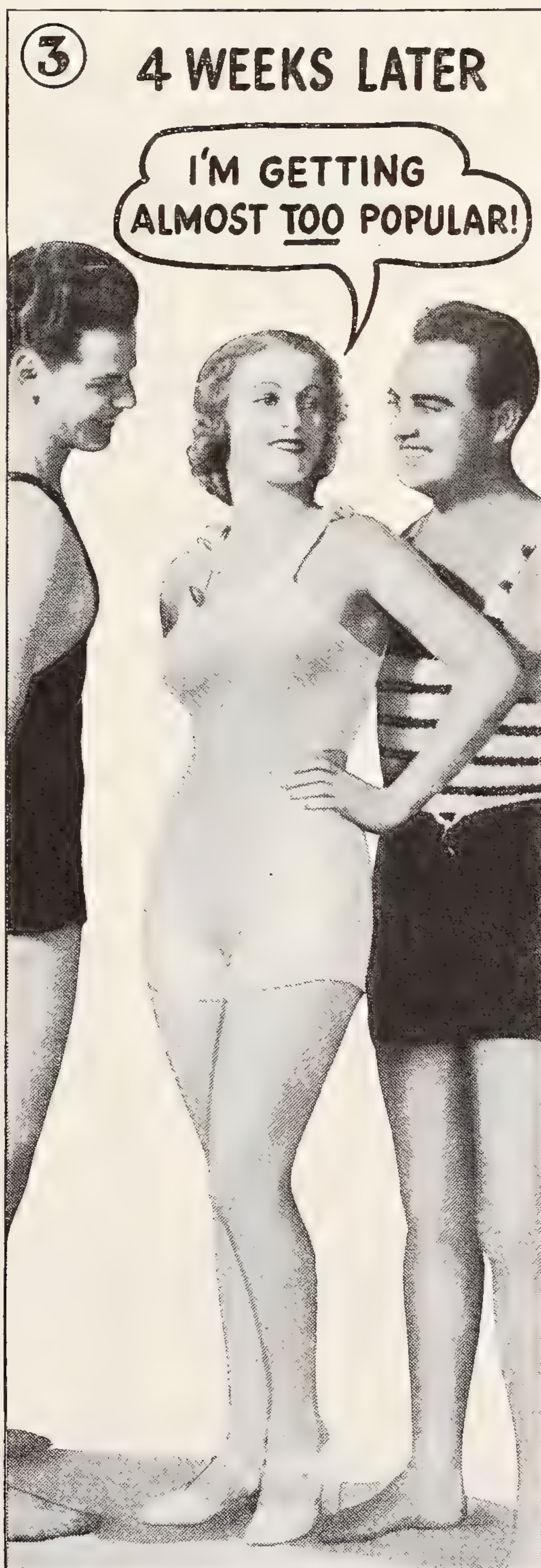
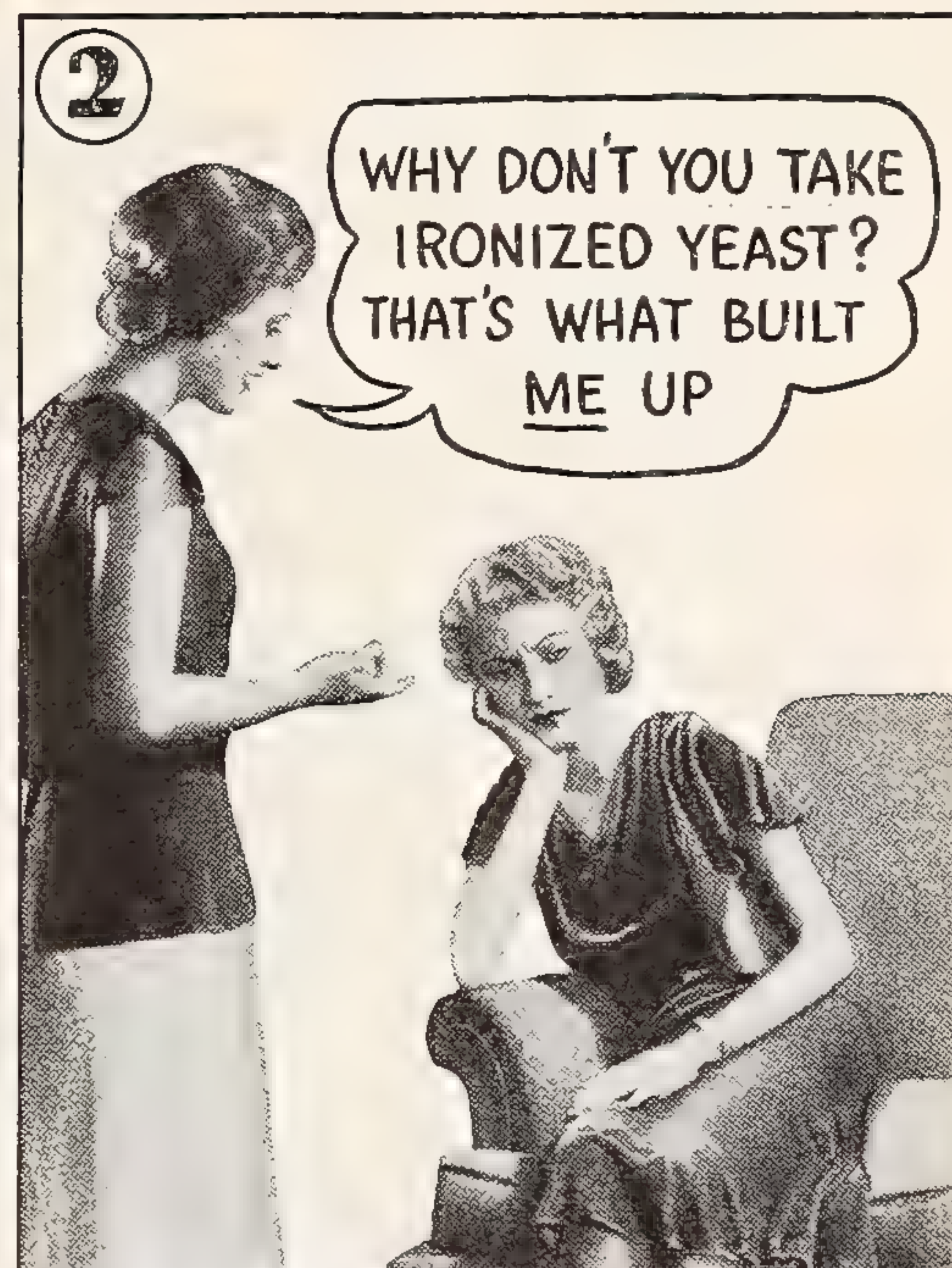
"I loved doing that picture," she cried enthusiastically. "I don't know why I should have, though," she added. "I was ribbed more unmercifully on that set than I have ever been in my life. Bing, Eddie Nugent and Warren Hymer used to kid me to death. When I returned to work after I'd broken those two little bones in my foot, they used to look at me, shake their heads and say, 'Hoppy, you're limping on the wrong foot. You'll give yourself away.' But I loved it!"

"Elliott told me," I put in, "how you probably give more thought to every scene before you go into it than any actress he's ever worked with. Bing gives no thought to it. He stresses the fact that he knows nothing about acting—that, as he puts it, he just dropped off a load of pumpkins. Wasn't it disconcerting, after you'd thought everything out technically, to work opposite someone who didn't understand the fine points you were trying to make? I'd imagine it would be like playing poker and making a swell bluff—scaring everybody out of the pot and then having some dub who had no business in it in the first place, call you because he didn't understand the game."

"No," said Miriam. "There are two ways of doing a scene: intuitively or technically. Either or both can be right. Bing is just a natural—an intuitive actor. I liked working with him more than almost anyone I've ever worked with. If I had

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—by Gil



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for me!



"NEVER AGAIN. From now on I'm through with blind dates. I don't say a girl must be pretty. But she must be some other things. Why on earth doesn't this girl know she ought to do something about it?"

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Just a little half minute when you dress to smooth on a bit of Mum, and you can forget your underarms for *all day*.

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Use Mum regularly every day. Then you'll offend no one with this unpleasantness which always robs a girl of popularity and admiration. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

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a scene where I was supposed to be talking to him, he'd listen—and the audience will be able to tell that what I say is registering with him. Many actors who are camera-wise would either be looking over my head or else be gazing fondly in the direction of the camera.

"You know," she went on, "I wasn't supposed to come back to Hollywood until September. I had two more pictures to do on my contract. When this part came along I thought, 'Well, it's a good part. If I don't go back until September my contract won't end until November or December. The fall season in New York will be ruined for me. If I go back now and do this picture, it'll be a good film. I can do the other one right away, too, and I'll be free by August. *Free!*'" she exulted.

"Say," I interjected, "that's another thing I wanted to ask you about. You're supposed to be the pampered darling of the screen—the best stories, best directors, best casts, best everything—and yet, apparently, you prefer the stage. How come?"

"I *don't* prefer the stage," she cried. "It's just—just different, that's all. I prefer New York to live in because I like to feel I'm in the midst of things—feel I'm where things are happening. I love to bump into friends and possibly have one of them say, 'Have you heard Lotte Lehmann sing *Isolde*? She's simply *divine*' and be able to say—as really happened—'Oh, yes, I heard her last Thursday and she fainted at the end of the first act.'"

"And I love walking along, say 57th Street, and glancing up to find there's an exhibition of Matisse's work and think, 'Oh, I must drop in here.' And all that sort of thing. I suppose there is culture of a sort out here but it can only be dug up at very great effort. The distances are so tremendous. The things you care about seeing or hearing or doing are strung out all the way from Santa Barbara to Pasadena. Even if a concert or an art exhibit is no further away than Los Angeles, *that's* a good hour's drive each way.

"In New York most of the activity is centered between 30th Street and the 70's. If I'd never come out here I suppose I'd have gone on rushing hectically from this to that and from that to the other thing. Out here, when you're not working, there's nothing to do but relax."

"But do you?" I asked. "I've always understood your nervous energy keeps you skipping all over the place."

"No!" she answered promptly. "People who say that don't know me. I swim or lie for hours in the sun—when there is any," she added glancing out the window at the "unusual weather." It was raining—in June!

"I think," she went on, "after you've once become used to this place, you almost *have* to come back here for a while every year to recuperate from New York and avoid a nervous breakdown. Would you like a highball?" she asked suddenly, "or would you rather have tea? I'm going to have tea."

"Tea for two," I murmured weakly.

While she was gone I glanced around the room. A long, low divan, deep easy chairs, a beamed ceiling. At the far end of the room a patch-stone recess in which was an enormous fireplace with a heavy beam over it for a mantel. Old pewter plates and pitchers rested on it.

"I love this room," I vouchsafed when she returned.

Miriam glanced carelessly about. "It is nice, isn't it? Lubitsch copied it in the new home he's building. It's a reproduction of the living-room in an old Mexican farm-house."

My roving eyes took in the books on the table, the other homely little touches. "Is it your house?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Just rented. You see, I've just bought a house in New York. I don't think you can have homes in two places—unless you're fabulously wealthy—which I'm not. You want your books all together and all your other things. If you split them up you don't get any real pleasure from either place."

"Ah!" I cried triumphantly, "if you don't prefer the stage why did you buy a home in New York when pictures are made on the coast?"

"I explained," she said patiently, "that I prefer *living* in New York. I want to live there when I grow old and it's where I want to die."

"That's a cheerful thought to be carrying around," I laughed. "What period are you furnishing it in?"

Out here in Hollywood, if your home isn't furnished in some particular period—well, you just don't belong.

"No period," she replied promptly. "I *loathe* these places where they take you through and proudly say, 'There isn't a single piece that isn't in the period' and 'This is my French room' and 'This is my Georgian room,' etc. I have a few good pieces—our family silver, a couple of nice oil paintings of my grandparents, and things like that. For the rest, I want to furnish it gradually—just picking up odd pieces at galleries, auctions, sales and wherever I happen to find something I like."

"There is a man named Hans Brinton in Westchester, just outside Philadelphia, who knows more about antiques than anyone I've ever met. Hergesheimer got all his material for 'Java Head' from him. I want to go down and consult him."

"Brinton!" I exclaimed. "He and his wife are great friends of my mother's. She's often visited there."

So we chatted a while of the Brintons and then Miriam returned to the subject of pictures. "I don't intend giving up my picture work entirely. My contract, as I told you, will be up in August. I don't want to sign another one. Paramount is all right but I just don't want to '*belong*.' Mr. Cohn of Columbia wanted me for two Capra pictures—'It Happened One Night' and 'Twentieth Century'—both of them hits. Paramount wouldn't lend me. So now Mr. Cohn and I have made an agreement that I'm to do a picture with Capra in 1935."

"It will be ideal to spend the summers out here making pictures and the fall and winter in New York. I'll be free! I can go to England or China or Afghanistan if I feel like it. I may *not* go—but knowing that I *can* go if I want to will be—well, great!"

"If a suitable play turns up I'll love doing it, but nowadays you're lucky if you get a run of from two to six months. The rest of the time I'll be able to do whatever I want."

We were interrupted by the entrance of Michael, Miriam's two and a half year old adopted son. "C'acker!" demanded Mike.

Miriam gave him a piece of oatmeal cake some friends had sent her from Scotland. Mike promptly dropped it on the floor. "Oh, darling," she laughed, "look what you've done. Well, eat it anyhow. It won't hurt you. A little dirt will probably do you good."

The phone rang. Drat telephones! When Miriam returned she faced me regretfully—or did she? "I'm sorry, but it was the studio. I've got to go over there for a retake. I'm afraid I haven't given you very much. I'll tell you," she exclaimed as a bright thought struck her, "you just write a story about me!"

And so I have. But no story could ever do justice to the girl who strikes terror into the hearts of directors and actors before they meet her and whose charm makes slaves of them afterwards.

Mrs. Tarzan Tamed?

Continued from page 20

saint. While I sat by the bedside, awe-stricken, she prattled wistfully of her Beverly home, denied the bruises softly, and toyed with a couple of these idiotic little Chichuahua "dogs," which she called—believe this or not!—her "chickies."

This Lupe Velez, the screaming hoyden? Impossible! They had rung in a double on me. Or else the little tigress was on her way to Heaven with a sad attack of pernicious anemia!

I left the place grief-shaken. Another great Hollywood Legend—like Garbo's gorgeous indolence, or that half the world wants to kidnap an actor's adopted baby—was passing. I ordered a new black suit, and sent a dozen calla lilies to the erstwhile Mexican tornado.

Johnny was holding her hand those times when he wasn't out golfing, and no doubt swinging from tee to tee. In a few days she would fly back with him to her beloved home, to spend her declining days in fasting and good works.

And suddenly the sun shone again, and a great wind blew up out of the East!

The Velez appeared at the local airport to board her plane for the West. Under each arm was a "chickie," wet-nosed and bored.

"Sorry, Miss Velez, but you can't take those—er—dogs aboard the ship."

Miss Velez registered Mexican misunderstanding.

"Pardonnez, Senorita," said the man in blue, a bit louder, "Vous cannot apportez les petit dogs aboard le airplane!"

The air turned blue, shot with dazzling electric sparks.

"What you say?" remarked Miss Velez, with such lung-power that ships were rocked far at sea, "I can't take my chickies on these plane? Arrrrrrh!"

With that she tore her tickets into snips, hurled them into the official's purple pan, and an hour or two later was aboard a good old train bound for the little pink home in the west.

It was these "chickies" that, I think, had frightened me most during my historic interview with a Mrs. Tarzan gone tame.

"Mr. Weissmuller gave them to me," she crooned, kissing their damp snouts. "Aren't they the cutest doggies in this world?"

I passed, and asked if they were married. "No, they are brother and sister," said the cooing foster-mother. "Touch me and see what happens."

So I touched her—why not?—and one of the chickies lunged at me with his needle fangs bared. I fell off my chair and changed the subject.

As for the bruises, Lupe was sad and pained on the subject, instead of cussing out the gossip-spreaders for a lot of puffed adders. I felt sure that the girl was sick.

Of course, I didn't get the break that fell to the lot of one New York reporter, a lady.

When this sweetheart of the press asked about the alleged contusions, Lupe leaped from her cot in her birthday suit, exclaiming "Ho! Take a look! See if you can find any black and blues!"

Of course, I expected no such boon.

But I guess the worst of a Lupe Gone Sissy was the matter of HOME. Can you imagine the Tiajuana Tornado mooing about HOME?

I had innocently asked the girl what she was going to do when she finished exciting the New York rubes.

She gave me the look of a rapt sorority girl before Gable's picture.

"I am going HOME!" she sighed.

It was like Lillian Gish with a Dear

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won't tell*

A lovely skin . . . classic features . . . ravishing eyes that seem to dance like stars in the zenith at midnight—all of these your mirror may reveal. But—if Charm and Personality are lacking, then your dreams of social prestige never materialize—they fade like a mirage at the most critical moment. Perfection of appearance is not all essential—Poise and Personal Charm are more important to Social Smartness. Under Antoinette's intimate guidance, you may, in your own home, acquire the art of dramatizing your personality—of making your appeal a thousand times more glamorous. Write today for my free book, "Fascinating You." It is

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Attention Sec'y AB

Antoinette
SCHOOL OF PERSONAL CHARM
Hollywood-California

Little Baby in her arms. I almost cried. "Oh," she went on, "I can't wait to get home. I am making my house BEEGER! Especially the bathrooms. I love a BEEG bathroom!"

That blow nearly killed father.

I tried to get her away from Chickies and Domesticity—to lead her thoughts back to Hollywood, scene of her gaudiest and most spectacular feats. Several times the United States thought seriously of giving Hollywood back to the Mexicans, and sending out an American consul.

"Do you still like to go to the fights in Hollywood?" I asked.

"Oh, sure," she said, "I love the fights. I know all the fighters, too. I coach them from my seat."

I could imagine a boxer looking over at his fair coach at the ringside and getting knocked colder than a planked shad.

Then I tried to rouse the old Velez dander and pride.

"Are you still the loudest yeller at the fights?"

Lupe smiled sardonically.

"Yell? ME? Ho! Ho! You should hear Connie Bennett! She can yell louder than me! Oh boy!"

I gave up. Little Miss Cayenne had gone modest, too. Did you ever expect to see the day when one of the old Velez clan would admit to being out-hollered by a mere Bennett—even a Bennett married to a French marquis? Neither did I!

The fire-ball seemed so very serious about her future labors—always a bad sign. A true Velez takes her work where she finds it. She can take her toil, or leave it alone.

She planned a few more weeks of personal appearances, including a ha-cha week in Chicago with the Big Fair at fever-heat. Later, two weeks in South America at a staggering fee, with all expenses paid to boot. Still later, good old pictures.

Lupe's term at Metro has run out, and she sheds no tears—not because she disliked working for Leo, the Fly-Snapping Lion, but because she prefers to free-lance. It's hard to imagine the Wild One shackled by a contract.

Yes, sir, Lupe gave us all a few bad days, in New York, while she was in the midst of her Sweet and Injured number.

The minute she howled, tore up her ducats and screamed into the Newark night, we knew that all was well—that Mrs. Tarzan was herself again!

We don't mind, of course, if she loves her Beeg Home. We can even go the "chickies," I suppose, if we have to, though a world with "chickies" in it seems a little hard to take.

A domesticated Lupe, for a time, is a pretty sight. She loves her Johnnee and her Johnnee Loves her, and if she wants to Play House while Papa is in the studio jungles swinging from tree to tree, we think it is very sweet.

But we do demand that this state of sissiness be not permanent. Once in a while Velez must let off a warwhoop and leave the reservation, bounding and screaming—knocking over fake dignities and thumbing her pert nose at Hollywood stuffed shirts.

Lupe, leave us our dreams. And we'll bet anything that you can out-yell this Connie Bennett six to one! Come on, Kid!

Yes, You Can Have a Hollywood Figure

Continued from page 57

Don't go in for any diet unless you have your doctor's advice. By this I mean any strenuous or unusual diet. The ones given herewith are perfectly safe.

There are other safe ways to diet if you find you are afflicted with hip-spread, more waist than you know what to do with, or blobs of fat where no fat belongs. Business people especially will find that a good way to slenderize is to limit the noon meal. Brain workers will realize that a light lunch, principally or wholly composed of fruit, is an ideal solution to their weight worries.

This method of dieting is not recommended to those who do heavy physical work, or to those who never eat much breakfast. The light fruit luncheon not only aids in keeping the weight down, but helps keep you free from indigestion and clears the complexion.

Here are a few suggestions for varied fruit luncheons. You may have large servings of these dishes, but eat no other food with it.

- (1) Large glass of orange juice (2 large oranges), and an apple and raisin salad with dressing.
- (2) Lemonade, sliced orange and grapefruit salad.
- (3) Baked apple, fruit cup of fresh pineapple, grapes, pears and melon.
- (4) Grape juice, watermelon or cantaloupe with orange or lemon ice, a ripe pear.
- (5) Sliced peaches, fresh figs or bunch of grapes.
- (6) Mixed fruit salad, lime gelatin, orange juice.

Judith Allen had a slight bulge around her waist that she paid no particular atten-

tion to at first. She had to wear corsets in two pictures, one after the other, and they pinched the nerves in her spine so that she felt wretched. In fact, she was so ill she took treatment from a manipulator who pulled and pushed and cracked her joints and said she'd be all right. But she wasn't.

One day she was complaining on the set about how terrible she felt and one of the technicians told her I could fix her up. She came to me and I massaged her back and smoothed out the nerves. She felt so relieved and so well afterward that she wanted to do something for me. I wouldn't charge her anything, so she got to looking at herself and noticing that little bulge, and presently she came and asked for a course of treatments. In seven treatments I reduced her waist four inches. She didn't diet or exercise, just let me take it off.

But you can do the same for yourself by being careful what you eat and following the exercises I give you.

The Russian folk-dance movement is excellent for slimming the waistline. It will also reduce or develop the legs. This sounds paradoxical, doesn't it? But it's true. Swimming reduces or develops, according to your need, you know.

Here it is: Squat down, sitting on heels, arms folded on chest, spine erect. Throw the right leg out straight in front, heel on floor. Hop up and throw the left leg out as you draw the right leg back to squatting position. Repeat the leg changing, rapidly! When you have mastered this, try throwing legs out first right to one side, then left to other side and back. It is a good idea to do this to music.

I've mentioned it before, but it is so im-

portant that I will repeat it: Good posture has a great deal to do with your apparent weight. Maybe you actually haven't a "spare tire" but if you stand as though you had, what Hollywood director would look at you if he met you face to face?

Claudette Colbert was saying the other day that when she got her first part on the stage, it was the fashion for all the younger girls to affect what they called the "débutante slouch"—that is, to stand with their stomachs well in front of them, their chests caved in and a general air of having been thrown across the room and not having pep enough to straighten up.

This weird attitude was adopted, Claudette thinks, because it happened to be the style to look like a boy instead of like a girl, and standing upright would have revealed the fact that the girl hadn't the flat chest of a boy! Today, it's not supposed to be to her credit to have a figure either like a boy's or like a slate pencil, so the good carriage is back. You aren't in fashion unless you can stand up and walk as if you were proud of yourself.

You can't do much by assuming correct posture only once in a while—when you're looking yourself over in the mirror in the morning, for instance. It's something that must get to be a habit.

Incorrect posture can cause sagging neck muscles, double chins, round shoulders and flabby busts. And the relaxed drooping carriage of the spine makes for the accumulation of fat over hips, thighs, and abdomen.

An erect posture makes a person actually taller and slimmer, while a slouch emphasizes any tendency toward surplus flesh at throat, bust, or abdomen. Hold the body as tall as possible without actually rising on the toes. In this position, there is the largest space available for the organs; the muscles of the front, sides, and back are in perfect balance, none are strained; the head is erect and so poised that none of the muscles are overworked.

Every time you are standing—whether you're in line at the box-office, waiting for a bus, or just gossiping over the neighbor's fence—think of your posture and practice it. In a week's time you'll see an improvement in your carriage; in six weeks, you'll wonder how you ever stood in that slumped-over way, for correct posture really rests you and it certainly makes you more attractive.

Here's a good exercise for reducing that hip line: Clasp your hands back of your head and rotate the body forward and downward from right to left and from left to right.

The following exercise is excellent for flattening the abdomen, but it takes two people to do it, preferably a man and girl, unless you can find a very strong girl to help you, when two girls can manage it together.

The girl lies face down on the floor, arms outstretched, toes touching the floor boards. Man stands over her, straddling her body; he bends down and clasps her hands, bends her body backward in an arch and lowers her to the floor again. Do not do this until you are tired. The minute you feel weary, stop it.

Another waist-slimming exercise can be done by yourself: Put your left foot up on wall bar or small table. Raise the arms above the head and swing them down to touch the left toes. The right foot will be on the floor in what is known as first dancing position, squarely pointed to the right. Then lift the arms and turn entire body (left leg turning on the wall bar as you do so), and touch the floor with the fingers. Then swing up once more and this time bend the body forward and rest the head on the left foot. Repeat with the right foot on the wall bar.

Needless to say, this exercise is for girls who are able to do ballet dancing steps and should not be attempted if you are stiff-jointed, until you have made yourself supple with other exercises.

The woman who wants to be attractive and really young after her third decade must see to it that her body keeps up the active habits of her earlier years, and she should pay particular attention to keeping her muscles supple and flexible.

Grace of movement in walking, standing, and seating oneself depend largely on the responsiveness of the muscles and tendons controlling the knees.

An excellent knee exercise is this one: Stand with both feet turned slightly outward, one foot advanced a little in front. Rise on the balls of the feet, then slowly flex the knees deeply; rise up again, and lower the heels. Repeat six to ten times.

Follow this by the second exercise in this series: Stand erect, hands on hips. Take a long step forward with the right foot. Bend both knees so that left knee touches the floor. Rise quickly and step forward on the left foot, flexing the knees as before. This time the right knee touches the floor. Take twenty long steps with knee bendings.

As you may have noticed, the knee joint is not so beautifully formed as the ankle. Slender people are likely to have knobby knees and overweights have bulky ones. Fat knees are perhaps the worst looking. There's a bunch of muscle on the inside and the whole joint is swathed in fat. The average fat knee will respond to systematic exercise, but be sure it is systematic, and not something you do Monday morning and forget Tuesday and then Wednesday you have time for only one or two bendings and flexings, and Thursday you forget again, and then Friday you're too lazy and Saturday you feel: "Oh, what's the use—my knee's just as fat as it ever was!"

The thin knobby knee is usually weak. It bends inward, producing what are called knock-knees. Tall young girls who are underweight for their age and size, often have this sort of knee, and wearing too high heels aggravates it. The remedy in a case of this kind is a general gain in health and weight, combined with correct choice of footwear, and correct posture when standing, walking or sitting, that will protect leg muscles from undue strain.

If you are eager to reduce, you should stand up or walk around a little after each meal instead of sinking into a comfortable chair or lying down.

It's a good idea to cultivate some active outdoor hobby, especially if you work indoors most of the time.

The body needs daily exercise. Some people need more than others do, but if you can't spare more time, ten minutes night and morning will keep you in fairly good condition.

The muscles in the back become flaccid when they're not kept in trim by regular exercise. I've noticed that most women spend little or no time on developing shapely backs. Maybe it's because they so seldom see their own rear view!

If lumps of flabby flesh have already formed at the back of the waistline, they may be reduced by massage. If you can't get to an expert masseur, you may perhaps manage a self-massage, lying face downward or on the side and using the cupping and slapping massage given in the last article on the stubborn flesh.

The bicycle exercise is very good for this "fat back" ailment: Lie on the floor. Raise hips and legs from the floor and move legs as pedaling a bicycle upside down. This will strengthen leg muscles.

Stationary running for several minutes night and morning is something that can harm no one and is not difficult to do. Try it tonight.

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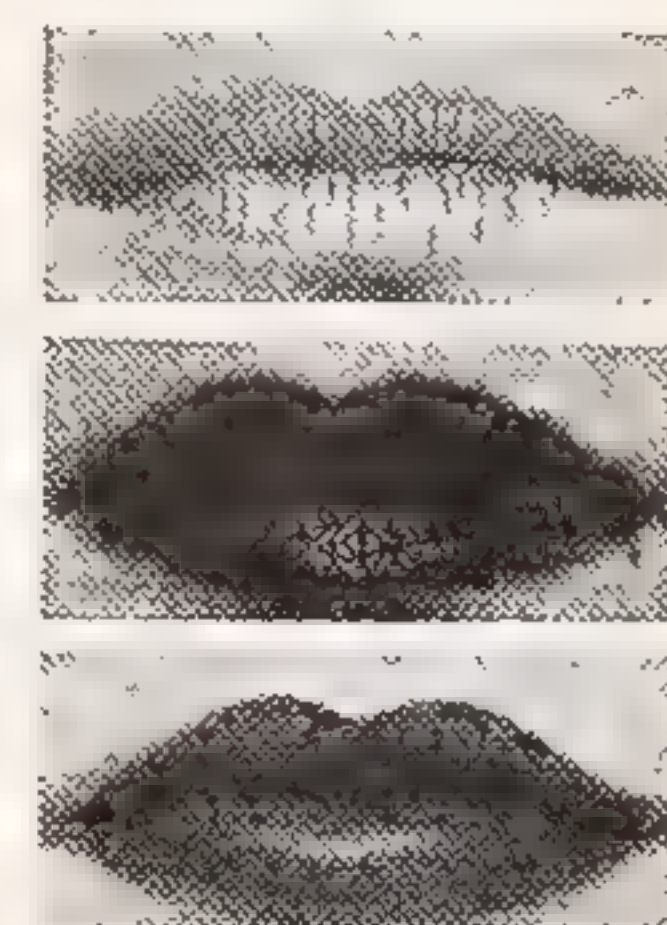
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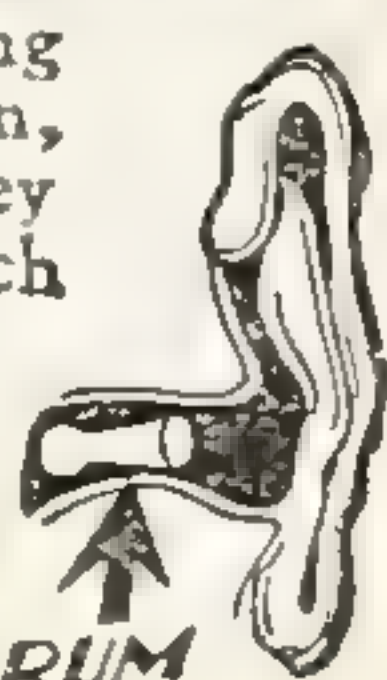
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Continued from page 31

wryly with this admission of having allowed a few million dollars to pour through his fingers.

But hey ho! Strike up the band! Here comes the parade of Warner Brother starlets—this studio's promise of new fames and names for tomorrow. Look them over, ladies and gentlemen, and take your choice. Make your bets on your favorites. Back, everybody! Here comes the parade!

Glen Boles, Enrico Caruso, Jr., Maxine Doyle. See them go past! Two fine, handsome men; one Irish lass that I'll take, if you won't. Patricia Ellis, Paul Kaye, Hal Le Roy, Margaret Lindsay, Jean Muir. What talent; what charm! Virginia Line, Phillip Reed, Phil Regan, Dorothy Tree, Gordon Westcott, Joan Wheeler, and Donald Woods. There they are, alphabetically arranged.

And who is Glen Boles? Step out of line, Glen, and meet the folks. He was born Glen Bowles, but you can see for yourself how that name might have been pronounced, so he changed it to Boles. He is five feet ten inches tall, has hazel eyes, weighs nearly 150 pounds, and that curly blond hair is natural, both in curls and coloring.

Lucky Glen, he signed a contract with the studio, and his very first picture is "Flirtation Walk," for which he journeyed to locations at West Point and Hawaii. He is California-born; in fact, until "Flirtation Walk," he had never left the Golden State. As a boy, he worked in Walt Disney's first picture, "Alice's Wonderful Adventures"—and for his services he received fifty cents a day. He earns more now, which should teach us the moral that just reward for honest labor will come in the end.

Enrico Caruso, Jr. What memories the name will arouse in the hearts of the older music lovers. A few years ago, his father was the greatest living tenor.

The son? A hefty chap, nearly six feet tall, who has the very laudable ambition to be a credit to his father's name. Italian by birth, he is dark, swarthy of skin, and handsome. Although he never sang until a few years ago—when he decided to carve a name for himself on the sound screen—he gives evidences of duplicating his father's success as a tenor. He cherishes a burning desire to sing at the Metropolitan Opera House, scene of his father's great triumphs, but Enrico, Jr., rarely speaks of the ambition, because he does not believe it possible that he can ever achieve his father's position—and he wouldn't want to go to the Metropolitan and fail.

Young Caruso's efforts have been confined to Italian and Spanish motion pictures, but now that he has mastered the English language, he'll be given opportunities that will bring him to your eyes and ears. However, if you attend the Little Theatre Movement of motion-picturedom that brings fine foreign pictures to your neighborhood house, you may already have seen Enrico Caruso, Jr., in "Les Buenaventura" ("The Fortune Teller").

Maxine Doyle is one of the periest little tricks that ever strutted a stage or winked into a camera. She is five feet, two inches from the bottom of her cute feet to the top of her curly, brown-haired head. She has ever-so-big blue eyes that do things to masculine hearts. She is so Irish that you expect her to say *begorrah* when she greets you—but she doesn't.

She needs no introduction to Washington, D. C., nor to San Francisco. She made her debut on the stage in the latter city,

and was an instantaneous success. Then she went to the Earl Theatre in Washington, presumably for a brief stay as Mistress of Ceremonies. She took the Capitol city by storm, and remained at the theatre for more than three years, which was great for Washington, and bad for Hollywood. You see, Hollywood could have used Maxine long ago.

If you haven't already seen her in "Side Streets" and "The Key," look for her in the picture that gives Maxine her first really important opportunity—"The Student Tour." It's a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture; Maxine was borrowed for the part.

Patricia Ellis is one of the veterans among Warners' young stars. She comes by her talent naturally, for she is the daughter of Alexander Leftwich, a noted stage director. She began her stage training when she was a baby, and has never left the profession for any great length of time. As a consequence, Patricia excels in numerous arts; she plays piano beautifully and is a ballet dancer with few peers.

Miss Ellis is rather tall and willowy for one so young (still in her 'teens')—she is five feet six inches in height. She has light brown hair, blue eyes, and she weighs 115 pounds. She has traveled extensively, despite her youthful years, and during her life she has visited Europe, Asia, South America and Central America. She really needs no introduction, for she has appeared in many pictures, outstanding among which are "Picture Snatcher" and "Elmer The Great."

Who comes here? Why, it looks like Robert Young! It is Robert Young! Now what can Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's Robert Young be doing among the Warner starlets? But wait; this is not Bob Young. He is Paul Kaye. He bears such a marked resemblance to Young, both on and off screen, that they could pass for twin brothers. Kaye's six feet one inch and 170 pounds are almost identical to the physical stature of his near-double. Paul has the same brown and black, riotously curly hair.

Kaye, like many other Warner players, came to Hollywood from Broadway, New York. But he had barely commenced his stage career (his outstanding play was "Lady Luck") when motion pictures scouts swarmed down upon him, and sent him to Hollywood. Perhaps you have seen Kaye in "Hi, Nellie," "Easy To Love," and "Side Streets." Warner officials praise him well, and predict a brilliant future, so keep an eye on this young man. And, er, ahem—don't remind him of his resemblance to Robert Young; Paul admires Bob, but cringes at the "they look alike" comparisons.

Comes now a tall, lanky young gent yclept Hal LeRoy. You may know him better as the screen "Harold Teen." Perhaps you saw him, in blackface, do a tap dance for "Wonder Bar." He rises to six feet one inch, and weighs only 155 pounds—he is indeed lanky. Hal has blue eyes and light brown hair. In his early twenties, he recently married Ruth Dodd, New York actress.

LeRoy is regarded as one of the three finest tap dancers in the world today. He plied his footy trade in the Ziegfeld Follies and more recently in "Strike Me Pink." Boylike, he says that the moment of greatest personal satisfaction in his life occurred when he saw a New York stage producer, who had previously told Hal that he could never succeed on the stage, walk down the aisle for the opening of the Follies, and occupy a seat that cost this producer fifty

good American dollars—cash on the line. Sweet, but innocent, revenge that.

Margaret Lindsay is another lady who really needs no introduction to regular theatre-goers. She is five feet, five inches tall, has large hazel eyes, rich glossy brown hair, and worries if her weight increases to more than 115 pounds. She is unmarried—and likely to remain so, she will tell you.

Although she was born and educated in this country, she made her stage debut in England, and when she came to America again, she was accepted as an Englishwoman. As such, she took part in the picture "Cavalcade," one of a supposed all-English cast. Her success in the picture won Margaret a Warner Brothers contract. Among her other outstanding pictures are "Private Detective 62" and "Voltaire."

Jean Muir needs no introduction, either, but like Miss Lindsay, she is one of the young Warner starlets, and must be included in this all-inclusive story. Jean, you'll remember, is the beautiful blonde who captured your eye and mine in "Son of a Sailor," and then went on to add new laurels in "A Modern Hero," "As the Earth Turns" and "Dr. Monica."

She is a tall, slender girl—five feet, seven inches in height and weighing 125 pounds (almost identical to Garbo). As might be expected of such a decided blonde, she has very blue eyes. She is an odd type for Hollywood—a girl who dislikes parties and never attends them, who rarely goes out with men, and who is seemingly disinterested in love.

Virginia Pine is that girl George Raft loves. You'll know her better by that description than by any other. She is yet very new to the screen. If you haven't seen her in "Dr. Monica," then you haven't seen her, because that's her film career—to date. But Warners promise more.

Virginia is five feet four inches tall, and she weighs 110 pounds. She has hazel eyes, and golden brown hair that is amazingly soft. Seeing her hair, one is curiously impelled to ruffle it with the fingers. She is, of course, very wealthy, both by birth and by marriage—er, ah, I mean by divorce.

Phillip Reed is the next luminary-to-be. He is that very tall young fellow (six feet two inches) with the brown eyes, black hair, and quick, friendly smile. You'd know him by his shoulders, which are among the broadest in Hollywood. Yes, he is a bachelor—and most sentimentally inclined, if you please.

He was a four-letter man at school—displaying prowess in football, soccer, tennis, and basketball. He is a Sigma Alpha Phi. He plays a violin, and sings very well, indeed. Is it any wonder that the girls flock to Reed?

Among his screen appearances have been rôles in "Glamour," "Dr. Monica," "Gambling Lady," and "Registered Nurse."

The next gentleman on our list may have given you a traffic ticket, if you happen to be a New Yorker, because once he was a cop on the New York Police Force. He is Phil Regan, better known to radio lovers as "the singing cop."

Regan is five feet ten inches tall, weighs about 170 pounds, has hazel colored eyes and black hair. He is as Irish as Paddy's pup, and unmarried. He first attracted attention to his vocal ability when he sang at a social gathering in the East. He was heard by the dramatic coach who trained Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, and Cary Grant. This coach gave Regan the advice that turned Phil to stage, radio and screen. His motion picture appearances to date have been made in "The Key," "Housewife," "Dames" and "The Student Tour" (last-named is the M-G-M picture for which Maxine Doyle was borrowed).

Dorothy Tree is a slant-eyed beauty who

wanted to become a writer, did become an actress—and still wants to write. She took part in several plays on Broadway before she went to Hollywood. Among her Broadway appearances were rôles in "Holiday," "The Marquise," and "Clear All Wires."

She came to Hollywood to play on the stage in "Grand Hotel," and she immediately attracted the attention of picture scouts, and was signed by Warner Brothers. She is five feet four inches tall, has brown eyes and dark brown hair, and wears clothes beautifully. Among recent pictures in which she appears are "The Man With Two Faces," "Here Comes the Navy," "Side Street," and "Madame Du Barry."

Gordon Westcott is one of the screen's first-rate villains, despite the fact that he is still new to motion pictures. Gordon comes from the stage, and eventually hopes to return to the stage for at least a few months each year.

He is exactly six feet tall, weighs 165 pounds, and he has brown hair and brown eyes. Off screen, he has a prepossessing smile, and looks anything but villainish—but on the screen, he is indeed dastardly. But you already know that if you saw him in "Dark Hazard," "Fog Over Frisco," "Convention City," "The Circus Clown," or any one of others of his many pictures.

Sweet, petite, and twenty-one is Joan Wheeler—one of the peppiest, darlinest little fluffs of femininity in all Hollywood. She reminds me of Janet Gaynor when Janet first came to Hollywood. Indeed, there is a slight resemblance between the Joan Wheeler of today and the Janet Gaynor of a few years ago.

Joan is a native Hollywoodian. She is just twenty-one, and she looks up with big, brown eyes from her bare five feet height. She has golden brown hair, that is wildly curly. She has a surplus of that thing called charm. Women love her; men adore her. She could be the sweetheart of Hollywood, were she not too seriously intent upon guiding her career to success.

Joan's first screen appearances have been made in "The Merry Frinks," "Twenty Million Sweethearts," and "Madame Du Barry."

Well, here we are at the end of the line. Donald Woods is the final member of the Warner Brothers' starlets. Alas for romantic inclined fans, this good looking fellow is happily married. He looks like a cross between Neil Hamilton and John Lodge; he has Neil's frank, friendly eyes, and nose, and he has Lodge's determined chin and wide, strong lips. Woods is slightly more than six feet in height, he weighs 175 pounds, and he has dark brown eyes and hair.

He is a graduate of the stage. His career has included stock companies, road shows, the Elitch Gardens in Denver, and the New York stage. He is one of the Warner studio "raves"; if he does all that is expected of him by his employers, Donald Woods will one day be one of the screen's greater stars. See him in "As the Earth Turns," "Merry Wives of Reno," and "Fog Over Frisco"—and judge him for yourself.

The parade is ended. You have just been introduced to the Warner Brothers' group of young stars of today—their hoped-for big stars of tomorrow. Watch them grow.

Next month, join me on a visit to the Fox Film Studios, where you'll find more new personalities, and where you will be given a peek into the Fox School of Dramatics, where the company's younger players are being trained for future greatness on the screen. Don't fail to see the Fox parade of its Stars of Tomorrow, in next month's SCREENLAND.

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Radio Parade

Continued from page 12

Now the fans have been besieging radio stations with letters asking where, when, how they may hear Kate Smith, and why they don't hear her. This has led to speculation with the usual crop of rumors to explain the "mystery."

"I started this theatre tour expecting it would last just six weeks," Kate continued. "Theatre engagements, however, kept coming along, with the result that instead of being at it for six weeks we have been touring with the show for seven months. I had found by previous experience that I simply could not sing four and sometimes five and six shows a day and do a broadcast without falling below par." (Kate has gone in for golf in a big way and that last is a term related to the links and not the stock exchange.)

"We had to refuse three important commercial contracts because I knew I could not do the theatre work and radio without my voice getting tired—which soon would result in the public also getting tired of me."

"When I return to radio I hope to offer something new. Maybe there will be some comedy; of course there will be singing and plenty of it. However, there's no use talking about plans, because they depend upon the final outcome of arrangements now under discussion."

The theatre tour extended from the East to the West Coast, and before Kate's show fell every house record at every theatre played in the Southwest, as well as several in other sections of the country.

"It was grand! I wouldn't have missed meeting all those people and seeing all the places for the world. It was a success in every way, financially too, for us and for the theatres. We had a company of thirty performers, singers and musicians, traveled in our own car, and all had a wonderful time. I missed radio, of course, but I'll have that back again soon, and the fan mail from the radio listeners, continuing to come in through all of the nine long months I had been away from the microphones, certainly made it perfect."

You'd guess it must have been perfect too. Because Kate Smith is one who can tell you things with all the "gestures" in her voice that go into her singing. Kate lost—probably danced away—many pounds. A considerable number for the average woman of twenty-five years, but not enough to change Kate so that her public would not recognize her. Now we, for our part, hope the new radio plans call for no changing of Kate's signature song, for no matter how good they make it, it just won't be right if we don't get that introduction, the Kate Smith voice giving a golden glow to the strains, *When the Moon Comes Over the Mountain*.

You would have been confused, too! I'm sure of it. I know I was not only confused, but dumbfounded, astonished, really taken aback.

You see, I was looking at the lady I had come to interview, and yet the lady I had in mind didn't exist at all. It was just too, too puzzling! Yet it was all very simple, really. I hadn't been deliberately duped. The facts I, as a somewhat vociferous reader of the newspapers, had read about the Countess Olga Albani were really facts, absolute facts. But sometimes facts give a wholly inaccurate impression of the person they are supposed to describe.

"In her veins flows the blood of the Spanish grandees, for she was born in Barcelona—is a real countess by her marriage to an Italian nobleman who stems from one of the oldest families of that

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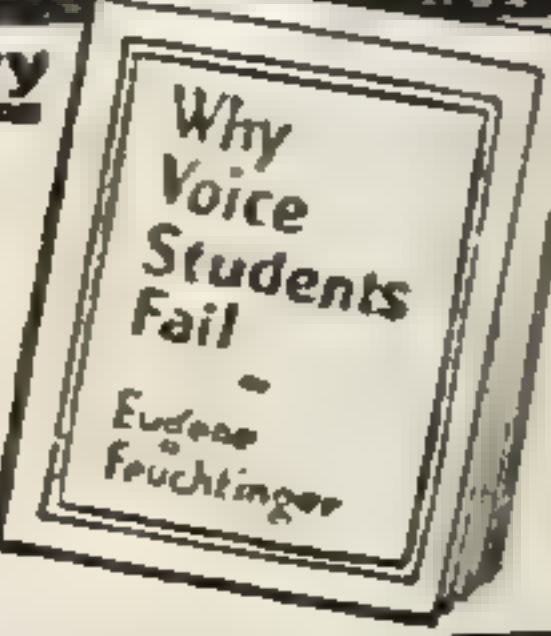
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country," etc., and-so-forth, and-so-on. Well, here was the Countess Albani right before me, seated comfortably in a corner of her dressing-room adjoining one of the more capacious broadcasting studios at the N. B. C. headquarters. But where was the "perfumed posing," perhaps; the hauteur, possibly; the regal bearing, certainly? Well, you might as well know it just wasn't.

Now it's true that the Countess Olga Albani, whose deep-toned soprano voice has been a distinguishing feature of many elaborate musical broadcasts during the past five years, was born in Barcelona, is of pure Castilian blood, and is married (happily too) to an Italian Count. It's true her full name is Olga Maria Aurora Medolgo-Albani.

But the Countess Olga Albani likes to sing a "low-down blues song," as she puts it, as well as the operatic arias, the ballads, and the current melodies. She likes prize-fights better than bull-fights—knows a lot about the former and practically nothing about the latter. And what could be more natural than that? The Countess Olga Albani, you see, was brought to this country by her parents and has lived in New York since childhood, has received all her education at American schools—is in all the tastes thus cultivated a typical American girl.

"I developed a desire for the stage when I was at school," she was telling me. "I took part in all the dramatic activities at school, went to the theatre at every opportunity. When first I proposed going on the stage, my parents objected. I had studied singing under the best teachers my father could find—but that, according to father's view, was part of my education, an accomplishment. However, I finally

won out, and went about getting a stage engagement. It developed finally into my being put into the leading rôle in 'The New Moon.' Later I sang in concert, and in 1929 I sang for the first time over the air. Since then I have been wrapped up in radio. I'll confess, though, I do like dramatic work."

One thing the publicity could not go wrong on was when they said the Countess Olga Albani was beautiful. Beauty is beauty in any language. Tallish, slim, with a willowy grace, she has eyes that dance and lips that form a gay and happy smile—and the Countess Olga smiles easily, enthusiastically, eagerly. The eyes are very dark with a slight upward slope to the outer corners, her complexion olive, her hair black and worn in a modish bob.

While doing regular weekly programs, the Countess lives in an apartment on Central Park south. There is a country home used for summer holidays. Her son, born in 1926, attends military school. When vacations are of sufficient duration to permit—as happened last winter—the Countess visits her parents on her father's coffee plantation in Porto Rico.

The radio work now is something more than merely a means of artistic expression—you know, the economic crash, which did not leave the Count unscathed. He is an accomplished musician, pianist, and the composer of several works said to have considerable merit; and had had, before things happened, an established and flourishing business as an art dealer.

If anything, all this seems to give the Countess more zest for her work—certainly she has the bubbling enthusiasm for radio that characterizes every really successful star I have ever encountered in the theatre or the broadcasting studios.

The Star Who Is Wise to Herself

Continued from page 51

herself, never taken herself too seriously.

The honesty with which she opens her innermost thoughts is positively breathtaking.

"I never dreamed I could ever be a picture star," she admits, unhesitatingly. And adds immediately, "I've been lucky, wonderfully so!"

It is just as well she doesn't rely on Al Jolson for the absolute truth about herself. Al's prejudiced, as all adoring husbands are bound to be. You may make all the fun you wish of his mammying and he will graciously put your smart cracks down to your poor judgment. Criticize Ruby and he'll escort you out to the alley for fisticuffs!

When you try to locate Ruby in a roomful of people, you look about for the quietest girl present. As soon as you've found her you forget all the spectacular ladies. She's not wise, in the worldly way many are—yet she is the spirit of wisdom about herself. This genuineness enchants you. She hasn't altered her eyebrows to suit the current mode in make-up and you sense that she never will be changed by external things. And in the latter I include everything, from Hollywood to marriage.

The envious grumbled when she clicked in "42nd Street." They said, "Well, she's Al Jolson's wife—no wonder she's getting the breaks!" Had they ever talked to Ruby they would have been dumbfounded by her own opinion of her film acting.

"I enjoy pictures, but I am sure that if '42nd Street' hadn't been such a tremendous box-office hit my Hollywood career would have ended as suddenly as it started.

I've done three pictures since and, fortunately, they've been elaborate musicals. I credit their success to the vogue for music and to the all-star casts each had. I, myself, have been just the romantic filler-in."

Ever hear such honesty?

Although she starred in two of Ziegfeld's biggest Broadway shows and is acknowledged America's most adept feminine tap-dancer, Ruby is equally straightforward with herself on the subject of Al Jolson's invisible influence.

"I imagine that there are many girls right on the Warner lot who could do as well as I've done in pictures—if they'd had the same opportunity. I believe that, being married to Al, I was thrown into social contact with the producers and they picked me because they noticed me."

Ruby faces facts, but she is extraordinarily reticent about her unqualified triumphs. After all, she had climbed to stage stardom before she met Al Jolson, and a Broadway name should be better equipped for Hollywood extravaganzas than a chorine.

Speaking of the chorus, Ruby has two younger sisters who work regularly as dancers in the huge spectacle numbers at Warners. She isn't the least backward in discussing them. Further, she assures me some of the girls with whom she worked in New York shows are at Warners, too—as chorines. She is delighted to be able to chum with them again. Fancy a star being this democratic!

But then Ruby's wise to herself. She has the adulation of millions of fans and she's thrilled pink by this new and unexpected

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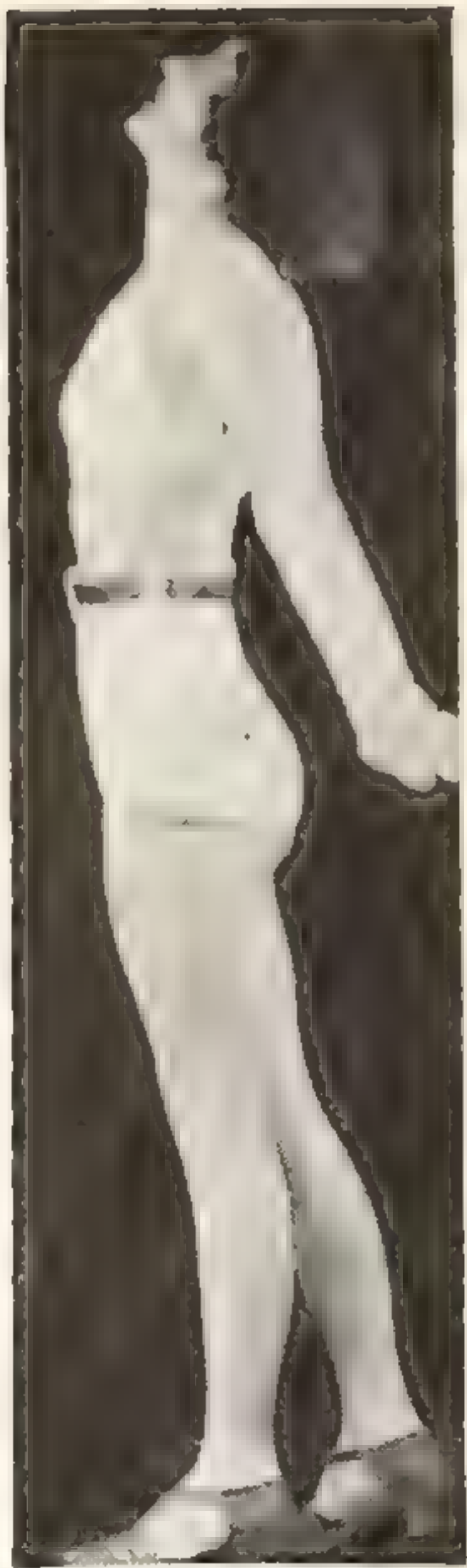


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popularity. Still, she realizes that she is, essentially, a domestic person.

Next Fall she and Al will celebrate their sixth wedding anniversary. When they married the world at large, not knowing them first-handed, shook its collective head. Here was Jolson, no longer young, a sophisticated, millionaire veteran of the show business, marrying naïve little Keeler. He'd been married before and hadn't made a go of it. She was probably dazzled by his reputation, impressed by the costly manner in which he wooed her.

Time has told!

They have proved by their subsequent behavior that they married for love. Al has settled down. He hasn't paid the slightest attention to any other woman since he discovered Ruby. He never "steps out." He lives, literally, to please her and her slightest desire is law to him. She, and not his wealth, is the most valuable reward the years have brought him.

As for Ruby marrying him for his money—that is too absurd! A woman whose passion was money would have jumped at the chance to spend. Ruby's tastes have remained as simple as they always were.

When Al is in Hollywood they reside in their lovely apartment at the exclusive Town House. It was selected because Al wishes Ruby to have every luxury. Yet she has never indulged in entertaining Hollywood, in showing off her home. When Al is away she moves in with her mother and father and sisters at Toluca Lake.

A man like Al Jolson naturally has showered Ruby with exquisite jewels. At the studio only her plain gold wedding ring is in evidence! She is too reserved to venture forth in inappropriate splendor. With a chauffeured limousine at her command, she generally drives herself to work in her Ford roadster.

There's no question of her love for Al. In fact, she is so sure that he is the grandest man on earth that Hollywood is inclined to joke of her implicit devotion. But Ruby can't be kidded about him. She knows what's what about her own heart.

That constant bugaboo—career vs. marriage—has never crossed her path. She's never once considered her acting in pictures as anything but secondary to her marriage. Fame is her avocation.

She mentioned that producers saw her at social functions. Actually, she and Al don't take in many of our Beverly doings. They turn out with the stars who are fond of the fights, though. Ruby has learned to overlook the boxers' rough-house jabs since Al gets a kick out of it. He's wild about golf. So she's made it her job to become proficient on the links, which might serve as a hint for golf widows!

"Being in a stage show is more exciting than doing pictures," she told me over a luncheon table at the studio. This reminded me to straighten my rather hazy knowledge of her pre-Jolson days.

"I was born in Halifax, and my family moved to New York when I was three." There was an older brother, now employed in Wall Street. Soon three younger sisters

increased the family's size. "We lived on the East Side. I do wish people wouldn't feel sorry for me when I tell them this. We never starved and there are plenty of nice families living there!"

Evidently the Keelers were not rolling in cash, however. When Ruby was thirteen she had to find an income. Starting in the public schools, she transferred to the Professional Children's School to capitalize on her native flair for dancing.

The feeling of responsibility which is typical of Ruby led her to the theatrical world. Alien as it was to her home environment, she didn't fool herself—even as a child. She had to help and she knew she was best suited for dancing. So, at thirteen, she turned chorine in "The Rise of Rosy O'Reilly."

From then on she forged upward by sheer ability, taking her schooling with such now-famous classmates as Gene Raymond, Helen Mack, Tom Brown, Marguerite Churchill, Lillian Roth, and William Janney. A little bird whispered to me, incidentally, that Janney was her youthful crush.

"I sat in the back of the classroom, in one grade, and Marguerite Churchill, who even then was so beautiful, sat in front. I remember how she used to turn around and stare at me, as if she were wondering how I *could* be so uninterested!"

At sixteen Ruby had mastered the art of chorusing sufficiently to warrant an engagement at Texas Guinan's El Fay Club.

"It sounds like a hard life, to have worked every night at Tex's club, but I don't regret a moment of it. It wasn't a bad atmosphere, either. None of us girls in the show were allowed to go out and sit at the tables after our acts. My mother usually stayed in the dressing-rooms.

"Frankly, so far as I am concerned, I gain more from observation than from conventional study. I learned a lot by merely watching the crowd at Tex's." In the same way she's learned about Hollywood, by contemplating from the sidelines.

Arriving home at 6 a. m., Ruby would sleep all day. Thus she had none of the customary high school period in her maturing years. By the time she was sixteen she'd enrolled in a "continuation" school.

"Two mornings a week I'd have to go to it. On those days I'd get home at 6 and be off at 8 a. m. It didn't do me any good, that school!"

"At the school, during those forenoons," she laughingly relates, "I majored in home-making. All I learned was how to stuff dates! And now I've forgotten the formula, so I can't fix them for Al. The awful part was that I had to eat them, afterwards. I used to argue that I'd gladly wash the dishes for the whole class if only I wouldn't have to *eat* the dates!"

Perhaps you haven't suspected Ruby Keeler of a sense of humor. I trust you've banished that mistaken notion.

"My first stage bit was in 'Tip Toes,' in which Jeanette MacDonald starred. She was very kind to me, but I didn't play the rôle. I went to several rehearsals and, inasmuch as I was sure of my job at the club, I didn't continue. Why? Oh—I was scared! I'd only wanted to dance. When they offered me lines I said, 'I can't do it.' I pleaded that I be limited to dancing. And there was an English stage director whose formality frightened me."

She walked out on her next show, too; but let Ruby tell it.

"I got up the courage to play a bit. Then one night I heard the stage director talking outside the dressing-rooms. He remarked, 'We'll put Ruby Keeler in another scene.' I decided they didn't like me, so I quit without notice. Three days later they caught up with me and explained they weren't mad; they were only switching my spot."



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29x5.25-19	2.95 1.15	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.15
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Specializing in tap, Ruby's marvelous rhythm made her so outstanding that, after scoring individually in three big musicals, she reached the top—stardom by Ziegfeld in "Whoopie" and "Showgirl." It was during a Los Angeles vacation following the latter that she was introduced to Al Jolson by Fannie Brice. This chance meeting occurred at the railroad station where both were welcoming friends. Within a short while they married.

Ruby confessed to me that she would like to renew her friendships with those who attended the Professional Children's School, and who are now in pictures. They'll kindly note this.

"I've been invited to 'The Puppets,' the club of young actors headed by Tom Brown, but somehow, having been married so long, I feel silly about going over there. I'd love to, though. Every time I point out some of those ex-classmates in a picture, Al cries, 'Is there anyone you didn't go to school with?'"

Gene Raymond lives in the same apartment building as the Jolsons. Ruby can't break her old habit of addressing him as Ray. "People will think me bold, calling him by his last name. But on the stage he used his real name, Raymond Guion."

On a recent trip to New York Ruby went over to the East Side to visit relatives and you should hear her account of her impromptu personal appearance!

It seems her two youthful cousins, Buster and Walter, were at the neighborhood movie the afternoon of her visit. She sat inconspicuously in a car in front of the theatre while her aunt went in to attempt to locate the boys.

"The theatre manager was out front and he began staring at me. He looked and he looked and finally came to the car and asked me if I were not Ruby Keeler. Then he asked me if I wouldn't come in and let him introduce me to his audience. I begged off. I recollected how, as a child myself, I'd hated any interruptions in the picture.

"But he persisted. I was afraid the kids would be so indignant at the film being stopped that they'd throw things at me! Sure enough, when the picture halted they started clapping and hissing. However," and she twinkled her eyes and grinned, "they did treat me very well. I said a few words and then asked, 'Are Buster and Walter here?'"

"And were they?" I interposed.

"Yes, but they were away up in the balcony and couldn't hear a word spoken on the stage and didn't recognize me.

Do you understand why I declared Ruby would be a swell friend?

She has finished "Dames," her fourth picture, and she is once more teamed with Dick Powell, her steady screen boy-friend. "I'm growing accustomed to film methods," she asserts. "At first I used to trail the directors around, querying, 'Am I all right? Did you see the rushes?' They'd reply, 'You're okay.' And that's all! In a studio there's no response immediately, as on the stage."

Ruby's still scared of the camera. They have to sort of sneak up on her with it. "If I'm conscious of where it is, I die! I try to ignore its presence."

This radiant Ruby Keeler may not have delved into deep books of philosophy, but that her thinking is intuitive is immaterial. The fact is that she *does* think.

"I never thought I'd be 'up,'" she said to me in farewell. "I am, but I wonder for how long? Of course, I'd like to progress. But, I wonder, am I capable of being more than an ingénue? I know one thing about my film career—I hope I'm always in pictures that have a lot of *big* stars in them!" Miraculously wise to herself, she concluded, "So far I've been just incidental accompaniment!"

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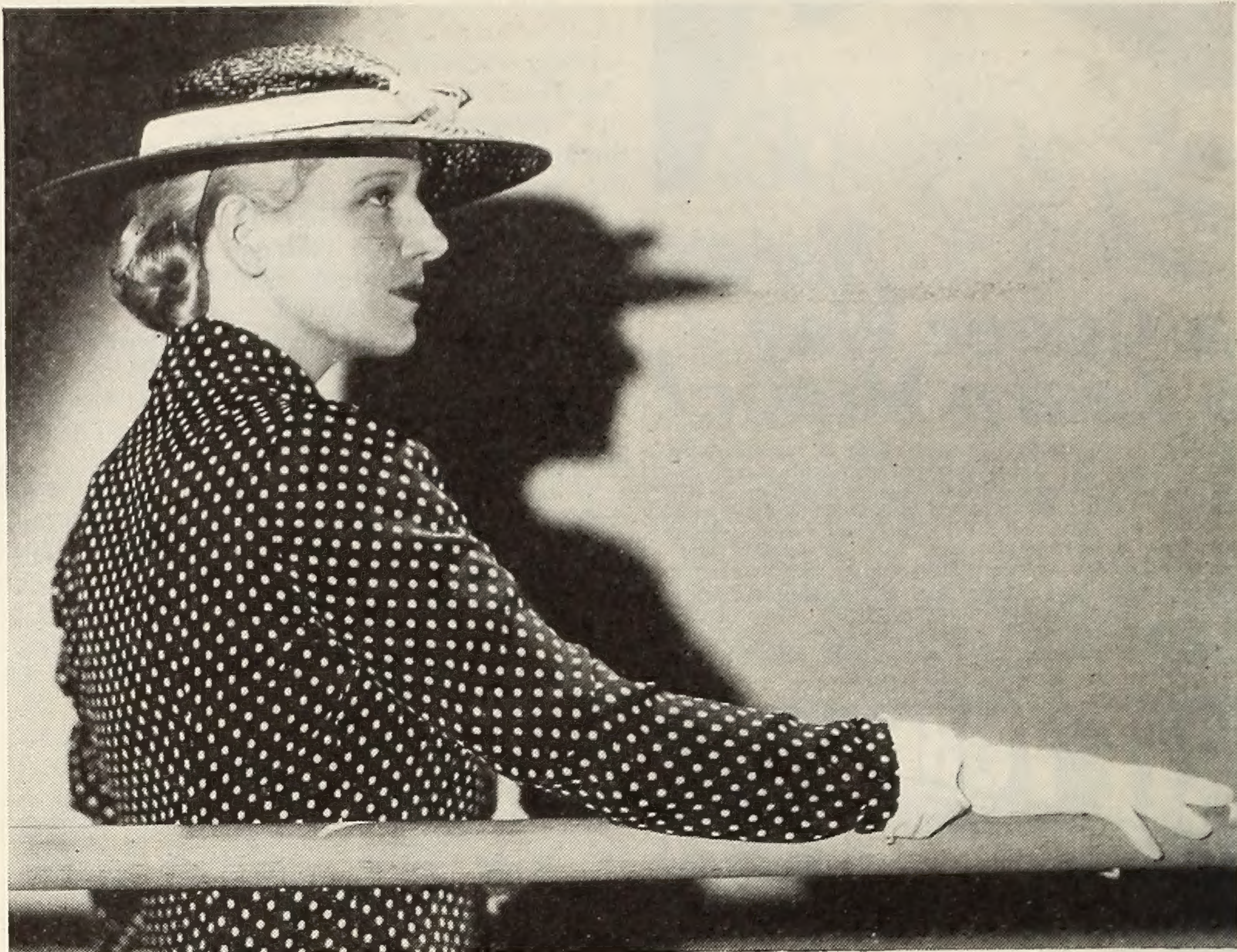
By Miss Vee Dee

R. E. D. You want Madge Evans to get bigger and better breaks, do you? Here she is at the head of this column—isn't that a break? Madge is a very much sought after leading lady of the films—very gracious, easy to work with, and a favorite with both players and public. She was born in New York City on August 1, 1909. She is 5 feet 4 inches tall, weighs 116 pounds, and has blond hair and blue eyes. She was educated by private tutors, having been in the show business at the age of six years. She was in great demand as a child actress. Her first chance in pictures came in 1917. Her first full-length film was "Sudden Riches" with Robert Warwick as the star. In 1925 Madge played opposite Richard Barthelmess in "Classmates." She has no hobbies, but loves to swim and ride. Not married. Among her releases were "Beauty for Sale," "Fugitive Lovers," "The Show Off" and "Stand Up and Cheer."

Busy Bee. I'll bet you are "A honey!" John Gilbert got the bright spot in "Queen Christina" with Greta Garbo, not Franchot Tone. And wasn't Jack splendid? Franchot Tone appeared in "Moulin Rouge" with Constance Bennett. Franchot demonstrated his ability as a comedian. He was born on February 27, 1906, at Niagara Falls, N. Y. He is a graduate of Cornell University—went on the stage soon after, and appeared with Lenore Ulric, Katharine Cornell, and Jane Cowl. His screen career includes "Today We Live," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Midnight Mary," "Stranger's Return," "Blonde Bombshell" and "Dancing Lady." He played with Joan Crawford again in "Sadie McKee." Tone's current release is "The World Moves On," with Madeleine Carroll, beautiful English star—for Fox.

Constant Reader. When better questions are asked you fans will ask them and I'll be here with the answer. Barbara Weeks is 21 years old, weighs 120 pounds, and is 5 feet 5 inches tall. Betty Furness was born on January 3, 1915, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Ruby Keeler is 5 feet 4 inches tall and weighs 100 pounds. Patricia Ellis was born on May 20, 1916, is 5 feet 5 inches tall, and weighs 115 pounds.

Fred B. Mayo Methot played in "The Night Club Lady" with Adolphe Menjou, Ruthelma Stevens, Skeets Gallagher, Albert Conti, Nat Pendleton and several others. Her latest films are "Always a Gent," "Side Streets" and "Registered Nurse." Marie Prevost appears occasionally in independent films, though she has played in many big features. She is a clever little actress and should be seen more often on the screen. She was born in Sarnia, Ont., Canada, on November 6, 1898; has blue



Ann Harding offers a smart style suggestion—navy blue alpaca with white dot for a suit featuring a hip-length jacket, a rough straw hat in black, with white band, and white doeskin gloves.

eyes, brown hair, and is 5 feet 4 inches tall. Marie appeared in "Getting Gertie's Garter," "Girl in the Pullman," "Rush Hour," "On to Reno," "The Racket," "Blonde for a Night," "Side Show," "Godless Girl," "Flying Fool," "Divorce Made Easy," and many more.

Dorothy Marie K. Ronald Colman was born on February 9, 1891, in Richmond, Surrey, England. First picture was "The White Sister," with Lillian Gish, released in 1922. Latest Colman film is "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back." Jack Oakie, whose real name is Lewis Offeld, was born on November 13, 1903. Herbert Marshall was born May 23, 1890, in London, England. His first picture was "The Letter" with the late Jeanne Eagels, produced in 1929. Spencer Tracy was born on April 5, 1900, in Milwaukee, Wis. He was on the stage before entering pictures in 1930.



See a resemblance? Above, Helen Mack, one of our most promising young players with her mother, Mrs. Regina Mack.

Ramon Novarro Fan. I do not know of a remedy for that "jumpy feeling" that steals over you when you see Ramon on the screen, and hear his voice lifted in song. But we all get that way when we see a Novarro film. Ramon's real name is Samaneigos but with his first screen appearances he adopted the more pronounceable *Navarro*. He was born in Durango, Mexico, on February 6, 1900. He was educated in his own country but came to the United States to study dancing and singing. Ramon is 5 feet 8 inches tall, weighs 155 pounds, and has black hair and brown eyes. He is extremely devoted to music, playing the violin, piano, and organ as well as composing. He is also devoted to his family, but has never married. His latest releases are "The Cat and the Fiddle" with Jeanette MacDonald and "Laughing Boy" with Lupe Velez. Right now Ramon is in South America on a concert tour.

K. K. Yes, the story "Hangman's House" by Donn Byrne was produced as a silent film in 1928 with the following cast: Victor McLaglen, Larry Kent, Earle Fox, Hobart Bosworth, Belle Stoddard, Joseph Burke and Eric Mayne. Have you seen "The Thin Man" on the screen with William Powell and Myrna Loy? The story is by Dashiell Hammett and is considered by many the best detective story written in America for some time.

Dorothy R. We do consider the request for a star's picture in SCREENLAND and if the player is popular or a budding star, for we can surely pick 'em, in goes the request and if it's at all possible, you'll soon see a gorgeous new picture of your favorite. In "The Cisco Kid," with Warner Baxter and Edmund Lowe, you saw Nora Lane as *Sally Benton*, the mother of the two children. Harold Lloyd and Warner Baxter are both Americans. Jack LaRue and George Raft were born in New York City. Several big names appeared in "High Pressure" with William Powell: Evalyn Knapp, Guy Kibbe, George Sidney, Frank McHugh, Ben Alexander, Harry Beresford, John Wray, Charles Judels, Lucien Littlefield, Alison Skipworth, Lillian Bond and Polly Walters. Henry Armetti played the rôle of Novarro's father in "Huddle."

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one while we are riding along out here."

